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The vision of the Chalice.

By Harriet McEwen Kimball.

The priest before the altar
Stood with uplifted eyes,
His heart deep stirred within him,
To offer the Sacrifice.

The mornings golden splendor
Through the chancel window streamed,
Till like masses of precious jewels
The radiant colors seemed.

But around the central picture
Of the Christ upon the Rood
It shone like a wondrous halo
As the priest upgazing stood.

The prayer of consecration
Began in low and clear,
And at the mystic sentence
Bowed down in holy fear.

Bowed lowly over the Paten,
As he took in his hands the Bread;
And likewise the mystic sentence
Over the Cup he said.

When, lo! in the golden chalice
Distinct in the purple wine
He saw reflected the image
Of the Crucified Form Divine.

Filled with a certain tremor,
His eyes deep fixed on the sight,
Scarcely the prayer he followed,
Or knew if he said it right.

And still when the Chalice he lowered,
Distinct in the purple wine,
From the chancel windows reflected
He saw the Image divine.

Did he hear in the hush that followed
The words of his Lord anew,
Brought down by the Church through the ages,
The mystical charge, "This do?"

Did he hear from the Holy of Holies,
The secret, eternal Shrine,
The Priest who is Priest forever,
Renew the assurance divine? —

"Lo! I am with you always,
Blessing the Cup that you bless,
Under the Bread you have broken
My Presence proclaim and confess.

Lo! I am with you always
Mine own command to fulfill,
I am the Sacrifice offered,
The Priest, and the Victim still.

Lo! I am with you always,
Feeding the flock that you feed,
My Flesh the Manna unfailing,
My Blood the drink indeed."

O blessed, O wondrous commission
It seemed to the lowly priest
Like a precious new revelation
As he shared with his flock that feast.

And ever enshrined in his bosom
He treasures with holy awe
The memory of the vision
That, veiled in the Chalice, he saw.

At Christ Church, Portsmouth N. H. the architectural relation between the East window and the Altar are such that the beautiful phenomenon described above is of constant occurrence.

Portsmouth, N. H.

From the "Living Church"
Aug. 23d. 1884.

Niagara.

(The following poem, considered to be the best ever written upon Niagara Falls, was composed by John Gardiner Calkins Brainard, the editor of the Connecticut Mirror, of Hartford, from 1822 to 1828. He was a native of New London, was educated at Yale, and died of consumption at 28. He is said to have "dashed" the poem off "in the printing office while the compositor was waiting for copy. It is a curious fact that he never saw Niagara, and never was nearer to it than 450 miles.")

The thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain
While I look upward to thee. It would seem
As if God poured thee from His hallow hand:
And hung His bow upon thy awful front,
And spoken in that hoarse voice which seemed to Him
Who dwelt in Patmos for His Saviours sake,
The sound of many waters: and had bade
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,
And notch His centuries in the eternal rocks.

—

Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we
That hear the question of the voice sublime?
Oh! what are all the notes that ever rang
From war's vain trumpet by thy thundering side?
Yea, what is all the riot man can make
In his short life, to thy unceasing roar?
And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to Him
Who drowned a world, and heaped the waters far
Above its highest mountains? — A light wave
That breaks and whispers of its Makers might!

"Christian at Work."—
Aug. 1884.

Silenced & forgotten.

a Monk's soliloquy.

I did not know that I had gifts: I knew
That something in my soul seemed burning through,
That I must speak or perish; & I spake,
and lo, the faces round me seemed to wake:
Till through each form I saw an angel shine,
and still my voice spake words that were not mine.

I said that He on whom Madonna smiled
Shared all His birthright with each mother's child,
That sin & weakness could not touch the soul
Whose source was God, & God its only goal;
And that each heart, by tenderest love it bore,
Could scarcely guess our Father more & more!

I did not paint the way of life with flowers,
I said our Master's way must still be ours,
Riding & dying: that gain comes as loss;
And Heaven's true beacon shines earthward like a cross,
Nor did I close the purgatorial door,
But wrote Love where Wrath was writ before.

Ah, God! Love lit the weary faces light,
I felt mine own catch glory at the sight.
One woman, whose grey head was ear bowed,
Looked up at last & blessed the Lord aloud;
And one dark man dropped something on the ground;
— Next day the sacristan a dagger found.

I know not how I ended, like a dream
Did abbey, altar, chair, & concourse seem,
But something else was real as they were faint,
— They came about me, angel, martyr, saint,
— Earth lay a mist below Heaven's sunlit hill,
And nameless lights were rising round it still.

Was it agony or rapture? Can I say?
I only know that when it passed away
It was as if a sea had rolled between
Me & mine old self that once had been.
For even Mary's praises seemed to pale,
And Christ's sneering touched me not at all.

Next day the Cardinal would speak with me,
And full of gentleness & grace was he;
Only he bade me always recollect
I had the Church's interest to protect,
The times were perilous, & such as I
Were raised by God, the Church to fortify.

I thanked him humbly. (I was simple then,
And dreamed "the Church" meant struggling souls of men.)
And so I went on preaching, & I thought
The Cardinal would thank God when I brought
Some heretics (who long had strayed away)
Back to God's holy house on Holy Day.

It was so sweet to see sad faces cheer,
And have sad hearts to mine draw near,
That kept me glad & humble in those days,
So that I marvelled not at no more praise,
And when the mandate came "to preach no more,"
The brethren said it should have come before!

'Twas like the day of death — token words are new
From the dear lips that speak no more to you;
And you can't realise the days to come,
The unbroken silence in the empty home.
There is no sorrow while the eyes are dim,
The dead stays with you while you weep for him.

But slowly the cold misery o'er me stole,
The iron pierced my flesh & reached my soul;
Could God have really given me words to say,
And yet have taken chance of speech away?
Have shown me how the world was hungering sore,
Only to let me feed it never more?

There was a pang of self. But that soon spent,
Let others speak, & I should be content
To sit in silence. But to know the pain
Of all those weary hearts, & have a chain
Binds them to steadfast love, & yet to sit
And leave them shut in hell, by fearing it!

I cannot paint as Angelico could,
I cannot join the anthem, as I would,
And if to plead the suffering of the poor
I with the brothers go from door to door,
Fra Marco, with his soft, persuasive tones,
wins bread & coin where I get gibes & stones,

—

I could do this one thing, but may no more,
And I am changed from what I was before,
I who have talk of love, seem full of spite.
I cannot bear, I stand upon my right,
I am a useless & an evil man,
God planned my life, & let men spoil His plan.

—

But, hush! what is the utmost I can do that I would,
To give my life to God is all I could.
And this may be the way He wills to take,
This daily death may be for God's own sake.
He gave & took. So let my soul be still —
He has a thousand ways to do His will.

—

I would have given my body to the flame,
He asks instead my genius & my fame;
I would have let my youth & bloom depart,
He asks for broken nerves & failing heart.
(Our own dear Master did not grudge the day,
His weakness asked the cup might pass away.)

—

There is a sweet dream sometimes comforts me.
In some far land, a crowded fane I see,
And one, with eyes which watch a dawning day,
Is saying more than all I tried to say;
And I am in the throng which hangs above,
Where man translates one word of God's great love.

—

But then I stroll on Leaven's sunlit hill,
Gazing on lights that rise above me still,
And I come down no more to chilling praise,
To sneers, to wearing out of empty days,
But rest, rejoicing in the peace I've won,
To go on learning, though my dying's done.

And then the dawn comes whitely to my cell.
The brothers wake me, & I say, "'Tis well,"
And rise & turn to my slow, idle day.
(Letters of rose are graven well on grey.
He lightly spares a bud who halves the flower;
A moments patience sometimes saves an hour.)

Isabella Fyvie Mayo.

(Sunday Magazine.
Littells Living Age,
January 29. 1876.)

In the Most Holy NAME. Amen.

Journal of
Johannes A. Oertel.

1883.

From Feb. 25th 1883
to Sept. 14th 1898.
Jrl. IX.

Febr. 25th
1886.
2d Sunday
in Lent.
Orange Spring
Florida.

The first entry, into a new Book. — Not, however, because there is any new development to record, but rather because there is none, & to say that there is not. That's all the truth.

But is the putting into shape of words, for ones & better remembrance, the long continuance of a trial, not worth the effort? It is noting a station on the roadway of our experience & discipline; & every station, both as to its character & duration of time, being divinely appointed, must have attached to it a very definite design & purpose. These we may often miss to see: but it must be useful to study them, & for this reason to keep them in memory. — Certain it is that, as I grow older, my trials seem to become more fierce & lasting, of keener edge & deeper penetration, or else sensibility increases & makes them appear of a more searching kind. It is no longer with me a metaphor to say "the iron entereth into my very soul." —

But what of that? — Not by way of complaint do I set down this tale of fact: I have no complaint to make. — To be sure, when the torture tears a martyrs body it is but natural that a groan or a cry of pain should be heard now & then, the spirit meanwhile may be resolute enough to endure & the will of adamant. — Even so. The Lord Himself, in His night of agony, was not ashamed to be a human illustration, & to expose His weaker disciples on the same ground of human nature. — Cries & prayers of distress; sweat of blood; tremblings before the coming terror of suffering, & wretchedness of forsaken heart — all were, & ever will continue to be, comforts to the disciple who humbly toils on & upward after the Master & Rumor that He is "filling up", in his body, what remaineth behind of the sufferings of Christ, for His Body's sake, which is the Church." —

We are still here, — chained down to the spot. We hear little of the boys: Fred is at Morganton, engaged in plans of cattle-raising with Stanley McDonald; Eugene is near Wilmington N.C. engaged we know not in what, excepting that Fred writes it is a "good place." Mine work on the State fish-commission has not begun yet. — Ourselves labor on, still in hope. The Mill is yet unsold; no news from business in New York; we are, all of us, absolutely penniless. — have been so for a number of weeks, — going into debt for daily living. Gwendolen can not get her due salary paid. — Of course we suffer in many ways from the efforts; but the end must be somewhere. — So far as resolutions can be of any practical service, my wife concluded to struggle forward with our plan of orange culture. After all this seems to be the rational thing to do. We see the trees growing splendidly all around us, with big promise of fruit, & a certainty of return to care, which is not held out by other undertakings & labors. We came to Florida for this especial purpose, & it seems right to adhere to that. Myself may have to go away, for professional reasons; but we do not contemplate the lifting of our anchor in this place where a strange providence has moored us — a sheltered bay indeed, but so secluded, lonely, & desolate withal, that it seems like some of the far-off inlets of the Labrador coast of which I have read, & whither some hard-working missionary at stated seasons penetrates to minister the gospel to a few scattered fishermen on the storm-beaten & inhospitable ~~coast~~ rocks. — Is this place to me a prison, — or a place of refuge? — How can I know?

But the great world outside is being visited by calamities of wide-spread disaster & loss, & the year has come in like a raging sword of the Lord God Almighty: fires, ship-wrecks, wholesale loss of life, most destructive floods in Europe & now in America, small-pox & famine, 'distress of nations', the death of leading men, come in quick & awful succession; — & yet not two months of the new year have passed. They exhibit already an alarming catalogue of great visitations. — & what are those threatening to come? — Many fears are uttered, prophecies of black portent, & the public mind is in commotion & uneasy while looking down into the future.

The Judgments, as well as the Gospel, of the Lord, are passing over the earth — the Apocalyptic Horsemen have gone forth, — & this is the time for me to paint the impressive composition I made at the very beginning of this year as a warning admonition to careless men.

March 4th 1853 Friday night. Orange Spring, Fla.

A decision has been reached & my affairs are moving. The dead-lock at last is broken, — & is it not a blessed relief? Truly I am thankful, & yet not over exultant, for both the searching trial & the hour of liberty are of the Lord & exhibit His loving purpose. And yet, the sense that the long stagnation has changed into active life, is sweet & enjoyed by a disposition like mine to whom waiting, ties down to dull care, to helpless 'hope deferred' is perhaps the most difficult to endure of any cross visiting men.

First we received a letter from Mrs. Kimball (Florence Orton) of Washington, informing us of a large Studio in the Corcoran Building & including steam heat for $15.00 per month, & also that one portrait is secured & therefore I may at once go to work & earn something, — yes, actually earn something, — an almost unheard of circumstance with me the past year.

Now to day my sawmill has been sold. That is the bargin has been agreed upon, though no payment is yet made. Mr. Wm. Hunter the machinist & blacksmith here in company with another man, are the purchasers. Two hundred dollars is to be paid down in cash at once; they are to assume our indebtedness here to the full amount, & pay the remainder in installments later.

Here now are the means for my travel, & (D.V.) I shall get off to Washington first a week after Easter. To this end I am making preperation. What may can be done we must wait to see.

March 17th 1883.
Saturday P.M.
Orange Spring. Fla.

Now at last I can firmly believe that my Mill is sold, & that I am going away from here: One of the purchasers (there are two) came this morning for the purpose of making the first payment, & I carry actually a twenty dollar gold piece in my desk-pocket that for a whole year has been sweetly innocent of such a defiling coin as money in any shape, amount, or material. The bargain is therefore sealed & fixed beyond further doubt; the Mill is no more my own; I only have still a small lot on the maps of Florida by way of landed estate: poor little five acres only on which my good determined wife insists a trial shall be made for an orange-grove, — & reason tells me I must not oppose, but by every means favor, her laudable plan looking to a moderate independence when both of us shall be more in need of it than even now we are.

To carry this plan she proposed of spending a part of each year down here, if necessary all alone, in order to personally superintend, but Mr. Hunter, who is a reliable, trustworthy man, offered to do this for us in our absence, of course for a compensation, & thereby gave my apprehensions a turn so that I can discover a chance of success in the future without the huge

sacrifices otherwise demanded. — Very well then! I am released from prison; — I go out into the cold, rough, hard world for battle. I go, the bearer of heavenly tidings to a frivolous, selfish generation who rush onward for gain & pleasure & care little for the earnest voice from the wilderness. But I go also for very close & ardent study with a stern resolve to spend my whole undivided strength in the mission; with tearful prayer to the Holy Spirit to make me by His divine infinite power a worthy, an efficient, & an humble instrument for His lofty purposes, a pure vessel to carry so holy a thing all consecrated to the service of God Almighty & Triune. — I go in the third decade of twenty years for a summing up of my life's labors & thoughts; for a final realization of that for which ever since the awakening consciousness of youth through innumbered obstacles & discouragements I have been honestly striving. The avenue is widening, the vista clearing up: — though the images of the last part of my journey are still enclosed with mists & the mountain tops hid from view, yet a breeze moves them mysteriously, & the gold of the setting sun reveals portions of an open path that beckons upward & is not too steep for the gray-headed pilgrim who thinks he can descry glittering Angel forms & the host of saints glorified, like a diadem around the highest peak where is the end of toil & the beginning of everlasting & perfect rest. — Aye, so let it be! —

But the mail brought me also today a morsel from the kitchen of witches where the devil helps to brew victuals for the world, & feeds them out to saint & sinner alike. It was a letter from Mrs. H. E. Russell announcing the sale of two pictures of the lot he has now had in hand for about a year, this sale being the first that has been made. Very pitiful it is for me to see a well-meaning

man, a man of considerable wealth, & a friend in feeling & intentions, voluntarily engaged as salesman for an indigent & helpless artist at a great distance from the city. And as he is showing my poor record of begging pictures to visitors either dancing in or invited, I can mentally see him in his peculiar nervous manner expatiating upon their real or imagined merits, & reply with a shrewd New-England merchants calculation to their customary haggling; a sort of sly dodging & fencing Frenchman-like jumping about with the agility of intellectual fleas in the arena of money-getting, the one exercising his utmost skill to extract all the juice possible from under the alligator skin; the other to pare down the valuation to the thinnest edge & the smallest point, & obtain what he knows to be a desirable & a coveted prize, for a pittance under all sorts of artful but just as transparent disguises. — It is truely an elevating spectacle to fancy these two in such a situation, especially as the result can always be predicted with absolute certainty if, what is generally only too apparent & in this case proclaimed by the very circumstances under which the pictures are offered for sale, the artist is in terrible want, his wants are acknowledged mendicants, & he must in the end pick up, though with a sigh, any bearer bailed-out base the self-congratulating grinning reptile who holds him in his cruel jaws is gracious enough to allow for his hunger. — Pshaw! — the scene is disgusting & revolts my moral sense of justice & right. It is nothing less than downright theft before the eyes of God; — a filching from the poor when he is tied & impotent to resist or redress; a taking advantage by a mean dastardly soul of coward littleness, of the sore needs of a fellow creature; a defrauding of well-earned reward & a binding the helpless & suffering poor, then hanging the unholy

gain into his sumptuous apartments where what would be a fortune to the artist is spent on frivolous trumpery in profusion, a feasting his vanity on the possession of one more fine thing he has not heart enough to appreciate nor soul to value. — Whether the outrage — an exceedingly common one & forming the rule in this worldly commercial age, — but whether it is perpetrated on myself or on some other victim, it never fails to stir up my indignation & contempt to the summit. I despise the spirit of base, low-minded cunning & niggardness that shields itself with a Pharisaic mien under the sophistry of a legitimate commercial transaction that makes it permissable to secure any article for the lowest figure by beating down under a variety of flint-hearted devices & chuckle inwardly over the paltry result of superior ingenuity. Fie a condemnation on the spirit educated in counting rooms, on the dirty dealings of a nation of shop-Keepers who have unlearned all true & noble generosity as well as all true feeling for Art & the Ideal as vastly superior to all that is merely of wealth! — Honor to the unchristian Japanese whose finer instinct teaches them to deny to a trafficker who makes it his business to turn over the penny so it may bring into his coffer another penny the social standing of the skilled artisan; with whom many as they possess no respect or position such as Knowledge & genius command. What rude barbarisms of moral deformities & social abuse stick out all over the body of our boasted civilization like excrescences baneful to the finer spiritual sense! — And what can I do, — & what ought I not to do, — to free myself from the vermin of dealers & musquito-souled picture buyers, the pests that embitter an ideal Artists life!? —

Now the fortune reasoning this sweet-tempered effusion is

a plain one, & though of old-fashioned experience with me & I might almost say ruling that experience, can never lose its forbidding hatefulness & repulsiveness of character. The letter of Mr. Rubsell simply informed me he had sold two of my paintings, with frames, i.e. "Ford on the Catawba", quite a large canvas, & "Easter Tidings" - very carefully finished, & a good religious picture I had put in the market for $300.00 (none too much), & realized for the two only $280.00 to my credit after deducting expenses. And that from a man in Newhaven who had bought from me two pictures before, both at my own price, unframed, for $200.- & 225.00 respectively, & of course knew that these were worth at least as much. But he also knew that they were for sale under pressure, & was mean enough to use the occasion for a moral fraud. — That's the undarnished story, — & the many counterparts it has, its very generality, makes it all the worse.

This is a nasty world! — Things are wretchedly crooked & out of course. An idealist ought to seek another planet; for even the idealists could not combine into an ideal community. Moral beams banish and soaking up by contact & intercourse with "the sons of men", & life becomes a cruel, relentless fact, a driving taskmaster to the galley-slave chained to his seat while the battle is raging around him.

March 26. 1883. Monday in Holy Easter Week. Orange Spring, Fla

The Holy Blessed Day is passed, — my second Easter in this poor little place. — Alas! it is a poor little place, — & now that my departure is so near, & we have had such fine & full services yesterday with the Church's inspiriting music & The Lords Presence in The Holy Eucharist, I realize in a pitiable manner how forlorn these poor people will be again when I am gone & spiritual orphanage settles down upon them. — All through Holy Week we have had daily service, remarkably well attended;

& yesterday the old dilapidated "Meeting House" was by loving hands quite handsomely decorated with the abundance of flowers Florida furnishes & although the morning opened very stormy, the rain ceased by church time & there was a "crowd" for this place, which in the evening was almost as great as ever. I gave them a very plain spoken extempore sermon that seemed to touch them with the power of the Spirit. — It is strange! — just as I must go, the hearts seem to open for promising results to continued work, — & I am grieved to depart. — But the "Lord of the Harvest" Himself drives me away, & I trust He will provide for the souls that are left here in the wilderness by His wisdom & goodness & feed them with the Manna from Heaven, as He alone can so wonderfully do. — By judicious begging, my skillful wife in that department, obtained one of Hamlins smallest Organs which is carried to & from church for every session & is filling in the voices excellently to the decided enrichment of the Services. My daughter, as teacher of the School, has sway over the children, & succeeds in forming a more satisfactory choir than I could command at Morgantown old Parish as that was. — Service again this evening, & full attendance. To day I packed the first box for removal. All my goods must be gotten ready this week so that the night I can be off (D. V.).

Tuesday, April 3rd 1883. Orange Spring. Fla.

On the point of jumping. All is packed. I am only waiting for the arrival from New York of a suit of clothes for decent appearing among civilized folk, & then I can take the night boat for Palatka. Yesterday my wife informed me with joy that we are now wholly free from even the last cent of debt here & others are instead owing to us. — Blessed change, for which God be thanked! — Both of us have a deep feeling of more prosperous days ahead, & though we must now part, we grieve not as if it were a burden, but hope as for a certain & promising relief.

April 6th 1883.
Friday. O-Spr. Fla.

Still Kept Here. — The reason, detestable Express arrangements & a see-saw performance in the sending up of my goods from Palatka where they are. Meanwhile I lose my precious days & am imprisoned. But all these experiences are a solemn warning to me. This pardonable matter is a trifle, — seems utterly insignificant as a cause to increase my discouragement with isolated positions in N. Carolina or Florida; & yet it has a lesson in connection with all else that has gone before, as a voice to bid me beware how I move again from a centre of Art & intelligence & wealth. — The world is all in motion; great & grave questions are agitated & must be decided, — & I have to take my part in the very midst.

April 15th 1883.
Sunday. 5th after Easter.
Washington D.C.

In the name of God Father, Son, & Holy Ghost. Amen.

In what better manner could I begin here, & signify it by an entry into this book? — Is this beginning not that of a new Epoch in my life? And what consecration should stand at the portal but to the gracious God Who thus far has guided & preserved me! — To Him alone I commit unreservedly the remainder of my days on earth with all their actions & experiences, to be fashioned according to His blessed will.

Yesterday a week ago I left my home in Florida. A cart drawn by a mule, conveyed my trunk at a snails pace to the wharf on the Ocklawaha, myself seated on top of the trunk. Of my poor wife & daughter I took sorrowful leave, & would rather have seen them accompany me Northward. A lonely place now is that home, if it may deserve the name. I had to await for the boat over two hours on that wretched wharf; but it chanced to be the evening when a pick-nick party returned from up the river & Mr. McBrides grove.

& as most of the people lingered late, I had a goodly company of well-known faces for my escort on this my farewell evening. Night had set in when at last the overfilled boat arrived. The last greetings were exchanged, the last adieu waved from wharf & steamer, & I was fairly launched into the great world once more, from the weird & wildly illumined wilderness (for the pinetorch on the pilot house was burning), into the solid haunts of civilization & active strife. —

No sleeping accommodation was to be had for me & several other passengers on the small boat provided with only sixteen little rooms; so we passed the night in chairs or on the cabin floor. In this I was joined by an old gentleman who had early attracted my interest, & whom next morning I learned to be Mr. J. H. Wood of Honolulu Hawaiian Islands, evidently a man of wealth, but also of culture & exceedingly pleasing exterior & manners. I went with him on the fortunately just arriving boat from Palatka to Jacksonville, shared with him the same hotel, & only parted from him, regretfully, to go on board the cars on Sunday evening, but with the hope of seeing him once more at my studio in this City. — Getting to Jacksonville in time for Morning Service, I went to the Church Dr. Weller sen. is serving, & after the service made myself known to the impulsive, energetic brother.

The Rail-road travel to Washington had nothing in it of special moment but the tedious waiting of eight hours between trains on a raw, stormy day in Charleston S. C. At last, on Tuesday night, 9, 30 P. M., I was wheeled, in a sleeping condition, into this metropolis, & without difficulty found my way out to Georgetown & the little old house so well remembered & enjoyed of old, but which on my ringing the door bell, seemed all deserted & lifeless. However after repeated energetic efforts a light appeared & friend Lawrence himself

opened for me the door & ushered me into the prepared guest chamber with whispers of welcome, because Mrs. Lamman was not awake & ought not to be disturbed. As I was tired, preparations for rest were soon made, & in the morning I received a louder & more genial greeting. —

And now it is already Sunday; but I have rented a room in the Corcoran Building commanding a beautiful prospect of river, park, Treasury buildings, & Pennsylvania Avenue, for only $20.— per month, half of which I have paid down to May 1st according to the Custom Here. The room has to be put into working order, & I must contrive to do it with very little money. Oh, how anxious I am to earn something, instead forever spending. Our friend Mrs Florence Kimball (the former Flo. Orton) assures me that the lady, Mrs. Harry Cook, Banker's wife, wealthy & influential, is a sure engagment. I have met a number of persons, some of the resident artists, & friend Lamman, in his warm hearted manner, gives me every reasonable encouragment of success. May God please to make his predictions true.

To day I have again been in the chancel, with another Rector, the Rev. Dr. Lindsay, of the old Church were many years ago I preached for a Rev. Mr. Adkins. The new man is evidently a far better type of Churchman, & a man of attainment, force, & commendable openness of conduct. He has given me a most cordial invitation to come into the chancel whenever so inclined, & I am very glad to profit by the occasion & so be of some use to a brother workman that has plenty to tire him down.

April 18th 1885. Wednesday P.M.

My last night as guest in friend Lammans house. I have bought some of the necessary articles for housekeeping on my own

round, & since my room is now abandoned by the painters & the floor also stained, I can move to morrow & begin to get into working order. Of course, it must be with me of first importance to occupy & use my studio & earn some money.

Last night I spent some very pleasant hours with Rev. Dr Lindsay at his house, found him a man, a good Churchman, & a very frank, open generous hearted character whom it is good to know. He is acquainted with quite a number of persons who have more or less entered into my experience & life, & that gave us points of contact & sympathy & banished a feeling of strangeness.

This evening a letter came from my wife. No startling news: only she is very lonely, poor thing; the boys & Lena well, & put now at ~~Portsmouth~~ Plymouth for the season, Eugene still near Wilmington N.C.

God be praised, I am in my own studio & have to day for the first time set my palette for work. I moved in yesterday, have succeeded to establish reasonable order & already passed my first night in my own domicile, therefore once more I am an independent ground & engaged, with the Lords help, to conquer a measure of success.

Corcoran Building
Washington D.C.
Friday April 20th
1883.

April 25th/83.
Wednesday.
Wash. D.C.

My wife writes to me under date April 17th inst. that on the day before, about noon, "the old mill, shed, & all of Mr. Halls lumber & what else was left there, "went up in smoke."

They have a practise down in Florida of burning every Spring the wire grass growing rank throughout the pine woods for the sake of making room for fresh cattle-feed, & Mr. Hall, one of our neighbors & owner of many head of cattle had been out firing & gone home to dinner with the impression that all was safe about the mill, from which the purchaser had fortunately just completed hauling away the machinery, when

despite precautions the fire leaped across the burnt off space.

And so the flames, the purifying element of mysterious significance, have actually swept out of existence even the defunct remains of my unlucky enterprise! Strange indeed. — What, since I am superstitious enough to believe all things have in some sort a dual meaning, this occurrence also had a symbolic voice & were a kind of sealing up of former & old records for the beginning of new? — It makes me to reflect, & somehow that conflagration consumes to me more than a useless pile of lumber & sawdust, the mute remains of frantic efforts in a sacrificial cause. — Old things burnt up, for new things to appear: I think of the world & "the works that are therein" that must be given to the mystic fire before the new earth can appear. — Is the Lord, in my poor insignificant life, enacting a change of a similar nature & also for spiritual purposes? The life of each of His children is a miniature reproduction of the grand epochs of His Kingdom on Earth & displays wonderful counterparts of supernatural manifestations and resemblances. And so He may mean to give me a lesson of encouragement & an assurance of divine support in the work I am sent to accomplish. "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." And I believe it! — Ah, indeed! And if that fire had consumed the mill while yet unsold, & made us beggars? — Is not God merciful?

May 24th 1883.
Thursday night.
Wash. D.C.

And so at last I have begun the painting of that portrait which lured me on to this City & had almost receded into the mythical fog of mere promise. The lady, Mrs. Cook, gave me her first sitting this morning. She certainly is no beauty for feature, but has still, although the mother of grown-up sons, a remarkably fine & transparent complexion which, in contrast to the dark velvet & lace

success, gives an excellent chance for brilliancy of effect & purity of tints, & I will do my best to improve the opportunity, & thereby lay a foundation for success in portrait-painting — & that means money.

The "Art-Club" of Washington have elected me one of their members. The Institution is to be remodelled & re-animated: a process very much needed, if what I hear of its reputation in the past is true. Summer being a season of general inactivity & running away, the Club also follows the rule & omits all signs of life until October.

Not much news from Florida: but Lena's School is over, & her betrothed is on a visit down there for a few weeks. My wife writes on the whole cheerfully; however the effort is at times quite apparent through her brave words. — How can we deny that the present situation is a trial & has its anxieties of hope, suspense, & fear? —

June 4th 1883. Monday P.M. Wash. D.C.

My first portrait, after much delay & some anxiety, is successfully done, — a pair for. The Lady, Mrs. Gov. Cooke, appears herself completely satisfied, & her sons seem to be. I have therefore made my debut with the public of this City, & a hopeful beginning is made. Also I have painted a likeness of myself, as a study, & nearly completed the "Head of St. Paul" commenced at Orange Spring. Altogether I keep busy enough, having certain plans for the Summer that will require the entire months between this & next December.

June 30th 1883. Saturday P.M. Wash. D.C.

Just the recording of a few facts concerning myself & family. Eugene has been at home, i.e. in Florida, & at work on the Mills with Mr. Wm Hunter, but for low wages, & in rough work, carrying boards & slops like the commonest laborer. — I have sent command for him to quit the mill, which was accordingly done, & to put himself diligently to study for several months with his sister, in view of being better qualified for taking a position here such as I may be able to procure for him.

In the next place, there was a very narrow escape from all our goods, little though it might be, going up in flame like the mill side, the Kitchen roof taking fire, which was subdued only by Eugenes presence & energy after a large hole had burned out. On that occasion my wife had also a bad fall that bruised & laid her up for days afterwards.

Then again, I enjoyed very greatly a weeks visit at Mr. Mc. S. Lowkes house at Georgetown Heights, just opposite the cemetery, & practically in the country, it is so still there, & breezy, & beautiful under the fine oaks. And he is such a man, so high toned, intelligent, experienced, & earnest, & such a warm true hearted friend & sympathiser, & above all a thorough Christian & good Churchman, & his family so well regulated, pious & loving. In the beginning of that week the Washington Convocation met in St. John's Church, with the Bishop present, & as I was invited, of course I attended the Sessions & deliberations, the more so because ere long I may, by transfer, have to belong to Maryland Diocese. —

One more, on the very last day of my visit I welcomed there my eldest Son, Fred, whom I daily expected, & who has left N. Carolina where, in Morganton, he plied the trade of a carpenter at $1.40 per diem for a living which was denied him in other ways, & he is now seeking a more promising, & if possible ~~more~~ permanent, occupation here where already he has some sort of hold by his acquaintance with a gentleman whom he frequently met in N. C. while engaged there by the State Fish-Commission, & also through the influence of my friend Paymaster Lowkes & Mr. Worth of N. C. One member of my family, therefore, is here, to be followed by the others, let me hope soon.

Meanwhile I go on painting — & expecting. My health has of late not been very stout, a tiredness of brain & vocal nerves taking hold of me almost every day during part of it, a ~~clamoring~~ demanding rest & sleep.

July 3d 1883.
Tuesday 1 P.M.
Wash. D.C.

"The changes & chances of this mortal life", how they do come & so sudden & unforseen! — I fancied my Son Fred would be located here in some permanent occupation, — & already he is in the cars on his way back to old N. Carolina! He left this morning. I accompanied him to the Depot of the Midland Route, & after a delay owing to a broken Draw on the Long Bridge, he got off having Miss Eliza & Miss Lyon Wilkes, the Admirals daughters, for his society on the train, they going to Asheville N.C. — He was clearly disappointed, — & so was I. But after a short trial the conviction forces itself home that for him, who could not wait, & that indefinitely, there is an exceedingly slim outlook in Washington. On the contrary, in Morgantown he need never for a day be without occupation & some earning, & if only the small Capital can be raised which he requires for beginning on Mrs. Chambers farm on the Linville River, he can at once become Master of his own business & there is no reason why he should in future not secure a competent & comfortable living in that region constantly, & even rapidly, improving. — So then I consign him to the mercy & care of our gracious God & father, to guide, protect, & bless him, through life unto life everlasting. — In this manner childrens occasion care & anxiety. Fred is now 27 years old, he is engaged to a good intelligent girl, Hattie Chambers, of very respectable family, & who will make a thrifty housewife; he ought to be married to her as soon as may be & settle down & cease his tossings from place to place in all kinds of occupations; & I hope his move to this City is the last attempt away from his proper sphere & that promises a fair independence.

July 5. 1883.
Thursday 10 P.M.
Wash. D.C.

Two events I must record: One of deep concern to this Diocese of Maryland, namely the sudden death yesterday at 7 o'clock in the morning, at the Rectory of Cockeysville, Baltimore County, of the Right Rev. William Pinkney D.D. L.L.D., Bishop, in the 73 year of his age.

He was assistant Bishop to Bp. Whittingham from 1870 to 1879, when he became Diocesan, & he has now, after only four years, followed his Senior to the rest of Paradise. And singular that his last sermon should be from the 12th Ep. Hebrews XII: 22-24.

No other event concerns myself: I have rented another room in this same building, one story lower & fronting North. I took it to escape the afternoon sun that costs me much time & gives great inconvenience. In doing so I sacrifice a very beautiful prospect from the windows & also the breeze most prevalent during the Summer from the South; but I gain steady light all day, more space, & probably, when the room is fitted up, a more decided studio atmosphere, in itself beneficial for working.

Aug. 16th/83. Thursday P. M. Wash. D.C.

There is really nothing very noteworthy to relate about my own doings or experience: Everything moves along sluggishly & a little turbid like the streams down South in the level clay country. I am accomplishing but a small amount of work, & this is chiefly owing to my depressed physical condition, — symptoms of indigestion, & a want of nervous tension, probably occasioned both by my mode of living which, for economy's sake, is but a miserable make-shift, & to the confinement & depressing loneliness imposed on me at present. This sort of thing has already lasted over five months, & notwithstanding my precautions, proves its influence on my mind & body. But it must be endured, — how much longer it would be hard to tell.

I have of late played the sculptor & modelled several reliefs, a lion & Lioness, & a medallion head, nearly life size, of the Rev. Wm. H. Leonard, Rector of St. Johns Church opposite the White House. Now I am back again to color.

News from my family in Florida have a mixed character. Eugene, who is with his mother again & now by my wish deep in

study with Lena, has made up his mind for the medical profession. For this he possesses certain conspicuous faculties, & I have encouraged his resolution & am rather rejoiced to think of the fine-strung boy as something else than a "counter jumper" or a coarse tender of an orange grove in belittling surroundings. Of course, the resolution means expense for me, but if it is a duty to be assumed, the Lord will also provide the needful means.

An occurrence of more concern, & having a mysterious origin, & a vast amount of pain for accompaniment, is the breaking up of Lenas engagement with Mr. Alfred P. Grint. By her own invitation he travelled all the way from Newyork to Florida for a visit which lasted three weeks. For about eighteen months they had been seperated with letters passing between them each week. And yet, when he came, strange to say, she treated him with most marked coldness & even aversion, like possessed of an evil spirit. When spoken to by her mother, she pleaded an unconquerable influence whenever Alfred approached her that repelled her from him, wondering herself at her own conduct, but saying "she could not help it". Neither was there any relaxing of this inexplicable coldness during the three weeks of Alfreds visit. As might be expected, he felt outraged, — what man of character would not! — & though behaving with most commendable self-command & gentlemanliness, concealing to the best of his ability the painful mortification under which he suffered, very wise read it all & foresaw with intense anxiety the consequences. The noble woman did everything to mitigate the miserable condition of things, & so did Eugene, but a sore so mortal could only be soothed on the surface, & when Alfred finally left, all the mischief was irretrivably done. Lena wrote three or four letters to him which

he never opened or read, & at last himself wrote to say that he released her from the engagement & that they must part. All this correspondence & the engagement ring have since been delivered back & the affair is at an end. — My wife has since written to Mrs. Grint & I added a few lines. To these letters I received yesterday a cordial but decided answer. Nor can I say I am very sorry for the turn the matter has taken. Lena's engagement, from the beginning, was to me a surprise awakening apprehensions, for her character seemed to me unfitted for a happy matrimonial alliance. He must be an extraordinary man who could peaceably fit himself to her imperious temper & self-willed strange ways; nor has she the essential qualifications for domestic life. Yet, trusting to her evident religious disposition & her stern conscientiousness, after the bond was resolved upon I trusted the good Lord would by His grace overrule it all for good to the best. Mr. Grint is a good man, of excellent character & intelligence, & although I have never met him his frank manly letters commended him to my esteem from the start.

But now the hope of a son-in-law has vanished. And yet, instead of an evil influence on Lena, I am rather persuaded all is God's merciful prevention. He has sent His Angel with the drawn sword in her way to hinder further progress. What else can I think? She is God's child — & so is Alfred —, & they have both been kept from a life-long disappointment & wretchedness. The great Day of account will make clear the Lord's purpose & that His dealing has been in kindness, not in wrath; & therefore what on the face appears a deplorable & almost disgraceful event, may yet be revealed as a blessing & the timely correction of a real & protracted evil. There was of necessity much bitter pain & sorrow; but these wounds

cardial, & the whole of life need not be miserable; & so I pray God may come out of it by the tender mercies of God.

Lena has said very little & appears outwardly calm, but has roasted away a great deal until the climax was reached. Perhaps now, bowing to the inevitable with the iron strength of her will, she may gradually gather real cheerfulness again & recover her elasticity of temper & body. She is never truely well, & carries the seed of a shortened life. — As to my poor wife who had to go through this ordeal unsupported & with an enfeebled body by the enervating climate & the toil of her position, she now repeatedly complains in her letters of fearful loneliness. I can see it all — the whole condition of things is a sore affliction; the seperation, our poverty, our poor prospects & the uncertainty of our future. — Here again we are called upon by a mighty admonition from out of the sky to trust & to stillness of waiting: The old, old Lesson, not yet finished!

In addition I must put on record the sudden death of Frederika Haskall, my friend of Glen Cove L. I. & for a while the principal member of my Bible Class in St. Pauls Church. Brother O. C. Middleton informed me & my wife of the same & of the death of her mother three days after her own on July 18, half passed 9 o'cl. P.M. Dysentery carried her off quickly; & at the very hour she appeared in a vision to my wife who had gone to bed early that night, & saw her come into the room with shining countenance, walk lightly up to her bed & imprint a kiss upon her lips, then waved her hand in farewell, & vanished. — Freddie had deep affection for us & deserved love in return. Dear girl, she wore the marks of the Cross & of a life of keen mental suffering: Now she is numbered with the "innumerable host" who have washed their robes in the Blood of the Lamb & are before the Throne for ever & ever. Peace to her be multiplied! Amen.

Sept. 27th 1883.
Thursday night.
Washington
D. C.

From the rarity of my writing into this book the inference might be made that there is little to record. So far as stirring news are concerned, this would be true. But otherwise, mentally, spiritually, artistically, I go through no inconsiderable amount of what might fill many a page & be no dull reading. Only these experiences it is vain to compress into a few paragraphs. They have too many ramifications, delicate, almost inexpressible, associations, & defy brevity. They must be lived, & become known only by their results so far as they influence character & work.

The fall of the year has come, & with it the active season in Washington. The migratory population is beginning to return. Myself do not belong to that class, & therefore I have gone on patiently toiling here. Painting I have not done much. The sculptor tools have been very busily my means of producing, & I am still engaged on a high relief which, when completed with the other two panels composing the design, will be quite an important work: Subject, "The School of the Prophets", size, nearly two feet high by about five in length. It furnishes me good discipline & study in form & composition. — Yesterday I began on two Apostles, Sts. John & James major, four feet high, & on gold ground, for St. Johns Church, Lee, which is being newly changed & beautified. The pay for them is very little; but I am always glad to undertake anything for the House of God, & consider it my duty now & then to make an offering, since in other ways I have so very scant means.

My wife is packing & expects to leave Florida sometime next month, to reach here, via Newport's (D. V.) early in November.

Nov. 14th 1883.
Wednesday P.M.
Washington
D.C.

My little world seems moving in strange eccentric orbits. Eugene, my youngest, was on the first of this month, suddenly called here in anticipation of an appointment, actually made by my good friend Paymaster Mr. Looker who has recently succeeded to an important office & wished to assist me through my boy, but was overruled against legal right by the Secretary of the Navy in removing the objectionable & unfit clerk & substituting Eugene; & thus the boy was left without occupation on my hands at a time when funds were the lowest & visible income smallest, to his own concern & mine. He had left Florida while engaged for Prof. Morrison in entomological service as Collector, making handsome profits by his skill; & now found himself deprived both of this & the expected more remunerative clerkship. The disappointment was great. Yet for a while only with me. I have a decided aversion to be assisted by my children with my own strength of faculties & body unimpaired. When the scheme of my friend failed, it suited my independence better than its success would have done. But Eugene knew Prof. Riley, U. States Entomologist in the Agricultural Bureau, & calling on him, prospects of employment revived. At the same time a letter from Prof. Morrison made offers, & between the two more continuous business seemed secure. Moreover I reasoned with the young man, now in his twentieth year on the subject of following, guided by these indications of prospect, the natural bent of his gifts, rather than engage in the laborious & costly, & withal precarious profession, of a Student of Medicine to which he had inclined of late, — & my reasonings easily prevailed. So letters received to day have settled his purpose: He goes again to Florida as Collector; into the Southern part of the State as yet untouched by Entomologists, as soon as his travelling Expenses can

be received by return mail; — & thus his future life-work seems marked out with distinctness: To a young man a decission of the utmost importance & interest. And as to a parent there is always much care attached to this question regarding sons, I also feel very thankful in the knowledge, & praise God for His mysterious leading. — My wifes home in Florida is all broken up, the house sold, our goods packed & stored, herself quartered in a Stranger House, & waiting for her hour of release when I can send the money for travel. Poor patient woman, so God-fearing & gentle & resigned in all her manifold privations! Deep & severe have been her trials in that land which drew a distance beckoned to us with so seductive a charm & proved so bitter to actual experience. But perhaps in a few days more I can send her "marching orders"; & that leaves another one to be pitied all alone among a rough kind of people in the wilderness, my daughter who has undertaken the hard task of public-school teacher in the place 'Orange Spring'. To be sure, it is her own choice — but the situation is not the better for all that.

Concerning my own occupation I have various sentiments. Every day now sees me at figures of Leroi size on canvases nine feet high by over four wide, painting with fierce energy to complete the set task before the present month is out. The work is of my own suggestion & pays only my actual expenses by stipulation: but it is a fine chance to send my own conception & plan, will be imposing of appearance & character, & can hardly fail to recommend me in a variety of ways. Three panels comprise the centre of revealed Truth, from which a chance may offer to branch out in minor designs, filling other

available spaces in St. Johns Chancel, Georgetown. The Holy Trinity, symbolically represented, & the four Evangelists, two by two, figures seven feet high, are the subjects. A description of the whole may be given by & by, & perhaps the Dean will consent to print it for the benefit of St. Johns Congregation. — There is no need to say I glory in the work. One panel, with SSS. Matthew & Mark stands quite complete. The other two Gospelers will rapidly be joined to these; & the Central panel I reserve for the last to paint.

Nov. 26th /83.
Monday P.M.
Wash. D.C.

How wise it would be were we remembering always in the pressure of circumstances & anxieties that to all earthly things there must be an end! The pressure, without substantial change, would assume a different moral complexion, & since our troubles are in great measure as our imagination makes them, they would in that respect, decrease in importance & weight. However, on account of the uncertainty of human experiences, they cause by this very characteristic almost insupportable apprehension; & also no virtue is more difficult to practise, requires more self-command & fortitude, & calls for more practical faith, than the virtue of calm, still waiting. — Have we not learned this as a fact by many years of new agonizing trial? And probably my poor wife, generally consigned to a less active sphere in the way of doing something that has for its object the breaking of confining bonds & walls, has the severer part of us two. — It must have been so these many months since I left Florida & she remained alone because Eugene, while he was there, could from his youth be only a partial sympathiser, & Lena rather added to trouble by her conduct in the matter of Mrs. Alfred Geist & to which she was eager. Yet the months have gone by, — the slow torture is ended, — & to-day

I received news of her reception of my remittance for travelling expenses. So then she will leave Orange Spring (D. V.) on Wednesday next, take the steamer at Fernandina on Thursday, & arrive in Newyork same four days after. My last letter to her in Florida has been written, & therefore a new state of affairs begun: out of this chaotic separation with our goods dispersed in three widely seperated places, without a home a steady abiding-place for the family, we may now look for a possible re-gathering, if it please God, to more no more, at least so radically & expensively, — so disastrously, such an utter uprooting & tossing.

Dec. 16th 1883. Sunday night. Wash. D.C.

This, please God, is the last entry into this book from my desk in the Corcoran Building. To morrow night, Eugene & I, hope to sleep in our new house. That sale has been made, or rather, in my case, has not been made, for only three of my pictures were sold (for $90.00 in all); the others returned, together with those received from Newyork constituting quite a gallery in my room. I have not really lost, except by anticipation; but there is a bill to pay for frames that has to wait, & some other debts that make the amount received very insignificant. And yet, for to morrow a move is determined; and what relief it will be to have once more a home, with a change of rooms, & the other comforts of an ordered household! Not that I can have it yet in completion; but an advance will be made, anyhow, on a mode of living too extended in duration for the good of my health.

My wife is now in Brooklyn with her relatives. Want of means prevent as yet her coming here, but perhaps by Newyear this difficulty may yield, & with that God may enable us to begin also a new order of life in a new & hopeful position.

Dec. 14th 1883.
Tuesday P.M.
Georgetown
D. C.

In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.
Amen.

Here I am, in Stoddard Street, in my new house. Yesterday my few things were moved here, & of course we initiated our coming by an evening dinner of Eugenes cooking on the Kitchen range, as also he saw to the moving, & we slept comfortably the first night. — This evening, on my return from my studio, I discerned under the cheerful gaslight the pleased countenance of my friend Chs Lamiew in the dining room, where the table was already set, sumptuously, for us & our habits. Presently the bell rang, & friend Loaker & his wife were admitted to greet us in our new home; & of course Mrs. L. had to be shown all over the house, which she found just cause to admire, for it is in reality a very pleasant, cozy, & compact affair, not a corner in it that is either ugly or gloomy or damp; — in fact the most agreeable house I ever lived in: — for all of which, including my friends & their hearty sympathy, I return thanks to God.

Now, again I can have relief & change after my days labors. Almost all day my attention to work was distracted by visitors, Mrs. Colburn, by my invitation, revising a head of "Early Spring" in my room, to which study had to be given for correct advice. But in spite of all I worked over much space, & quite satisfactory, & have good hope by end of the week to absolve these large pictures & have them ready for the Church on the following Monday, so that they will be seen for the first time by the congregation on Holy Christmas Day.

Monday night
Dec. 24.
Christmas Eve.

Those pictures are actually in their place. — How glad I am! — and also that my calculations of the necessary time

a color has been accurate enough to make any revision or softening ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ superfluous. Only one, the lower, portion of the central painting needed amendment, a this I knew beforehand. The effect of the chancel, even from the front-door, is harmonious & imposing, the ceiling alone, as left by the former decorator, being harsh, crude, & unmeaning. This defect, however, I propose in time entirely to remedy. While the men were still at work, I seated myself in the rear part of the church, & fell into a careful study of the remaining spaces as to size, number, & position, & saw the spot through out a complete scheme of amplifications of that which constitutes the central idea as already given. This I noted down at once: It is both comprehensive & homogeneous, & forms together with the three large panels an illustration of the Redemptive plan of God in Christ. Should I be allowed by Gods providence to carry out the full conception, the little chancel would be converted into one of the most interesting & instructive church interiors in this country.

I took dinner this P. M. with Lanman, & the evening passed with Lookers whom I carried a Christmas present of a little painting of Cattle & sheep which they had admired for a long time in my studio.

Dec. 31th 1883.
Monday night.
D.C.

The last day, & the last hours, of this year 1883. Its record is on the pages of Gods Book, in the world's history, in the lives of men, — also my own. — Who can understand it all! It has gone down into the mystery of the Past, to make room for the mystery of the Future. — Weighty & mighty are the thoughts welling up from the heart while the retrospect & the guesses, fears, & hopes are mingling in thronging multitude

No year is unimportant, neither any human life to its owner
Compared with one another, all are marked by special traits
& significance, though differing in minute features & character.
With me, divers feelings struggle for mastery & produced by
the suspense of present circumstances, a disinclination either
to moralize in detail, or to speculate. A new Kind of existence
is beginning for me & mine, evidently. In these last hours of
the year, conspicuous chiefly by our ten months separation, we
are — Eugene & myself — making preparation for the coming to
our new Home of my dear wife, so that, together once more,
we can in thankfulness to the Father of all mercies enter
upon the Newyear on its first hour. It is a happy beginning
of cheerful aspect. Much worldly prosperity, — almost any
worthy prosperity — is withheld from us as an ingredient to
our joy: we have only Faith, Love, & Hope, the Heavenly Trinity
of guests & at the same time Providers, in our bare house
with so many needs & so few comforts & adornment, always
saving my pictures of which I have too many. But we are
toughened to want & suspense, & have learned courage & cheerfulness
in adversity. And so I have for the first time in this house painted
to day on one of my little pictures, "The Twins" preferring to see the
Old year out in accustomed harness, & so also to begin the New
after celebrating in the Morning Holy Communion at Grace Church
& so inscribe on the years forehead the forever blessed Name of
JESUS in the "Memorial He hath commanded us to make", invoke
His Presence, His help, counsel, & benediction for the coming
year, & then bravely go on our way hoping unto the end, —
— & He, the faithful & true will not forget nor forsake us. —

Anno Dei

1884.

Jan 6th /84.
Epiphany.
Sunday.
Wash. D.C.

Six days gone of the New Year, & these have passed in an attempt at Housekeeping, for in the last hour of the old year my dear wife reached us from Newyork, to begin with us the year which we earnestly hope will by God's grace and favor mark an era of future unity, even though we must have tribulation, & care, as that seems to be an integral part of our earthly life & inseperable from our experience. Having only a portion of our goods here, we are devoid of necessary comforts & the amenities of a civilized home. We must be exceeding economical for I have in my pocket a sum falling short by five dollars of the amount due for rent in a few days, & am without prospect of certain relief, and entirely without commission, reduced again to a state of helpless waiting, & deprived of the means of self-help. The accustomed story, — & I doubt not it will be so to the end of my days in the flesh: One long struggle.

Jan. 22d /84.
Tuesday, P.M.
Georgetown D.C.

Some blessed relief has come: not directly & by the means I desire so much, namely my own labors in Art, but by Eugene at last obtaining a position as Messenger in the office of my dear friend Mr Looker & of course by his appointing. The salary is $650.00 per annum, in semi-monthly payments, of which in our great necessity Mr Looker kindly advanced Eugene $20.00, to be repaid in February, his official connexion beginning with that Month, although he goes already to the Rooms & is learning the routine of his duties. Now, the dear boy says, we need no longer fear the extreme of distress. True, there is at least something sure every month, & the rent-day no longer so terrifying a bug-bear. With such a jewel of a self-denying, cheerful, hard working wife & mother

as housekeeper under many difficulties, we can at least live with on so small a sum. if need be, — for as yet the prospects of anything selling or of a commission or portrait, are exceeding dim & faint. Yesterday I sent out two more pictures for sale to the principal picture-store in town ("The "Twins" & "young cattle"), reducing the price a full $100.00, & as soon as possible I shall try Boston market, whither I have already written & received an affirmative answer to my application. Every one save the "Elijah at Mt. Horeb" of the eight paintings recently sent to me from Newport I have at found necessary to work entirely over, & repaint one of them altogether. They were so feeble in effect & timid in handling, — the result of a condition of mind reduced by the trying nature of my past experiences during the years just gone, my utter isolation from all good art, & the impossibility of comparison with works of power. No wonder they would not sell while in the hands of Mr. H. E. Russell. Several of them are absolutely made all over, — not by much labor, but by more vigorous knowledge. The duty looms up through all this desperate snatching at the little straws of chance in little pictures, that I should cease once for all this vain struggle, & concentrate my energies upon the best subjects for best performance only, as the only saving course that will land me securely at last, even in Newyork where I have taken the place of a superannuated painter with those who are going off the arena as gladiators of a past generation. — And yet, what I have recently been doing, offers me the consoling fact that my strength is not on the decline but rather augmented & gathering for greater efforts in painting than any of years ago. Surely, my will is more determined, & my study

more intense. My finest thoughts are still in sketches & I burn to see them fully expressed. And now when I can see the indications of hopeful thought crystallization in favor of nobler art through purer impulses coming out of the fierce struggles of heterogeneous elements, should I not summon all my force to the front & seek to produce, by the Holy Spirits gracious aid, some works that will challenge attention by their christian character & the power of rendering, at least equal to what serves the devil & the world with such lusty courage & plucky devotion? —

Just now I must prepare a goodly number of my pictures & sketches for a proposed exhibition by our Washington Art Club of which I am a member. It is to take place two weeks hence at the Club Rooms in the Corcoran Building, & as, for want of money, I must make with my own hands quite a number of frames, beside revising paintings & studies, there will be close demand on my time until then.

Febr. 4th 1884.
Thursday 3 P.M.
2805 Stoddart St.

The letter copy inserted here tells its own story in the most essential features of a certainly very peculiar experience and transaction. — Only a few minutes ago the Express has taken off from my house to that of the rich man whose name here is all-familiar, my painting sent to him as a token of acknowledgment of his sympathy with the story about myself, told him by an impetuous woman whose friendly heart got wrought up to considerable excitement by my only too plain monetary distress & utter want of success in my profession regarding the sale of pictures even at the lowest figure. Mrs. Colburn (little Helen Lockwood that was) assured me with much self-persuasion, that some power

outside of her own will impelled her to take this very step, & that she obeyed with very much trepidation, but resolutely & deliberately, & on that same day when the inspectors came, (on Tuesday last) & was received & listened to by Mr. Corcoran with marked attention & interest, who, though he declined her original proposition to be instrumental in having one of my pictures purchased for the Public Gallery, expressed himself with much sympathy, & made he the conveyor of a gift of $20.00 to me.

How I received this, & how I chose to repay, the letter to Mr. Corcoran fully explains.—— A money-gift may certainly be interpreted as proceeding from a variety of motives & have a variety of corresponding character & value. I chose to attribute to this the good motive of pure sympathy such as a rich man to whom money represents a great deal more than to one tried in the school of adversity like myself would most naturally exhibit. I give Mr. Corcoran the benefit of the most liberal interpretation concerning the spirit of his offer to me, a poor & now actually distressed man, who also is far from bodily health & strength. In any event, there was Kindness shown to which really as a stranger I had no claim, & for such I am bound to be grateful. — But this is not all. — I am truely a very poor man: and yet I have an independence to guard from intrusion — & that independence is very dear to me. It is a manly virture, jealous of infraction. I cannot consent to the attitude of a beggar, all the less when it is a rich man who offers me a dole. — for that, coming from such abundance — a Millionaire — $20. — actually is. The very thought of such an offer, if merely an alms, I indignantly reject.

And so I expressed myself at first to Mrs. Colburn. But on her explanation other reflections moved me: I took into account a wealthy mans feelings & his ways of giving sympathy. I had no cause to mistrust him. I would on no account wound or reject his evident Kindness. I must show him my appreciation, & do it in a manner entirely precluding the thought that I meant merely to pay back, or show myself independent. — Well, altogether the case called for wisdom, and I sought that from the Spirit of God. The writing of this necessary letter seemed a very difficult matter & for awhile I hesitated how to go about the business. And yet when the time for writing came I could pen this letter with rapidity & under no restraint or necessary alterations. I have had the aid I asked in prayer. Indeed the whole occurrence is a very strange one, & somehow appears like the critical & turning point, not only in my present trial, but the pivot of all my great life-plan & anxious strivings. Of course I may be wrong I may wish what will never happen. My present & letter may be received very differently from what I hope they will be. — And still, there has been no planning of mine whatever. I have simply obeyed the dictation of what appeared to me the most just, righteous, & prudent course under such peculiar circumstances when they were laid for action before me. The matter was simply done, in good faith, without any motive of aggression to myself that has a tinge of selfishness. If no advantage worth one Cent accrued to me in the sequence, I would have done just the same. — However, Mr. Corcoran is the wealthy man of Washington. His Name has for many years been associated with Art as a lover & very conspicuous patron, & by

has made the truly munificient gift of the public Gallery that bears his name. Of course he has immense influence, as he possesses great wealth. He might therefor, if so inclined, be of very decided service to me as an artist. To what extent he might stretch this service in the making possible the final execution of my Series — the scheme of Redemption — I dare not allow myself even to think. — Anyhow, the whole concern is in the gracious hands of my God. There I have laid it all, trusting & still as a little child, and only waiting His sovereign pleasure. I Know, He rules alone, even the most minute circumstance of my poor life, & He has of late, more than ever before, taught me by fiery trial & most bitter internal temptations, to make this absolute trust my innermost & exceedingly precious possession. This Morning, at family prayers, He spoke to me as it were directly & audibly & to the great comfort of my soul, in the thirty seventh Psalm, — & so I am completely at rest, resigned as a "weaned child" to His loving arms, & waiting in peace for whatever it may please Him to send me, or to withhold. — Amen.

" We wait for Thy salvation, O LORD! "

Febs. 8th — / 84.
Friday Evening.
Georgetown —

This I had made my attitude of heart. I was contented to rest, to be still, to wait. I looked to the LORD, and gave up the very thought of effort at self-help. A nameless calm ensued: the wind and waters had settled into repose. They were obedient to the Divine command. If help to me would come — as certainly I believed — what had I to do with the manner, or the time? My strength was "to sit still".

— And so this day passed by until evening when Eugene

Copy.

Georgetown, D.C. Feb. 6th 1884.

Mr. Wm. Corcoran, Washington, D.C.

Dear Sir,

To my very great amazement my friend Mrs. H. Colburn visited to day my house, with the information that she had effected an interview with you of which myself was the object; that she had acquainted you with my professional struggles; sketched my purpose as an American Artist, my disappointments in the realization of an ardently pursued life-plan; and so enlisted your sympathy that you tendered me through her a money-gift of twenty Dollars, which she begged me certainly to accept, representing the circumstances under which it was given in such a manner that any objection at first starting to my mind was met by the evident sincerity and Kindly sympathy of the Giver. — You Know from herself that I was in total ignorance of her contemplated visit to you as a pleader of my case. Had I known it, or could in the least suspect it, I should certainly & peremptorily have forbidden her going. It has ever been my determined purpose to achieve professional success, even where so dear a scheme was concerned as the final accomplishment of my principal life-work for which I have aimed these many years, solely by intrinsic merit, unaided by patronage sought, or the use of those by-ways deemed entirely legitimate

with many for the realization of temporal advantage. I was willing to labor, endure, and suffer, but could never be a mendicant for favor extended to me for inferior reasons than those of absolute merit. Moral honesty forbade any other course: and to this course I feel myself still pledged, as a man, as an Artist, and as a Christian.

I also disdained to join the army of those who besiege wealthy gentlemen as lawful prey for their demands, because utterly unjust and cruel, especially when the demand concerned my own individual plans, although I knew these to have for their object the public good and the advancement of religious truth and instruction.

On these grounds, mainly, I should have hindered the interview with yourself of Mrs. Colburn. Nevertheless, I am certainly and most deeply alive to the Kindness which could so easily be enlisted in behalf of an entire stranger who had no claim whatever on your consideration; and also the friendly spirit actuating Mrs. Colburn: and for such proofs of human and Christian sympathy I am ever grateful, recognizing their value in a world of heartless egotism. — But I also claim the privilege to testify my appreciation of such acts, and as an inventive Artist, though very poor in

worldly goods. I am conscious of the power to do so, meeting a cherished Kindness as a princely deed worthy of a suitable acknowledgment. I therefore beg of you, in all sincerity, that you will allow me such a testimony to you in my own way: Not indeed as if I had a thought that Kindness could possibly be recompensed by anything less than the same spirit, or paid off by a counter-gift of millions, but as a proof that what you have had the open sympathy to offer me, has been accepted as a token of that sympathy, making it my plain duty to respond in the best manner possible to me.

The painting has been completed but recently, and is, I hope, not unworthy a place on your walls. The title is "The Patriarchs Argument", — depicting two Orientals, in the neighborhood of Smyrna, engaged in a literary discussion.

As a generous patron of Art whose Name is so honorably associated with Art-interests in this National Metropolis, and having selected this place as my permanent future residence, I feel likewise under a sense of obligation to you professionally, and hope the God of grace may

yet so prolong your days with us that you may be able to embrace still further opportunities for showing how well you intend to manage the stewardship of wealth, that great power for good in the hands of a good man.

Permit me sincerely to subscribe myself

Yours very truly

Johannes A. Oertel.

usually comes home from his session at the office. He stepped into my room & handed me a letter from friend Looker. — Let it go into this record, just as it is, & tell its own singular story! — Next Monday I shall owe fifty dollars for Rent. Another ten are due as initiation fee to the "Am. Art-Union" of Newyork, of which I have recently become an active member. Still other very pressing expenses are at the door. Our living, however economical, must go on. All my pictures even at the lowest prices, remain unsold. No orders come to my door, & utter stagnation seems to rule. For about a month now we have been kept from sinking by loans & gifts of kindness, — actually supported from day to day. My health moreover was failing & weakness of body increasing upon me so that yesterday morning, instead before my easel I had to pass in a sleep of exhaustion on the lounge. So long now, & so steadily & surely, things had grown worse & prospects more dim, that our utter supreme impotency struck down the energy of body and soul: And yet neither Powers of feeling nor desire were paralized, — only we confessed absolute ignorance & helplessness. — And now, within four days, — or one day! — what a change! — Singular & many have been the wonderful experiences of my toil-burdened life: But this of the last few weeks surpasses them all. — I am quite filled with awe. I hardly know how to frame a prayer of thanks: for if this is not the visible Hand of God, what may it be called! — His glory is passing before & over me, and a deep hush settles down upon my soul. — What prelude, what prophesy, is this? —

Febr. 9th /84.
Saturday night.
D. C.

Just before me on the table lie $200.00 in four $50.- bills, brought here to my house this night by friend Loaker, who simply explained that matters had been arranged sooner than was thought. The terms oblige me to forego all enquiry & abstain from all questions concerning the authorship of this mysterious deed. Certainly, it is very strange. — But here it is, an undeniable fact, challenging acceptance. I can do no more or less. — What a wonderful week this has been! — I have also a handsome letter of acknowledgment, both of my present to him and of the sentiments with which it was conveyed, of Mr. Corcoran, appending in his own hand a Postscript to the effect that on the first fair day he would ride out here & visit me in my studio. So then my introduction to the rich & influential man has at last been effected without my contriving, and in the most favorable manner. — All is in my Father's hand.

Febr. 10th /84.
Monday A.M.
D. C.

Wonders have not yet come to an end. The Manna is still dropping from a merciful Heaven. This evening, when I returned home from visits, another envelope that a footman had brought was handed me by Eugene; It contained the appended letter from Dr. Lindsay, and a donation of $36.00. — So the week has opened: What further may I expect? — The bonds are loosened, the captivity turned. — I can express little beyond a sense of deepest amazement. It is all so strange!

Febr. 13th /84.
Wednesday P.M.
D. C.

Must I record another wonder? — Though of a very different character from the above, and yet intimately connected with it. — The moneys received have at last enabled me to purchase help and medicine for my sickness. Without that, who can tell but in a very short time I would be a dead man!

Friday Evg. -

Febr. 8th 1884.

My dear Friend & Brother =

I learn from good Authority that the sum of Two Hundred Dollars ($200) will be placed to your Credit at one of the Banks, by Monday or Tuesday. And you are not to ask the Why or Wherefore. But simply to Draw on it - Check it out - according to your needs. -

// It is due both to you & to myself to Assure you that I do not do this: And further, to Assure you that it is right - all right; You can properly take the Money.

With Love, Yrs Ever, -

Rev. J. A. Ostel, City. } Thomas H. =

Rev. J. A. Oertel -

Rev & dear Brother -

I enclose a gift from several members of St. Johns Church - a cheque for $21 - & add $5 for myself. It is given by those who fully appreciate & are heartily grateful for your contribution & our church in beautifying our chancel. I beg that you will also regard the

$10 that I sent you
some weeks ago (at
my own request & with
your reluctant consent,)
as added to the
small gift contain-
-ed in this letter.
I am so busy &
so incommoded by
the weather, that I am
unable to see you as
often as I should
like. With Kind regards
to you & yours family,
I am yours faithfully,
Georgetown John S. Linday.
Feb 9/84.

All the symptoms which for a considerable time last afflicted and disquieted me, point to a most insidious, formidable, and fell destroyer of life, namely Kidney-disease, perhaps what is known under the dreaded name of "Bright's Disease." — There is no need to mention them all here; but within ten days they have so aggravated, my bodily strength and flesh so rapidly diminished, and weakness set in so fatally, that in all probability, unless efficient help was applied at once and to the root of the evil, my days on earth would be but few. The danger could not be disguised. Nor is it yet past. The remedies from which a cure is expected are indeed in my possession, and one of these, the famous "liver & Kidney cure of Warner", I have now taken the second day, with, I think, visible benefit, and the "flexible Voltaic Battery" from which I hope still more, has to day come by mail & will be applied for the first time during the night: but I may not yet be over-confident. — I only and devoutly hope. Hope seems yet possible. Perhaps another fourtnight — and it would have been too late.

Thy blessed God and Saviour! and was I really so near the portal — the dark door — from earth to Paradise, and have by Thy grace been again snatched from the brink as I surely believe, by a miracle of Thy providence!

Febr. 25th 1884. Saturday P. M. D.C.

My health is, though slowly, improving, — thanks to God. I can work a little, — very little as yet, but have not been out of the house for two weeks. A number of the worst symptoms have disappeared, only indigestion & a general weakness continuing. — Patience is needed.

I have, during this illness, managed to read two books

by the same Author, Rev. Seiss, Lutheran Pastor at Philadelphia, and dating both to 1862 & 63. And remarkable books they both are, and have proved so at least to me. The earlier one of date is in discourses on the Parable of the "Ten Virgins", and exhibits an exegesis in some most important particulars different and superior to any other that has come to my knowledge. Especially the fifth sermon has impressed me most deeply by its exhaustive originality and justness of application, confirming and expanding views which in essence I have held long since as in strictest accord with all of God's established decrees ~~as~~ respecting order and rank, and system of reward to true merit, in the whole Known universe. — The other book by its title reveals at once the subject treated, "The Last Times." Masterly is the handling of this astounding theme. "The Lord is at hand" is made so clear and impressive, so heart-searching and admonishing, that whosoever, after perusal of these earnest and devout pages, can remain still indifferent, not more watchful, not more rejoicing at the certain nearness of His Divine Master and Saviour, must indeed be in a sad state of spiritual lethargy. For if twenty years ago the "Signs of the Times" were ominous with great portents, and seemed to argue nearly a complete fulfillment of those prophecies which were given for the direction of the Lord's people whereby they should become assured that He was already at the door knocking, how vastly more what has since happened in rapid succession, tremendous changes, overthrowings, and upheavings, and the Judgments that are coming thicker and faster each year with a sweeping terror of destruction noticed with anxiety even by the secular press! Just now the most terrible accounts come of cyclones in Georgia, S. & N. Carolina, of unheard severity

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Washington D. C. 1883
Dec. 30/83
The Hartford

REPUBLICAN: FR

ART IN THE CHURCHES.

What an Artist Who Is Also an Episcopal Clergymen Thinks Religion Needs.

The beautiful decorations of St. John's Episcopal church, in this city, have been a source of much interest to religious people of taste and culture in Washington. Although in many of the Episcopal churches there is more or less elaboration of artistic display, none, however, equal this sanctuary in its teachings of modern ecclesiastical art. That there is a growing demand for an improved method of ecclesiastical art will be plainly understood by the views expressed to a REPUBLICAN reporter by Rev. Johannes A. Oertel, a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal church, an artist of rare merit, who is a leading authority in matters of church paintings and designing. He was seen in his studio lately, and was asked to express his ideas upon the progress of modern church decoration. Said he:

"I cannot undertake to say in few words what would fill volumes, but I will try to say something in a manner that may be found satisfactory. How to commence, puzzles me, unless I boldly say that the present style of ornamentation and stencil work should be condemned. There is nothing in either of these uses to instruct; nothing to apply religious teachings to the people and children; nothing deep enough to awaken thought in the cultured. What is wanted is an art that is most thoroughly pronounced in its religious character. I cannot talk now of this art in Europe, and its successive steps through ages in that civilization; I will only speak of it in this great country. Trinity church, New York, started the adoption of Gothic architecture thirty-seven years ago. This, then, was the foundation of ecclesiastical art in America. From the Gothic, architects had to go to other styles, as more was demanded of them. They went then from the exterior to the interior. They became alive to the fact that churches must have arrangements according to symbolism. Something had to be done to satisfy the want then felt, so there arose a class of church decorators like Lamb and Geisler, of New York. They satisfied in an artistic sense, and to this there has grown, from year to year, not only in quantity, but in quality, finer artistic work, the demand for which is greater now than it was ten years ago. With these came decorators of the walls, the polychrome workers. This lasts to our day, but is found to be unsatisfactory. People are getting tired of it already, recognizing the fact that it teaches nothing, but leaves the mind empty, while it costs much money. The same amount expended on thoughtful art would give what is at once lasting and beneficial. Artists have been called upon in a few instances to the service of the church, but there is a sad want of just such men; that is to say, such who are fitted for the work. I hold as an axiom that a man must first be educated by the church before he is capable of teaching in the church. To paint a godly, a faithfully devotional picture, the man must be verily what he strives to embody. It has been said that every artist paints a Christ such as he himself could be. It is not strange, therefore, that we meet in so-called religious paintings with abundance of ability and beauty and yet with little that has power to move the heart heavenward. On that account Christian art does not belong to schools, except they be schools of devout and heaven-taught men. Our difficulty is that there is no such artist. Only one so far has been found, and he is not of the Protestant faith. The art is gradually making inroads upon the many different denominations in the way of stained windows and wall decorations of all kinds. In the Episcopal church it confines itself to historical subjects taken from the Old and New Testament, including symbolism to a limited extent. Trinity churches in Boston and New York, also St. Thomas church and the church of the Heavenly Rest in New York, others in Pennsylvania, and a few in Baltimore bear out what is just said. The church calls to-day for a manly, pronounced Christian art that does not shirk the pronunciation of doctrine. There is needed on the walls of our churches in the way of artistic decorations the same earnest, undisguised representation of Christian truth, especially as concerns the personalities of the trinity and divinity of Christ and His incarnation, that the pastoral letter of the house of bishops from the recent general convention insisted on so strongly and emphatically should be the teaching of the clergy.

☞ Advertisements under the heads of Wants, For Rent, For Sale, Boarding, Lost and Found, and Personal, of three lines or less, eighteen long words, 15 cents one insertion; each additional insertion 10 cents. Business cards not included in these rates.

Wanted—Employment.

WILL SOME KIND FRIEND INTEREST themselves in my behalf, and get me work? I am suffering for the necessaries of life and will starve unless I get employment. Address WIDOW, Republican Office. 1-22

CHICKERING PIANO, FULL 7 OCTAVES; modern improvements; great bargain for cash. JOHN F. ELLIS & CO., 937 Pa. av., near 10th st. 21

Wanted---Help.

WANTED.—A SHOP BOY AT 412 16TH ST. N. W. 2-22

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WANTED—GOOD, RELIABLE AGENTS FOR the Baltimore Mutual Aid Society. Apply after 2 p. m. daily to L. C. GADD, Manager, room 3, Lenox building, cor. 7th and G sts. N. W. 2-au25-tf

Wanted---Rooms.

BY A WIDOW LADY, A STRANGER IN THE city, unfurnished room, with board; cheap as possible; give terms. Address MRS. C. K., 425 7th st. S. W. 4-22

FURNISHED 2D STORY FRONT ROOM, WITH hall room off; located bet. 10th and 15th and G and R sts., at from $20 to $30 per month. Address D. L., Republican Office. 4-22

TWO UNFURNISHED ROOMS, BY GENTLEman and wife, with privilege of light housekeeping and use of parlor; references exchanged, and permanent if suited; in answer state price of same. Address M. M. B., Republican Office. 4-21

A SUITE OF FURNISHED ROOMS, BETWEEN 12th and 15th and I and L sts. N. W. Address H. J. L., Republican Office.

Wanted---Houses.

GOVERNMENT CLERK WANTS UNFURnished house, containing 7 to 10 rooms, in N. W. part of city; answers not stating amount of rent asked will not be considered. Address E. S. T., Republican Office. 3-22

A SMALL HOUSE, WITH MODERN IMPROVEments; will lease. Address MICHIGAN, Republican Office. 6-22

HOUSES TO RENT; ALSO BUSINESS PROPerty, to supply the demand of our customers. TYLER & RUTHERFORD, Real Estate and Insurance, 1226 F st. N. W. 3-21

Wanted---Miscellaneous.

BETWEEN 10TH AND 15TH AND G AND R sts., with a genteel family, board and 2d story front room, at about $60 per month. Address LEE, Republican Office. 4-22

WANTED—
PREMATURE BALDNESS.
PREMATURE BALDNESS.
PREMATURE BALDNESS.
PREMATURE BALDNESS.

The process of loss of hair may take take place either rapidly in the course of weeks or months, or, as is generally the case, the loss is slow and gradual through a period of years. The hairs may commence to come out at any period after proberty, although baldness does not ordinarily begin to manifest itself until the age of 25 or 30 years. The scalp throughout the process appears to be healthy. At first only a few hairs come out from time to time, and these are replaced immediately by a shorter and finer growth of hair. Later these, in turn, are shed, and are succeeded by still finer hairs, and in the course of time even these cease to appear, when complete baldness of a certain portion of the scalp is the result. There may be an appearance of fine down, which proves that the hair follicle still exists, and can be made to produce healthy hair again by proper treatment. The prevalence of premature baldness among our young men and women of the present day is really surprising. Baldness is designated by the parts of the scalp affected. Thus we have Crown, Frontal Part, and Temple Baldness. The last two are so much dreaded by ladies. Dr. VAN DYCK positively cures

extent, and devastating fierceness; of floods in the West more ruinous than ever known; of the 'false Prophets' war-hordes in upper Egypt, and threatenings in Europe; beside the constantly increasing list of other calamities of all kinds, so that last year they exceeded by far what has been recorded before.
"Behold, I come quickly! — Even so, come LORD JESUS!"

March 2d 1854.
1st Sunday in Lent, P.M.
D.C.

This day I have been again to divine Service and the feast of the Lord, and returned thanks to God in the public prayer for those recovering from illness, as I have also this Morning in our family devotions. — Thus far, then, the gracious Lord has helped me, and I am deeply sensible of the blessing. Though still weak and needing rest between, I can work, wondering myself at the rapid improvement from a sickness that came upon me like a veritable blight, withering me up, utterly without pain of any character, without discoverable fever, but fell in its sure and swift progress pushing me to the very verge of death. — I cannot understand the mysterious visitor.

March 9th. 1854.
2d S. in Lent, P.M.
D.C.

Alas! excessive wet weather has kept me at home from divine Service, but I have tried to be with the Lord in prayer at home. — My health is gradually and steadily improving. I can now eat my usual well-mans-meals, without being reminded by continual dosing of extra viands and medicine of my illness. Bodily functions are more regular, and ability to work continuously is increasing daily, the desire to lie down for rest correspondingly decreasing. By persistent advances and severe, critical, unsparing labor I am pushing to completion the four paintings which are destined, three, the smaller ones, namely "Noonday rest", "Dawn in Florida", and "Whither away?"

to the Am. Art Union, Newyork, and the "Marsh-ponies of Eastern North Carolina" to Williams & Everetts, Boston, Mass. The three for Newyork are really not just painted pictures; indeed one, the "Roaring Rest", was painted on Long Island, Glen Cove, but all I have so steadily subjected to repeated revision and improvement that two of them at least may be said to be practically new. The ponies I never regarded as other than begun, and therefore it is strictly a recent work. — I am simply carrying into effect, without regard to time or labor, my unflinching resolution that henceforth nothing shall leave my studio but what is the product of earnest and most searching study. Indeed I am brought face to face with the undeniable fact that as an Artist recognized on a level with the best names in home-Art I have to lay out a new career for myself, and that after having turned my sixtieth birthday and when I ought to enjoy the fruit, hard-earned, of a lifes toil. My going into the Ministry, and for so many years living in seclusion, quite in the wilderness, together with some outside causes, have contributed to almost erase my name from the catalogues of Am. Artists in all the current exhibitions. — Not because I have been inactive: and yet my activity had no public result or recognition. To be sure, I can plainly see how the severe rod of my Heavenly Lord and Father has benefitted me in respect of mind, character, and spiritual vision, and in vigorous grasp with difficulties, so that, despite an enfeebled body by sickness, I am enabled to endow with strength, decision, clearness and freshness my former works that were produced when my physical powers were at their full. This fact is exceedingly re-assuring. I shall yet conquer a deserved position. I am most assiduously studying the results of modern Art-thought,

Needs of Modern Times concerning Art

and get by that study instructed in what is essential for that Kind of excellency which the modern mind is capable of acknowledging; what addresses itself most successfully to modern sympathies of the nobler sort, to modern needs most deeply human and universal, to modern heart-longings that go now, as ever they did since the race has lived, hungering and thirsting through the world unconscious as to what it is they crave until by fortunate chance it is found. In subject first, but also in treatment, there are certain absolute requirements suited to the life of to-day, to the civilization of to-day, to the peculiar character of this eclectic, naturalistic and realistic nineteenth century, gathering with frantic eagerness the spoil of all past history from the remotest quarters of the globe. — To suit my Art to this spirit in order to be an acceptable interpreter of truth, is my honest aim. — And then, I see the aggregate mass of artistic skill and indisputable excellency; the force of conception and scientific completeness of Knowledge and technique in the countless works exhibited from year to year, here and in Europe, and how almost totally godless is the exhibit, how given to the service of the flesh, the world, and the devil, and with an agonized pang I ask: "Are these superior attainments only for so base a purpose, misused by their owners, and the Christian Artist of earnest striving should be falling short in these very qualities of intellect and mental toil that all derive their origin and continuance from but One Source — unKnown to most, unacknowledged, denied and scorned by many, — namely the Holy Spirit of God, the Giver of Light and of Life? — And so my question turns into tearful prayer

for wisdom, that Kind of wisdom promised by the blessed Saviour to His persecuted disciples, which all their adversaries would not be able to gainsay or resist." I feel a crushing weight of responsibility in the face of those facts to try my utmost for success in the arena, and be at least counted equal in skill with the devotees of the world whose wrestling is only for self-exaltation, so that no blame of indolence or indifference be attachable to the character of a man who avowedly is a servant of Christ [redacted] for proclaiming the story of His Cross in a world of sin and worthlessness. — This is truely my heartfelt desire, and for this I would labor and study, and pray, with every faculty of body, soul, and spirit. — Amen!

Two more items of Manna-dropping I must not omit to set down for future remembrance: They continue the series of miracles that of late have so singularly characterized my experience. Both came from North Carolina, — of course without our lifting a finger to obtain them, — surprises that make me dumb with astonishment: Namely, good Sister Sarah Lenoir of the Yadkin Valley sent us $10.00, and a few days ago, with but a few lines, Mr. Samuel Patterson sent $15.00.

I am now planning to leave for Newyork as soon as all my arrangements here can be set in order.

Yesterday I came up from Washington, & stood the trip very well for a sick man. My good brother called on me in the evening. Of course I am in the house of my friends the Russells, in their new & very much finer house, No. 55 East 68th St. on Fourth Avenue and quite close to Central Park; a quaint house, very roomy, tasteful, and cheery withal, my "Home" while I am in the City. — I have also been in my brothers house a day.

New York,
March 23.
Sunday P.M.

Auszüge aus Schillers Schrift:

Gedanken über den Gebrauch des Gemeinen u. Niedrigen in der Kunst.

"Gemein ist Alles, was nicht zu dem Geiste spricht u. kein anderes als ein sinnliches Interesse erregt." (Sodann unterscheidet der Dichter zwischen Gemeinheit des Stoffes, u. Gemeinheit der Behandlung, u. zeigt dass der gemeine Stoff durch würdige Behandlung veredelt werden kann.)

"Ein Portrait-Maler kann seinen Gegenstand gemein u. kann ihn gross behandeln. Gemein, wenn er das Zufällige eben so sorgfältig darstellt als das Nothwendige, wenn er das Grosse vernachlässigt u. das Kleine sorgfältig ausführt, gross, wenn er das Interessanteste zusammenfindet weiß, das Zufällige von dem Nothwendigen scheidet, das Kleine nur andeutet u. das Grosse ausführt. Gross aber ist nicht der Ausdruck der Ruhe in Handlungen, Gebärden, u. Stellungen.

"Was einen Künstler unter dem Gemeinen fasst, das Niedrige, welches seinem Genius entgegensteht, das ist nicht blos etwas Negatives, nicht der Mangel des Anziehenden u. Schönen, sondern etwas Positives, nämlich Roheit des Geschmacks, welche Ekel und widerliche Empfindungen erregt, das Gemeine blos von einem fehlenden Vorzug, der sich wünschen läßt, das Niedrige von dem Mangel einer Eigenschaft, die von jedem gefordert werden kann.

— "Ein Mensch handelt gemein, der nur auf seinen Nutzen bedacht ist, der so davon spricht wie von einem andern Menschen nützlichen, der sich selbst vergessen kann um einen andern einen Dienst zu verschaffen. Derselbe Mensch aber würde niedrig handeln, wenn er seinen Nutzen auf Kosten einer Ehrenverpflichtung u. auf unrechtmäßige die Gesetze des Anstandes dabei vergaßen könnte.

— "Auch in Kunstwerken kann nun in das Niedrige verfallen, nicht

indem man niedrige Gegenstände wählt, die der Sinn für Anstand und Sittlichkeit ausschließt, sondern auch indem man sie niedrig behandelt. Niedrig behandelt man einen Gegenstand, wenn man entweder dienende Sorte an ihn, welche der gute Anstand von sich fern hält, bemerklich macht, oder wenn man ihm einen Ausdruck gibt, der auf niedrige Unbewusstheiten leitet. In dem Leben des größten Meisters kommen niedrige Verrichtungen vor, aber er wird sie gewiß selbst zu vermeiden."

"Man findet Gemälde auf der heiligen Geschichte, wo die Apostel u. Jungfrau u. Christus selbst einen Ausdruck haben, als wenn auf dem gemeinsten Pöbel wären aufgegriffen worden. Alle solche Ausführungen beweisen einen niedrigen Geschmack, der nur Kunst gibt, auf eine rohe u. gröbelhafte Manier das Kunstwerk selbst zu schänden."

(Der Dichter legt emphasis auf den Umstand, daß das Gemeine u. Niedrige beide zum Komischen etwas eigentlichen Charakters gebraucht werden können, in dem Maße als sie durch eine Darstellung u. Aussprung von Kraft begleitet sind, weil dadurch das Gefühl von Kraft, das Anspannung u. Hemmung hervorbringt, in Gemeinheit u. Niedrigkeit in die entgegengesetzten Pole der Aufmerksamkeit verschiebt u. sie uns zum Heil verkehren macht.)

42a

"This is a solemn place to occupy. To stand in X's stead
To preach the word of Life. That office, so sublime, & so
full of responsibility, rights keenly upon ~~my~~ mine head. With those
I would answer to the call of the Lord: "Who am I that I should
go." O my Lord, I am not eloquent, neither heretofore, nor
~~since thou hast spoken unto thy servant: but I am~~
~~slow of speech, & of a slow~~ or with Jeremiah: Ah, Lord God!
behold, I cannot speak: for I am a child." It were
unsuitable that I should at all speak of myself, but for
the relation, you my brethren, & I, sustain to each other.
You know, I have not sought this daily office. It appeared to
me in the light of a manifest duty, to which I must yield.
& I have yielded myself to it for the Lord's sake. It is to be
a labor of love, exceptionally. I must be chargeable to no man

last minister in the church of God, a free-will offering to the Lord. Brethren, I pray you, for Jesus sake, receive the ~~that~~ weakness, the sense of inefficiency which I bring, as the Lord receives it, in forbearing kindness. The instrument is ignorant & helpless, but the promises of Jesus are not strong & sure, even unto the end. I commend myself to your prayers. I shall need them. I shall earnestly ~~crave~~ desire them. By a ~~singular~~ providential coincidence to day, when I address you for the first time, we commemorate the descent of the H. Sp. on the day of Pentecost upon those whom our blessed Saviour had chosen to be His witnesses upon earth. The H. Sp. was to teach them all things; to dwell in them; to go with them; to speak through them. This same H. Sp. is promised to all who should follow after them in this holy office, as also to all believers. —

†

March 27th/84
Thursday, Newyork

The "Obituary" here inserted tells its own sad story. On Tuesday morning, after breakfast, Mr. Russell shocked me with the news, from the N.Y. Times, of the death of this my friend of now many years, and who has shown me marked kindness in that year of my distress when I lived last in this big city. Only the evening before I was pointed out, on a walk with Mr. Wm. Russell, the mansion, almost finished, Mr. Fogg had built for himself on 67th St. and Park Avenue in one of the most fashionable and desirable parts of the upper City, — and no thought entered my head that its projector and owner lay already still in death and would never inhabit that costly house. And to day his remains were consigned to their long resting-place, — nor had I the last satisfaction of doing him respect by my presence at the funeral, my bodily weakness admonishing me that to venture out to any epitement would be a risk of a relapse I must not incur. So then his poor widow is left all alone: — poor, not indeed in this world's goods, but in her loneliness, without children and bereft of him who was to her a most kind and tender husband and companion.

Edward D.E. Greene, my only Artist friend for years, had been long ago the cause of my aquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Fogg, and from thence they always adhered to me and treated me with a consideration hardly second to that in which they held Mr. Greene. I had been frequently a guest at their house, & Mr. Fogg bought a number of my paintings among them one of my best, "The Holy Grail". —

Of course I shall see the bereaved widow as soon as possible,

— and a very sad call it will be. —

April 13th 1884.
H. Easter Day.
New York. A.M.

There now has again dawned upon the world another annual festival of the Truth which is centre, culmination, & Keynote to all Christian Revelation, the joyous Day that all the Church throughout the world with anthems and thanksgivings celebrates, — and this great Day, when I had planned to be at least with my brother, since my first purpose of going to Glen Cove & partake in the services of 'St. Pauls' with my friend T. C. Middleton had to be given up, I must spend all in-doors, admonished by bodily condition to Keep as quiet as possible & gather a little strength from constant relapses for the necessary following weeks labors before my easel. — To be sure, the deprivation is quite severe: and yet it makes therefore neither a gloomy nor unprofitable Easter Day for me: for the risen Lord can visit even the closed doors and appear to lonely disciples, for their comfort. I should have been glad to go to His festal board this morning with the multitudes who serve Him: — and yet, a sick chamber is no mean church, and the altar therein set up may contain precious and acceptable sacrifice. — So please the LORD, — and I am well contented.

— Two prayers especially, I offer as very near my hearts desire, and that of late have assumed a deep-longing prominence in my petitions to be offered until granted by my gracious and faithful God and Saviour according to His promise: "If ye shall ask the father anything in my Name, He will give it unto you," — and these are, first, the restoration of my health and strength, so that I may with vigor and efficiency perform the work given me to do, — the second, such a blessing upon my labors, morally, intellectually, and temporally, that I may at last, after bearing so many

OBITUARY.

WILLIAM HAYES FOGG.

In the death of William Hayes Fogg New-York loses one of its oldest and most widely known merchants. He was at his office in Burling-slip on Tuesday last, and when leaving it complained of feeling badly. On reaching his home, No. 359 Fifth-avenue, a physician was called, and treated Mr. Fogg for a cold. In a day or two symptoms of pneumonia manifested themselves, and he rapidly succumbed, his death occurring at 11 o'clock yesterday morning.

Mr. Fogg was born at Berwick, Me., on Dec. 27, 1818, his father being a farmer at that place. He attended the district school and was for one or two terms a scholar at the South Berwick Academy. He was dissatisfied with farming and, on reaching his majority, left the farm and went to the village store at Springdale, Me., as a clerk. Remaining there only a short time, he went to Boston and obtained a situation in a dry goods house. With a little money accumulated while thus engaged, he established the house of Bennock, Fogg & Shannon, and dealt in a small way in fancy dry goods and notions. The firm was not successful and, after a short time, was dissolved. Mr. Fogg then entered into business with his brother James, who was a commission merchant, also acting as agents for an elder brother, Hiram, who was in business at Shanghai, China. Under the influence of the ability soon snown by William the business rapidly expanded, and within two years the brothers devoted themselves entirely to the China trade. In 1852, when this branch of business had been almost entirely transferred to New-York, the brothers gave up the Boston office and established themselves in this city under the firm name of William H. Fogg & Co. The business continued prosperous, and was carried on until 1875, when, owing to the death of the China partner, the firm was dissolved, and the business continued under the name of the China and Japan Trading Company, with William H. Fogg as President, John F. Twombley as Vice-President, and George H. Burritt as Treasurer. He remained as its President until his death. The company was very successful, and there are now branches not only at Shanghai, but also at Yokohama, Kobe-Osaca and Nagasaki, in Japan, and at London. The trade includes general merchandise in addition to tea and silk.

Mr. Fogg was of a retiring disposition, and never sought notoriety. He was very charitable, and no deserving charity ever appealed to him without receiving substantial evidence of his liberality. He was a firm believer in carrying on business on sound business principles, and his opinion was sought by his associates and implicitly relied on when given. At the beginning of the war of the rebellion Mr. Fogg was one of the earliest to render substantial aid to the Government, and his friend, Jackson S. Schultz, recently said that Mr. Fogg was the first subscriber to the Merchants' fund raised by New-York merchants at the breaking out of the war. He was one of the original founders of the Union League Club, and was connected with many of New-York's leading financial and charitable institutions, being at his death a Director in the Park Bank—of which he was once President—the Atlantic Mutual Insurance Company, the Equitable Life Assurance Society, and the Mercantile Trust Company. He was also a Governor of the New-York Hospital and a Trustee of the Sheltering Arms and the Women's and Homeopathic Colleges. For 25 years he was prominently identified with the Chamber of Commerce, and was for years a leading member of the Executive Committee, and for the past two years has been one of the Vice-Presidents.

Mr. Fogg married, in 1844, Miss Elizabeth Perkins, of Charlestown, Mass., who survives him. He left no children, and his large estates will probably be divided among his numerous nephews and nieces. The funeral will take place on Thursday morning at All Souls' Unitarian Church, the services being under the direction of the Pastor, the Rev. Theodore S. Williams, who will be assisted by Mr. Fogg's life-long friend, the Rev. Dr. Hitchcock. The pall-bearers will be selected from the officers and Directors of the various institutions with which Mr. Fogg has been connected.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

MALES.

FLORIST AND GARDENER.—BY YOUNG Englishman; understands greenhouse, hot and cold grapery, the growth of pineapples, melons, and figs, roses and orchids, and training of wall trees; three years' reference from the late Earl of Craven, Combe Abbey. Address C. H. S., care of Young & Elliott, 18 Cortlandt-st.

GARDENER.—BY RESPECTABLE PROTestant man; married; age 28; no incumbrance; as gardener; understands care of horses; can milk, take care gentleman's place; three years' reference from last place. Address Henry Johnson, Box 272 Times Uptown Office, 1,269 Broadway.

GARDENER, GROOM, AND GENERAL Useful Man.—Married; no incumbrance; seven years in last place; just disengaged; none but those wishing an industrious, sober, and careful man need apply. Address J. C. H., West Brighton, Richmond County, N. Y.

GARDENER.—BY AN EXPERIENCED MAN; understands thoroughly management of greenhouses, hot and cold; care of stock, cows, &c.; all details in the management of a gentleman's estate; just disengaged; North of Ireland; single; highest testimonials. Address M. D., 10 West-st.

GARDENER.—BY AN ENGLISHMAN; MARried; no family; thoroughly practical in all branches; hot and cold graperies, greenhouse stoves, vegetables, and lawns; temperate; reference. Address J. W. N., florist, Plainfield, N. J.

GARDENER.—THOROUGHLY COMPETENT; greenhouse, grapery; good vegetable grower; would take charge of a farm if required; good references. Address J., Box 265 Times Up-town Office, 1,269 Broadway.

GARDENER.—BY SINGLE MAN; UNDERstands greenhouses, graperies, vegetables; also the general management of a gentleman's place; 13 years with last employer. Address or call on M. W., 158 Chambers-st.

GARDENER.—BY A MARRIED MAN WHO thoroughly understands the care of greenhouses, graperies, fruits, vegetables, &c.; fully competent to take full charge of a gentleman's place. Address J. K., in care of 35 Cortlandt-st., seed store.

GARDENER.—BY A PRACTICAL GARDENER; thoroughly understands care of greenhouses and graperies and taking entire charge of a gentleman's place; best city references; English married man. Address J. T. Gardener, 158 Chambers-st.

GARDENER.—BY A SINGLE MAN; UNDERstands all branches; graperies, flowers, fruit, and vegetables; well accomplished at the business; willing and obliging; good city reference. Address, for two days, J. L., Box No. 186 Times Office.

GARDENER.—BY A MARRIED MAN, GERman, without family; thoroughly understands his business in all its branches; wife a first-class cook; good references. Address M., Box 199 Times Office.

GARDENER.—HAS HAD 20 YEARS' PRACtical experience in orchids, stove and greenhouse plants, hot and cold graperies, roses, &c. Address G. V. C., care D. & P. Ross, florists, 525 5th-av.

GARDENER.—BY AN ENGLISH GARDENER; single; can milk, drive, &c.; is without a home by the Western floods. Address Thomas, Box 259 Times Up-town Office, 1,269 Broadway.

GARDENER.—BY A YOUNG MARRIED MAN; no family; thoroughly understands the care of greenhouse, grape-growing, vegetables, lawns, &c. Address F. P., 37 East 19th-st., seed store.

GARDENER.—BY GOOD VEGETABLE GARdener; understands flowers, poultry, cows, and farming; married; references from present and former employers. Address Tnomas, White Plains, N. Y.

GROOM.—BY A SINGLE YOUNG MAN, 23 years of age; has good experience in the care of horses; sober, willing, and obliging; good reference from last employer. Address J. E., Box 319 Times Up-town Office, 1,269 Broadway.

GROOM.—BY A YOUNG MAN, LATELY LANDed, as groom; can milk and make himself generally useful; wages no object to a good home. Address J., Box 206 Times Office.

INVALID ATTENDANT.—CAN SHAVE, CUT hair, and act as amanuensis; unexceptionable city reference. Address H. R., Box 186 Times Office.

PORTER, &c.—BY A MARRIED GERMAN man, age 26, fine city references, as porter or coachman, &c. Address Wm. Kaspers, 57 Henry-st.

SECOND MAN.—BY A YOUNG MAN AS SECond man, or will work around a gentleman's place; just arrived from the old country. Address B., Box 321 Times Up-town Office, 1,269 Broadway.

USEFUL MAN—COOK, &c.—BY PROTESTant man and wife; man to help in house; handy at

WILLIAM H. FOGG.

William H. Fogg, a trustee of The Sheltering Arms for nearly nineteen years, died at his residence, 359 Fifth Avenue, New York, on the 24th day of March past.

Mr. Fogg became a trustee of The Sheltering Arms during the second year of its existence, and was one of its liberal contributors. Far better than that, however, he was full of faith in the good result of such labors as ours, always cheerful in looking forward to its future. None was more ready than he to listen and advise when consulted. His opinion was always expressed with decision and frankness, and at the same time with such an overflow of kindness in look and word that even in replying no he almost seemed to say yes.

His presence and support will be missed by his companions in this charity, as well as by those associated with him in many another public body.

years the sorely pressing burden, wipe out all my indebtedness, be able to feel like a free man, and restore my character for honesty and righteous dealing, lest, the Lord suddenly coming for me to call me hence, I should leave behind as a most undesireable bequest to my family, unadjusted obligations and insufficient means for meeting them to their fullest extent. — Already, since only three weeks ago I came here and at once set up my easel in the house of these kind friends the Russells, I have accomplished not inconsiderable. What is better still, the work has paid actually money. Although my prices are purely nominal, being so low for the purpose of sure and quick sales, eighty dollars have thus far rewarded the small pictures completed, two of sheep, one of an Indian scout, and one of a goat before a poor man door. Three more are begun, one of these a Newfoundland quarry science of larger dimensions and good promise, and as the need arises I can add on short notice an indefinite number besides, composition and invention being things as natural to me as breathing. — Oh! and it is such a blessed knowledge that I am earning something, and the money I use has not come in the form of alms to a pauper. — Surely, the chastening hand of my Lord has brought me very low by sickness and failure of all success in my artistic profession, until it seemed I could descend no more; and I have humbled myself under His mighty hand, and studied submissiveness and obedience, and patience in my deep adversity: and now, does it not appear as if He had already turned my feet into an easier path and given me joy for sorrow, and the oil of gladness for heaviness of heart, so that on this bright Easter Day I can record also in this inferior matter a Resurrection and new life? — for I do believe there has begun

with me, sick man that I am still, a new and greater period which will, before it closes with my earthly activity, see accomplished what for so long I have been striving.

May 13th 1884.
Tuesday P.M.
New York.
404 West 22nd St.
Kay brothers house.

Just one month since H. Easter-Day; and what a month it has been for me! — I was then a prisoner in my room, in the Russell house; I have been a prisoner in a closer sense for weeks since then, chained to my bed in the house of my dear Brother Fritz and under his efficient medical and nursing care. And now, thanks to my gracious and all merciful father in Heaven, the day after to Morroco, Thursday May 15th, is definitely fixed for departure from this city for my loved Home. I am, at last, truely — not deceitfully as before — convalescent, — not by any means strong and well, but on the road to a healthy condition and activity, and hope, and fresh air, sunshine, proper food, and the longed-for athmosphere and country-quiet of my simple home with the dear faces in it and about me, will bring back to me by Gods expected blessing such a condition once more.

But surely I have been snatched from the grave. Brother Fritz himself entertained no hope of my recovery. I was roasted, and life going from me from day to day with very little more to spare. "Intestinal catharh" had nearly finished its work, the lion being the chief seat of trouble. In my earnest desire, with my brothers consent, I tried the electric treatment with a friend. Having to go to a pro, it did me far more harm than good. My brother also had the Clairvoyant physician Dr. Perkins in Newark N. J. for me. But on the following day I discontinued his medicine and gave myself unreservedly into my brothers care, who then at once resorted to cold water, locally applied, and in less than a week there was manifest such a total reversion in the worst symptoms of the disease, the very structure of the

fearfully roasted abdominal roall assuming a normal shape, that it boardered on the miraculous. Since then, less than three weeks ago, I have been slowly but surely improving, with a growing appetite, even gaining in flesh and also in muscular power. On Saturday last I went from the house for the first time, & transacted some business. On two other days I used my palette & brushes — to good effect; this morning I almost packed my trunk, — and thus I am gradually preparing for the supreme effort of the travel homeward, — whither God may help me safely! —

As to business, I have of course done little; sight-seeing not at all, neither any proposed visiting. All right! the Lord in His wisdom has ordered it so. —

The same day 9 o'clock at night.

A little more I must add on this matter of my business here. To be sure, I had extensive plans and hoped to accomplish much. Of that which myself purposed nearly all had to be relinquished. It appeared as if I must leave this City without having arranged one single item for future advantage. — Not so, however. And to day even — "at the eleventh hour" — has proven it. The good God made it His hour, after trying my submission and patience. When every hope disappeared, and schemes dissolved like mist, another way opened of which I had never thought, and this evening I have the very help I so grievously needed, and in a manner pleasing to my keen feeling of independence, and satisfactory as to most probable results. My dear Bro. in Christ, John C. Middlebrook D.D. paid me this noon a most delightful visit (how from him could it be otherwise?), & made himself the owner of one of those small pictures painted here and finished only yesterday, and although the sum I asked for it and he is able to pay is but ten dollars,

it is yet a great help in my almost penniless condition, and also serves, with the expressions of his approbation, as no inconsiderable encouragement in the pursuing of my plan to furnish small pictures for very low prices. In addition I went before evening once more to see Mr. Daniel Matthews the Auctioneer who has "Art-Rooms" on 23rd St. and with whom formerly I had business connection, who equally approves of this plan, and declared himself willing to advance me some money on two of the three paintings I have now at the Gallery of our "American Art Union", and which are to go to morrow into his hands for sale at a greatly reduced figure. — So then I shall not arrive in the presence of my dear hard-worked wife and dutiful son with pockets altogether empty of fruits from the toil during my absence: I can bring them cheer and consolation, and go home, as already I feel this very evening, a man buoyed up by better visions and livelier prospects of moderate success, and we all can unite our thanks to our heavenly father who, if He leads us in lowly ways, knows how to make them full of sweetness and fragrance from the grass and flowers and trees bearing heaven-nourished food all along on either side, and restful with the "peace that passeth understanding".

What was the bitter side of the experiences of this day, I forbear to set down here. Why perpetuate, even in the obscurity of this Journal, what our reading over would only mar the pure taste of divine goodness I am permitted to enjoy, to the strengthening of my faith, the knitting closer of my love, and the increased calm that has heavenly beneficence descended on my heart!

God be praised and adored forevermore. Amen! —

1884.

Whit-Sunday,
June 1st.
Georgetown, D.C.
In my little
Studio.

Yes indeed, here I am, and have been now over two weeks! Through a north window I look out upon a slope of luxuriant grass, with a very fine group of trees boldly fringing the crest, an old countryseat in their midst, and to the right, across Montgomery Street and joining Oakland Cemetery another delightfully kept mansion in green of varied color and flavours profusely all around, the great arching sky all overhead. — What a change from the cold stony monotony of a dreary City Street! And then the blessed calm, — the familiar country noises, the crowing of roosters and lowing of cattle, instead the odd tearing of greedy mad who creates discord and uneasiness wherever he herds in multitudes. — And I have experienced the benefits of this change. By no means as rapidly as my impatience would wish: but considering my worn-out condition, nevertheless satisfactorily from the time I arrived — and Oh! how beautiful everything appeared to me as friend Looker drove me home from the Depot. — I have set to work and have accomplished no contemptible amount. Nor has the good Lord withheld His blessing. There seems to be in reality a new era of life entered, the old obstacles giving way and removed, fresh vigor infused, before unseen paths disclosing, and the corroding care of these many years steeped in the oil of hope. Like a wonder I have had pouring in altogether unexpected prosperity. To be sure not as a flooding stream; — more as a gentle rill as it timidly flows into parched sand and hesitates as it pushes from pebble to pebble and moistens it all over before it can go on to the next; running freely leaving

but acting quite like a stranger in the arid soil. Orders for small pictures, and for very small prices, have come in from my friend Middleton: suitable drops of water, but a great blessing in the dryness of my former condition. It has been the Manna from Heaven provided day by day in sufficient abundance for the days wants. And what more is needed, or promised? — I am still working out some of these orders together with a wedding-present to Hattie Chambers who on the 10th of this month, at 9 o'cl. in the Morning, at her Mothers house in Morgantown N. C. is to become the wedded wife of my son Frederick. The landscape I paint for this purpose, being a view from our front porch in Florida, and the smaller sketch given to Fred on his birthday while with us down there, I mean in an enlarged and improved form present to his bride, thus merging the two events and persons into one. —
So then one of my children will have entered the married estate, and can be regarded as settled down in life as a citizen of his native land. I most deeply regret that none of us save Lena can be there. But she, anyhow, will represent the family.

By Gods grace I was able to be at Church this morning and Holy Communion, to give Him thanks for my recovery thus far. While in New York during the whole of Easter-Tide I was kept from the Lords House by that wasting disease, and I felt it so very great a privilege to be out again and in my pew with wife and Eugene, being too weak yet for helping Dr. Lindsay during the distribution of H. C. among so many as partook this morning.

And this brings me to the subject of the Diocesan Convention just held during the past week at Baltimore, where the election of a Bishop was

but proved a failure, on account of the rule of Maryland which before caused similar difficulty, namely a two-thirds majority as necessary for the election instead of a simply majority of those present; and as ninety clergymen make two-thirds of those in the Diocese, it is easy to see how an election can be compassed with obstacles, or is made impossible by non-attendance. I understand that they have resolved to change this foolish law next October in a special Convention, and so long the Diocese must remain without a Bishop.

June 29. 1854.
3d S. after Trin.
St. Peters Day.
Georgetown D.C.

An immense improvement in the state of my health, that I might with good reason call a restoration, I can now, thanks to God, record, strength also having returned to an astonishing degree within the last two weeks. What my brother thought would have the slow work of six months, has been effected in so many weeks. I am much encouraged, and also can, and do, keep at work as if I had never been sick and enfeebled, turning off small pictures as out of a grinding-mill. In one sense, however, can my labor be so compared, that is in point of rapidity, while I am honestly striving to omit none of the qualities of a good piece of Art in each picture. My living is thus gained, but without as by miracle, for the singular providential adjustment of circumstances that has characterised these four or five months past still continues, and I am bidden thus to look for my "daily bread" without ceasing unto that same divine Hand so evidently stretched from the clouds over my path way for the bestowing of what is strictly needful, supplying only just that much, and restraining my plans and movements. Therefore also my house is still in almost the same bare, unfurnished, and even uncomfortable condition it has been ever since

we moved into it, my weak wife doing all the labor without help, my studio, (the little back room) having to be the general reception-room for the very few persons who call on us. — That state of things has its humiliating side, depressing to self respect, since we have to make visible confession of poverty and withal sustain a show in a fine house of respectability, for not even the cheapest pieces of carpet or seats have we been able to procure, and bare floors devoid of every comfort is all we can offer to visitors beside the ostentatious show of pictures and frames on the walls. — Much patience and submission is needed, and no small amount of self-denial. Who would imagine that we ever had a decently and abundantly furnished household! —

Aug. 14th = Thursday, P.M. Georgetown D.C.

There is really not much to write, though there is a great deal more all the inner, deeper experience recorded with its strange intricacy and perplexities which we dull-brained mortals so little understand. The outer life goes for the most part the same road 'amidst ordinary events having no startling characters, and yet being each of at least as much importance as are the separate strokes of a sculptor that labors to free from its encumbering marble the ideal he knows to be within. — Since I last wrote my wifes aunt Mrs. Kate Udall has departed out of this world of sorrow and pain into the bliss and rest of Paradise. She died in a good old age (nearly 88 years), and after years of much suffering which made death a peaceful relief: A pious, patient, heroic woman of most exemplary qualities, always cheerful and bright and hard-working. And so they gather on the other side, the generation that I knew when young myself, — one after another laid

away to make room for a younger crowd with whom we old ones have less and less wide affinity, for we grow away from them in modes of thinking and feeling, try we ever so hard to remain young in heart and general sympathy. God rest her in the blessed fields of rest! —.

My daughter I shall not welcome at home this year. It is a great disappointment to all of us. Our house is so poorly furnished, the same as my pocket, that we must shun all expenses not absolutely necessary, and since Lena has now no means of her own, and I am uncertain ~~whether~~ when the time comes for her return to Florida where she wants for the sake of her health to winter, of the money for travel, we had to advise the poor child to adopt the prudent course, i.e. remain in North Carolina until September, and thereby secure her travelling expenses. — Of course, Fred and Hattie have been married at the appointed time, the 10th June last, and profess to be very well contented and happy. Fred may be regarded as permanently settled in N. Carolina, a farmer; — a tiller of the soil; a son of labor in a primitive occupation which yields, if not wealth, at least the daily bread and many innocent comforts and enjoyments. — Eugene has the prospects of advancement in the office of my friend Pay Director Looker from the position of Messenger with a salary of $600. - per annum to that of Clerk and a pay of $900. —, quite a good income for a young man, considering also the comparatively light duties of the position.

My much excitement has these last few weeks agitated the public mind by the rescue of the survivors of the

ill-fated Greely Polar-expedition, and the recovery of a part of the dead who fell victims to starvation, among these the body of Lieut. James Lockwood, son of our neighbor Gen. Lockwood. The most horrible fact that has come to light and about which there seems now no reasonable doubt, is cannibalism by the surviving crew, to be sure, not as an organized or officially permitted practise, but stealthily perhaps, the famished men in their insane desperation eating of the bodies of their dead companions. — It is exceeding sad, a terrible warning to abstain in the future of these unprofitable, expensive, and wasteful expeditions in the regions of ice and snow where God has shut down the gates of stern, inexorable mystery. —

My painting goes on in the usual manner. With the exception of a portrait, from a photograph, of Bishop Robert Clarkson, for Rev. Mr. Leonard, bringing only starvation price, I have no orders, and keep myself busy on ventures.

Sept. 16. 1884. Tuesday P. M. Cogitation Dic.

How hard, sometimes, to find words for thought or act! — My soul is crowded and more inclined to be mute than to give utterance. A season of strange uncertainties is upon me; my whole being and circumstances seem in transformation, to where or what I know not. But a tremor of unrest, of expectation, of singular forbading, fills me. It may mean something, or it may not. It may be the creation of my own fancy; the effect of what I have been and am reading; the exhalation of my utterly stagnant affairs in which hopes and most trying procrastination struggle like deadly antagonists; the effervescence of an overcharged

"Ben Hur" by Lew. Wallace.

mind and imagination longing for activity, for results of labor, and held down idly — so far as painting is concerned — by a species of irresolute despair. — What will come of it all, I can not say, — and I will defer writing more until I may have a calmer spirit and a more auspicious opportunity.

Nov. 4th 1884. Tuesday night. Georgetown D.C.

Another milestone of life is behind me, — the sixty first of my years. Nothing marked its passage save conscious poverty and a certain foreboding of probable change ahead, — but what and whither? — who can say? It only is evident we may not any longer wait for improvement and for relief to come which is altogether uncertain. In a most singular manner, at which we often wondered, our settling down in comfort has been prevented, and so also my ecclesiastical attachment to the Diocese of Maryland has became impossible. We knew these things meant something, and yet we fear change and recoil from another move. But my earnings are none for these months past. We are reduced to the small salary of Eugene. All other resources continually fail, and even were now and then a sale taking place of any of my pictures, the help would be temporary and not affect materially my condition which makes me a slave to insignificant work, such as can go on years without giving a man either reputation or means.

I have thought whether I should not seek again a small Parish and so at least enjoy the comfort of devoting my strength to real use, instead remaining in a state of mental incarceration. Yet there are grave objections

to such a course. Art, — Christian Art by the most serious work I can do and which demands the entire force of a man, would be sacrificed. So in deliberating with my wife this afternoon we took into consideration the advice given me by Judge Avery before we left Morgantown for Florida that I should go to Atlanta, Georgia, a city that promises by its rapid growth and manifest energy to become the metropolis of the South, and he thought that there I should do well. Washington is certainly a most unartistic place, all given to politics and society life. There is little hope for artists here in the near future, if ever. I know of Atlanta only what I have read and heard; but it may open me a means of living by portraiture, and this must be my trial and beginning there. We have no time given any more for waiting but should act without delay, and so my wife wrote a letter of enquiry at once to my sweetheart's mother-in-law, Mrs. Chambers at Morgantown, sister of Judge Avery, a man of influence acquainted in Atlanta, and on the answer will depend my next movements. — More can not be said at present.

This is the day for the election of President, — and what a commotion there has been, and still is, all over these United States! Party feeling and party struggle has run very high and with fierce determination, and the campaign especially on the Republican side has been conducted with the most shameful lies and intrigue and the most filthy immoral-ity. For unscrupulous resort to foul means it has been unparalelled. The result will be known to morrow.

Nov. 5th 1884.
Wednesday A.M.

Who shall say there are not singular coincidences at times that come to us like the direct voice of God and in answer to prayer? — Two letters went off by mail this morning. Eugene took them quite early. One was by my wife to Mrs. Chambers in relation to enquiries about Atlanta, the other by myself to Dr. Middleton, urging an immediate answer whether, in the proposed decorations of his Church, now building, he could give me a certain decision both as regards the work to be done at once, and its magnitude, since the character of my situation forbid any delay and made necessary prompt action. — And then, at our morning devotions, reading now in order the acts of the Apostles, I came to the twelfth chapter relating the persecution by Herod and delivery from prison by the angel of God of St. Peter.

And have I not been held this past year as in a prison, bound hands and feet, literally "with two chains", and have prayed the Lord to lead me forth if such were His will, out into freedom of exercise of those faculties He has given me undoubtedly for this very purpose? — My wife also noted the strange adaptation of this chapter and story to our own case under the circumstances as they exist at present,

"The Lord knows how to deliver the godly out of temptation."

Two more days in this house, and then we shall have another address, still in Georgetown.

We have been here nearly one year: Eugene and myself coming and until New years Day keeping a mournful "bachelors hall". Then came my dear wife from New York, and from two we became three in a house almost destitute of furniture

N.B. Though delivery has not yet fully come, nor will come by the channels indicated in this article, yet the Scripture passage was undoubtedly meant for a prophetical consolation, even if the actual delivery be delayed and finally wrought by different means.
Jan. 22nd 1885.

Nov. 22nd 84.
Saturday P.M.
2805 Stoddert St.

and ordinary means of comfort. This state of things has continued throughout the year with only small alteration. Nor has this been the most severe feature: My long and dangerous illness, and distressing poverty, want of work, and — worst of all — actual condition of beggary during which we would have starved in earnest but for the gifts from Known and unKnown friends, made this year of an experience exceeding any other in all our married life, and indeed in what had gone before. — We were kept literally by a "special providence" and as it were from day to day, — and often the keeping appeared miraculous, as I believe it really was. — But now it is all behind us, and we leave this cheerful house that had a record so bitter. We go into new quarters that are yet old, for the house on High street belongs to a past generation and an estate now subdivided, and consequently, has a history. What the Lord has in store for us there, we know not. I might speculate and guess — but of what use would it be? — This only I know that my present existence seems to have in it the certainty of a transition movement: The character of the present only is revealed, with all strangely mystified and almost fear-inspiring. The future God keeps in His own keeping and power, and to Him, like very weak and ignorant and helpless children, we must look in prayerful trust and loving confidence.

"Many are the afflictions of the righteous: but the Lord delivereth him out of them all."

Nov. 27th 1884.
Thursday.
Thanksgiving Day.
2065 High Street,
Georgetown D.C.

We have moved into our new home, which yet is a very old place according as age counts in this new land. The house, a stately farm-house of a past generation, with many of the marks about it of a taste now almost extinct, at least in cities, although on the very edge of the city, is still quite countryfied externally, internally and in the surroundings of garden and the views upon the beautifully rolling hills in the rear towards Rock Creek. We have made a fortunate exchange, for less rent. There is an acre of ground, ornamental and useful: many charming features which, when Summer comes again we shall enjoy exceedingly. A single disadvantage to us, in our poor state, is the size of the house, for we have no furniture to fill and adorn it, our moveables consisting for the most part of books and pictures. The men who carted our curious goods no doubt amused themselves at their character, especially when they deposited them in some of the eleven rooms and spacious hall they were to furnish. But we shall have a genial homelike parlor nevertheless and more attractive than that of many a pretensious mansion. — Well, we must try and accumulate a little. Can I not turn out myself manufactured articles from my workshop? — God's blessing also has visited us already. These three days, since we are in the house, there was on each an entirely unexpected income, both of money and other things. The Lord's goodness certainly is following us, — and why should we not rejoice? —

Anno Dei 1885.

In the name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

January 5th 1885. Monday P.M. Georgetown D.C.

A new year is begun. Only a few lines are possible to me; for my right wrist, broken before, is again sadly injured by a fall on the icy street Tuesday before last Christmas.

What need of reflections? The past has been to me a trying year: a long sickness, meagre earnings, poorer prospects. So last night the family sat in council, and to day three letters were written: one to Bishop Quintard of Tennessee; one to Dr. Beckett of Columbia Tenn., & a third to the Warden of St. Luke's Church, Cleveland, Tenn. — I love in these enquiries for a Parish. — The present life will not do. —

—

Jan. 17th 1885. Saturday P.M. "

My wrist is still in poor condition for writing, though better. I have sat for over three weeks now without doing anything save reading: a weary time. — When will I be able to use this poor afflicted right hand again? —

There is no answer yet to any letters: perhaps a good sign.

Jan. 31st /85. Saturday A.M.

After nearly six weeks of pained condition I may at last venture to write a little more. — From Tennessee I know nothing yet that is definite. A letter from Dr. Beckett invites me to Columbia as his associate, but gives no further details, only promises them. Meanwhile, two Sundays ago, when I was at St. Pauls, Rock Creek, the estimable aged Rector Mr. J. Burk, for whom I preached twice on that day, spoke to me of a work inside the limits of his Parish, on Columbia Heights, and which needs a Clergyman immediately. The building of a fine stone Church was begun last year by a Dr. Forrest, a congregation collected, and services held in the Tower Hall on what is known as "Mount Pleasant".

But Dr. Forrest has accepted a call to a parish near Cincinnati, O. The Church, however, is there, is now under roof, and expected to be ready for occupation about next Easter. — The salary, under present circumstances, cannot be large, probably only some $700.00 to be collected from various sources, Rock Creek Parish supplying a part. There is no Rectory, and therefore rent must come out of the salary. But Eugenes board would add to our income & bring it up to near one thousand. This sum, with such economy as we have perforce studied, would enable us to live free of pressing care, and I would dare to accept this work in connection with Mr. Bunk. — Moving all our goods so great a distance and the heavy expense, would be avoided, — a very acceptable item indeed. — Last Sunday P. M. I held the first Service in the Townhall to a mere handfull of people, and to Morrow I have engaged again. By special request I have urged a decision of particulars as a certainty of what can be done, and I hope to have word very soon.

This is an unexpected offer, & must be regarded as a divine providence. It seems to ~~offer~~ assure the solution of a very perplexing problem

At last also my son Eugene has met the realization of his hope of promotion in the Pay office from the position of a Messenger to that of Mileage Clerk, with an advance of $400.— on his salary, giving him now $1000.— annually: a handsome amount for so young a man. — It is all due to my excellent, true friend, Pay Director Thos Looker.

This, in substance, is the record of the first month in this New year 1885.

Feb. 13th 1885.
Friday P.M.
Georgetown D.C

Yesterday has been a memorable revealer to me of the secret of hearts. Moreover it has no doubt become a turning point in my plans and life prospects. — The two letters inserted here, one from Thos. H. Looker, Pay Director of the U.S. Navy, who has been for nearly two years one of my very best and trusted friends to whose kindness I and family owe a considerable debt of temporal benefit, for my son Eugene is still in his office, and recently promoted to the position of Mileage Clerk with $1000.— salary;— and the answer I wrote as a bounden duty to myself as a man and minister of Christ. These letters tell their own story. — It is almost superfluous to add much. All the circumstances seem to have been providentially directed, even in the order of time. First, on Sunday last, although quite ill with the coming on of a catharhal fever from which I am still suffering, I walked out to Mt. Pleasant for evening service. Rev. M. Griffin, Ass. at Epiphany Church, coming in, as it appeared by appointment of which I was not informed, I was saved the preaching. Mr. Seward — one of the congregation — asking me to tea with him, I accepted, and from him I learned that a meeting was to be held on Tuesday last in order to decide about the pastors clergymans salary. On Wednesday my friend Looker must have seen one of the parties (doubtless Sherman himself), and Thursday he wrote the remarkable letter which Eugene brought home at night. I was then in bed very ill. My decision had already been made to send Mr. Sherman word of my inability to hold service on the next Sunday, with the clause appended: "If my attendence there on the succeeding Sundays is desired, please let me know. Your silence I shall take as an answer in the negative". — Now since through Mr. Looker, conspicuously evident,

SATURDAY

3

NOVEMBER

BE quiet; fear not.—ISA. VII. 4.

Thou layest Thy hand on the fluttering heart,
And sayest "Be still!"
The silence and shadow are only a part
Of Thy sweet will.
Thy presence is with me and where Thou art
I fear no ill.

It Washed My Lines Away.

Alone I walked the ocean strand,
A pearly shell was in my hand;
I stopped and wrote upon the sand
My name—the year—the day.
As onward from the spot I passed,
One lingering look behind I cast—
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed my lines away.

And so, methought, 'twill shortly be
With every mark on earth from me;
A wave of dark oblivion's sea
Will sweep across the place
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of Time, and been, to be no more;
Of me, my frame, the name I bore,
To leave no track or trace.

And yet with Him who counts the sands,
And holds the waters in his hands,
I know a lasting record stands
Inscribed against my name,
Of all this mortal part has wrought,
Of all this thinking soul has thought,
And from these fleeting moments caught
For glory or for shame.

Respectfully and cordially yours,
GEORGE R. GLIDDON.

EGYPTIAN WINGED GLOBE.



The perfect "Winged Globe," is an emblem of HOR-HAT, (*Horus of Edfoo,*) the *good genius*; called by the Greeks *agatho daimon*; ... the shadow of whose wings were placed ... the temples of ...

Georgetown D. C. Feb. 12. 1885.

Wm. Mc H. Looker,
Pay Director U. S. N.

"Confidential"

If, my very dear friend, there really were any thing secret in the matter and not read plainly by me as through a plate of glass — inside and outside. Because your letter simply completed a revelation, begun, some time before, by warnings from exactly the opposite direction, well stored in my mind, for use when occasion should arise, but the sources of which I have as much reason to keep from inquiry as you seem to have about those you communicate to me, although, I repeat, I read the whole case through a very transparent medium.

In your lines to me you entrench behind the impregnable wall of strong & disinterested friendship. These certainly I have no disposition to attack. I may not, & do not, for a moment, either doubt or misconceive your motive. You meant truely to serve me, and for this motive I owe you dearly thanks. But I also have the protection of similar defences, and therefore may boldly venture to examine into the means you selected for serving me. And these are certainly an odd mixture of candor, earnestness, mistake, and blindly antagonizing your own fixed principles of action. The conglomeration amazes me and makes me wonder that you could ever have written such a letter.

Because one of your most distinguished traits is fearless pursuit of right, and honesty & integrity of conviction. You make it a point of inflexible duty before all things to secure this solid foundation under your feet, & have related to me experiences of sacrifice both of money & position, rather than yield for one moment what you believed, & knew, to be right. — And now, this very man, so courageous & incorruptable in things concerning himself counsels his friend, — & he a minister of Christ — to become a slave of men, to modify his teachings according to their dictates. To plead himself- "by word & deed, before hand" to suit the pre conceived notions of a set of men whom I must utterly deny even the shadow of authority to prescribe in a case which rests solely in the judgment of their appointed — or chosen — teacher, who is only lawful human superior in all matters ecclesiastical is his Bishop — Strange indeed! — Let me tell you, what probably I know much better already, that the trivial objection of lengthy discourses — I have preached only two in that place, & that of Rev Dr. Griffin last Sunday was as lengthy as mine — is a mere mask. Not the manner, but the matter, gave the objections. Mine keen olfactories of Low Churchism discovered from afar the spirit that would rule my

than that of terms of convenience. Evidently you believe me prone to the former, — or else, why the caution? — But whether or not, let us see what the belief includes & the warning attachable to it, as applied to this special case.

I need enter on no defense of my Church membership of the name by which others are pleased to call it. For whatever I hold, in doctrine & ritual, I can positively acknowledge no other human authority than the one already mentioned, namely my Bishop, & him only within the well recognized limits of toleration within the Church. No "Lay Popes" may be consulted. My ordination vows contain no promise to submit myself gladly to their admonitions. I know only of strictly Church teaching and practice, & which, to deal out prudently & wisely, in the fear of God, & daring at least the welfare of the souls entrusted to my care, I hold as a sacred commission faithfully to discharge under all & any circumstances. Woe is me if I have the fear of man before my eyes! — What then follows? — That these people out there, or any other, must receive & treat me as the ordained Servant of my & their LORD, & that I would have about as much right to enter into any mutual accommodation arrangement compromising my divine Mission, as they have to ask it as the condition of my serving them.

The asking of it implies unparalelled impertinence: the yielding implies faithless, unmanly, cringing cowardice & moral degradation.

Moreover, can you not see that by the delusive care for my temporal good you have permitted yourself to interfere in the sacred official relations between a Priest of the Church & his proposed charge?

And you have done it — innocently & ignorantly, I grant, — so as to trench on the domains both of rational discrimination of right & the liberty due to any man of condition. That sentence especially where you write about "the one man-power" (there must not be any) & that principle "simply to cut merge all their individuality, & freedom & conscience & will in your" — meaning by this accumulative rhetoric any poor obscure self — is the most absolute enigmatical charge of overbearing tyranny conceivable — "provided" you did not mean the whole thing as a good joke to play off on a good-natured friend, — & I most sincerely hope you really designed it as such. — I would fain put the most charitable construction possible on this whole sentence, or rather the entire letter. So then let it stand as a joke, — & it may in that form challenge my thanks, not only for harmlessness, but actual service in confirming my knowledge & guiding my line of action in the premises beyond a doubt.

Perhaps I better break off here. If you have read in "The Church Press" (Febr. 7. '85) a letter from Canon Skinner of Milwaukee respecting Cleveland, Tenn.) a entitled "Lay Popes", you learned my fortunate escape from another "Mess" like the one ready here for my entanglement, and simply showing that our dangers threaden far less from the one Clerical Pope at Rome than from his many self-constituted representatives in many of our parishes.

God allmerciful grant us a faithful, devoted Ministry who always bear in mind that their commission from Himself includes a dread responsibility; & also an humble, self denying laity that see the Master in His servants & honor their office with the weighty meaning of His words, attached spoken to these very servants as a divine consolation in all their necessary afflictions & persecutions, — "Whosoever receiveth you, receiveth me; & whosoever despises you, despises Me." —

"Touch not mine anointed, & do my prophets no harm."

I took this means of answering your letter as perhaps best settling for good this matter between us. I have "slept over it", & hope may have no further words on the subject. The "call" has not come yet, & may never come. But if it did, how could I possibly accept with the conditions made? God is my Provider, not Mr. Sherman & Co., & He is sure to lead me out aright.

Thanks once more for your most kind motive, & all your affection, with I never mistake. Yours in love Johannes A. B. Oertel.

New Year 1885.

teaching, & they took alarm accordingly. A man is wanted there of ability, so as to build up a sort of cordon around the new enterprise, make it popular, & raise the demand for real-estate in that neighborhood. Perhaps in this respect I would suit, & ought to be greatly comforted by the compliment. Something near a thousand dollars salary in an expensive city is not a very enticing "shining lights" to accept with eagerness as a tempting offer, though for me it might barely suffice for a very moderate living; adding Eugenes board. The advantage of an experienced over a young man for such a place & purpose is self-evident, "provided" the man could from the start be nicely harnessed & bitted with the reins tight in the ~~pocket~~ fists of the well-meaning men who "run the concern" & have thus given into their power the means to check his actions as it pleases them & their superior discriminating judgment. — What a degrading position, insulting by its temerity, such a demand seeks to fasten upon me! — I cannot but throw it from me in scorn, as a man, & as a servant of Jesus Christ. — Why, my dear friend, did you not instinctively discern the cruel hypocrisy of such a demand, & indignantly refuse to become its mouthpiece?

In your eagerness to help me
I see the reason: You could perceive at the time but one thing,

namely for me a present freedom from money-cares, a virtual a fine field & a good opportunity. This made you pure-blind to everything beside.

You have given me plenty of stuff for discussion, but I must go on to the next point. It concerns that of "forcing so-called advanced Churchmanship, in any way, upon this people." — Could such an extraordinary sentence have come from you to me? — Where or when have I proved myself such a heedless, imprudent bigot or tyrant as to merit such a sweeping advice? — Can you really claim any true Knowledge of my mind & character that would make needful ~~this~~ caution of this nature? ~~Did you at all understand~~ instead of being at once rejected as an utter misconception and an injury to both my judgment & conduct?

Alas! you sorely grieve me by the possibilities in me you seem to have discovered of which myself I was strangely ignorant.

Again you protest that you are only a mouthpiece of others who prefers to "have my interests at heart"; but what a reception should such an imputation have met from you whom I have permitted a deeper insight into my nature than almost any other man?

Let us go on.

What do you — or what do they — mean by "advanced Churchmanship"? You know I entirely repudiate any High-churchism or Low-churchism, as mischievous, misleading denominations having no other value

an understanding between the parties has been communicated to me that my engagement would depend on complying in -plicitly and distinctly with their shameful proviso, my absence, so undesignedly brought about, will prevent any possible further action on my part, & so the affair may be regarded as dropped out. — My poor Lordy friend has, I believe, been the instrument in Gods hand to facur a vile combination of ingredients so that their character became plainly visible for my warning before I was able to take one step towards tying my engagement to a lot of men (or possibly but one man), the like of which are a bane to the clergy and the Church, and veritable tools of evil, against whom there exists scarcely any remedy but quiet suffering on the part of ill-used persecuted and faithful men.

How Mr. Looker will take my letter, of course I do not know yet. From any but so proved a friend as he is, what he would to me would have been most presumptuous insult.

March 5th 1885 Thursday P. M. Wash D.C.

The above difficulty has been adjusted, not by any means to my satisfaction concerning the course Mr. Looker has taken, or approving any more of his manner of doing or of the real motives operating in the man's mind without he being in the least aware of their nature, — but so that there is no break of friendship: only more caution how I deal with men so good a friend in all matters that ought perhaps better to be kept entirely from the sounding of any one outside the family circle, and so precluding such uncalled-for interferences, meddlings on grounds of gossip — well-meant perhaps, — but gossip all the same.

By the stress of circumstances I have unfortunately been obtruded on the attention of other people — friends, most of them call themselves. My enigmatical position has become a piece of speculation with them, giving rise to talk, far more than I like to think. This much at least I gather from the mysterious hints of Mr. Lookers, who, maybe, magnifies the importance of these gossipings, and has from them constructed a case with which to assail me by way of caution and reprimand, pedagogue-fashion. — Now if no material were given these very considerate and kind folk by the manifest ill-luck (so-called) which distinguishes my career, — if that career were more like the everyday-lives of other people, and therefore would afford less stuff for superfluous amount of pity and consequent valuable advise how to get out at once and forever of my troubles, I would not be plagued by such letters as Mr. Lookers', and such disagreeable interviews as I found best to seek, in order to prevent a rupture. — At any rate, the course I took will make any exception of such a character, from this source, impossible. Therefore the case may be regarded as laid on the shelf, — a specimen of curious deformity, safely bottled in spirits, very instructive, if not beautiful to look upon.

Yesterday was the great new birthday of this Nation. So at least the Democratic party seem to think, for it inaugurated their new President, Grover Cleveland, with a most enormous display, of procession by day and fire-works by night, which of course "all the world and his wife" went out to see — excepting myself who stayed at home in glorious

solitude to think and work out a Reredos that has been requested of me. — May the Nations Millenium have come, now that the rotten Republican party, in power since 1861, is out, and the new saviours safely installed in the Presidential chair and the White House! — It is the old prevalent disposition of these experimenting modern times! All evils are outward, and can be cured by outward means, provided only these means can be discovered and applied; — this being really the great problem which to solve, of course, it takes a vast amount of bugging about. — Deluded, self-deluding world! — But certainly, some benefit will result from the change of party. It is unwholesome for this country to have the feeling rooted that a certain policy pursued by a certain set of men, may be so dominant as to become considered perpetual. The generally corrupt moral sense and alarming looseness of high principle — not to say Religion — indicate new in the masses to recklessness and imperil the safety of the land.

I spoke of Reredos I designed. They are intended for that very Church on Columbia Heights of which my hasty friend persuaded himself I would presently become Rector. "Most strange" — but so it is. The identical man, suspected of ultra Low-Churchism, has been the one requesting me to think the subject over and make a proposition. I have accordingly done so, and to day hope to submit the design for inspection. It symbolizes the Church of Christ, founded on Prophets and Apostles, with the "Lamb of God" for its Centre.

New York.
404 Madison Ave. 22d St.
March 21th
1885.
Saturday. M.

Since Thursday evening I am in "Gotham". I left Lenox in the morning, my poor wife sick in bed, but she insisted I should go, since it was business that called me, — and business, now-a-days with me, is too precious for neglect. So I went, and am here in my brothers house; yesterday P.M. called on Rev. Edm. Guilbert, 787 Madison Avenue, who wishes some paintings for his Church (of "The Holy Spirit"), & gave me his notions about their subject and character. He is to send measurment of spaces, & I am to submit sketch & proposals; after Evening Prayer I went round to the Rufells where I staid to dinner, and this afternoon I hope to go to Glen Cove, L. I., only for a few days. —

Washington D.C.
April 8th
1885.
Wednesday
A.M.

I have been at home again for a good while, being absent only ten days altogether, four of which were spent in Glen Cove where, in and for the new Church, I was kept very busy, since the Reredos had to be set up, and a window for the Chancel designed. One night and morning I was at the house of Mrs. Price, otherwise at the Rectory. On Sunday (Passion S.) I preached in the Guild Room, there used for services.

As to actual business done, with any money in it, there was none, so far. Possibly, but I think remotely so, there may be an order for some Altar pieces for the "Church of the Holy Spirit", Mr. Edm. Guilbert Rector. The Glen Cove people are too impecunious now to spend ought for decorations not strictly necessary. — I have seen, in New York, and living still in the old house in Fifth Avenue, Mrs. Elig. Fogg, — a broken-down woman, sick, and grieving for "William" whom she may follow ere very long. — There is evidently some quarrel over the money

left by the wealthy merchant, and the widow experiences some of its blessedness, or sweetness, as spectrix, poor thing.

But the most momentous event, and certainly worth recording, occured on the 2d of this month of March in Morganton N.C. when Hattie the wife of my son Fred gave birth to a daughter and thereby gave us the dignity of grandparents. — This surely is a great step towards getting and feeling aged, though Bishop Paret told me the other evening how in this respect he was ahead of me by three grandchildren and as many years my junior in years.

So the times proceed. — a strange rolling tide, bearing along this mixed-up world swiftly to its destiny.

I am very busy now on two Reredos, having already completed a very elaborate piece of carving for a panel to that for the Church of the Incarnation. The panel is only 8 x 24 inches and yet has taken me over two weeks very close and persistent work, being Azalias, all open work.

May 30th 1885. Saturday P.M. Wash. D.C.

Digging, digging — from early morning until late at night, and day after day. — This is the order now. I am almost tired of it; — only the thought that it is all for the House of God and His Service, keeps me in patience. Truly, the work is very laborious. Yet while this cannot be denied, and often tries my endurance, and while the actual earnings as it are quite nominal, I believe the amount will be not inconsiderably more than the year previous I made by the painting of those numerous little pictures for paltry prices, and which are all safely tucked away in private houses where the public cannot see them, nor, were they seen,

would the result be increased reputation. — The Reredos for the Church on Columbia Heights having been finally accepted, my whole time has now to be given to pushing the work. The Altar is first needed, and thus far I have been carving the parts belonging to this. A month or more has already gone, and there are still a number of pieces unfinished.

Another responsibility has been added to my list: I have accepted two pupils — one a young man, twenty five years old, Mr. George Hartwell; the other a lovely and beautiful girl of fine talents, Miss Madge Irwin, from Pittsburg Pa. — She has for the Summer gone home, but expects to be here again next November, and meanwhile I direct her studies as well as this can be done by letter. — For many years I have had no pupil, and missed both the intercourse and the usefulness, and now former days come back to me with the delightfulness of guiding some eager young minds, and helping them to a career at once their support and their mental training. My teaching has ever been of more benefit to myself than to my pupils, and I love to have the young about me, and sustain to them the affectionate relation which is a joy, and makes toil sweet, and abundantly recompenses for the expense of labor and time. In the case of these two I am fortunate, since they have good abilities and are also engaging persons and of Christian habits.

A few other things stir in my little world and add spice to our drudging life. Eugene has with the intelligent son of a very near neighbor gone recently into bee raising, and their enterprise seems to go on quite successfully. The young men are enthusiastic in their venture, they have already some twelve

Brooklyn, Aug. 25. 1859.

R. Bonner Esq.

Dear Sir,

In the "Thoughts as they occur", of the last number, (Sept. 3.) of your valuable paper, stands a paragraph not fully explained, I take it, by the Author, and therefore liable to misconstruction. It runs thus:

"Artists must not demand that people shall take what Artists like, unless Artists are first willing to paint what the people like."

The Author admits that "it is the Artists business to educate the community." — As the community then has an interest in the question of Art, the community ought, as an intelligent pupil, to understand its true position. The Artist also, as a modest and intelligent teacher, ought to understand his own.

Most true it is that the Artist has to paint what the people like; but only because he must live and satisfy necessities, not from an acknowledgement of the right in the people to dictate him. He is the public servant in no other sense than is the Poet, the man of science, the minister of the Gospel. If Art is something more than ~~mere intellectual~~ imitation; if it is even more than mere intellectual production; —— if

it is a child of the affections, an emanation of the moral part of the man, modulated by his intellect, than it is as sacred and inviolate as his religion, and cannot be prescribed.

Moreover if the Artist, like the Poet, is a teacher of something, he must lead, not follow. He wisely adopts the lessons to the mind and capacity of his pupils and thus far he may control them.

In the noblest degree the Artist rises to be a Prophet. —

Who is it that shows him the vision? — Is it the people? — Inspiration is of divine source, and the man who receives it is commissioned by God, though for proclaiming this message the world should let him starve. He may, like St. Paul, labor with his hands to supply his own wants, but this "tent-making" for a living, and the preaching of his heavenly message will ever remain distinctly seperate concerns, in no wise to be confounded in Artist.

J. G. Auster.

In reply to an Article by Rev. H. W. Beecher, Ledger of Sept. 3. 1859.

Comes a week ahead.

colonies, intend to pursue the matter scientifically, and make a handsome living out of it.

The next thing is, an invitation by Prof. Riley to Eugene to a vacant place in the entymological department of the Agricultural Bureau, with the prospect of more salary than he receives at present as Mileage Clerk in the office of Pay Director Looker. It must soon be apparent whether he will make the change, himself inclining to it for several valid reasons. In case he accepts, a different impulse will be given to his life and studies. — May the gracious Lord direct!

July 18th/85. Saturday. A.M. Wash. D.C.

Once more I have an official connection as a Parish Minister. This morning I have returned answer in acceptance of a call to become Assistant Minister of the Parish of the Incarnation, Wash. D.C. Rev. Dr. Townsend Rector.

The position is more complimentary and rather nominal than implying much responsibility for work. My residence is too far off for more frequent presence in the Parish than Lithgow; and since I draw no salary, of course more work is not expected. Doctor Townsend understands well the condition of things. But I can now be transferred to this Diocese and cease to be — as my wife significantly says — "an ecclesiastical tramp." I have already sent a request for my Letters Dimissory to Bishop Young of Florida. For over two years I have been away from his Diocese, doing nothing in it and for it, but active here, and yet have never succeeded in the obtaining an official standing that would insure my transfer under the Canons of the Church. — At last the way is open, and I am relieved of an anomalous position, a cause much to my gratification.

Aug. 24th
1885
Monday P.M.
St. Bartholomews
Day.
Wash. D.C.

Over a month ago I requested from the Bp. of Florida letters Dimissory to this Diocese, & no answer yet. Is this the manner of his transacting official business?

The hot weather continues & wilts down my energy. But this account work does not progress very rapidly. Of the snapshots figures I thought to improve that of "Isaiah" & painted it over again on another canvas; but to day I have returned to the first conception which now is to be finished, possibly to morrow. — Such experiments are costly in my present circumstances, — & yet cannot be helped.

Yesterday I met Dr. John Smedes, formerly of Raleigh N.C. & his company during the services at Dr. Townsends have made the day very pleasant & called up many dear recollections. He told me of the death, last Friday, presumably in childbead, of Fanny the eldest daughter of Bishop Lyman. She was married to Hon. M. Cox, of Raleigh, & I have known her well. She was an accomplished woman. I have written to the bereaved Bishop a letter of condolence.

Having recently read the book of Drummond, "Natural Law in the Spiritual world", in many respects a very remarkable production but tinged with Calvinism & Darwinism, I made notes, while reading, for my own use, & Dr. Townsend, whom I acquainted with those on Evolution, persuaded me to get them into shape for publication in the "Church Eclectic" by means of his introduction. Consequently I re-wrote the Notes & have delivered the Manuscript to the Doctor who will send it.

I have also taken up another literary effort — or rather several. The one directly in hand is a treatment of the subject of "Heaven" which, from Sermons I have, is to be re-cast into a freer and more attractive form & to make a book with a few illustrations.

Altogether I am kept busy enough.

Sept. 16th 1885.
Wednesday P.M.
Georgetown D.C.

This evening I have taken leave, probably for life, of a dear and much venerated friend, Rev. Thomas Wheat, D.D. He leaves this City to-morrow morning, first for Philadelphia, and then, at the close of this month, for Barrytown on the Hudson, where he is offered a home by his grandson the Rev. M. Shaber who has married a daughter of Mr. Aspinwall, and is well able to take care of the aged Doctor & his wife, now also 80 years old. Himself is four years her senior, but has yet the clear, fine complexion of youth, presenting, with his white hair & flowing beard, a very fine, really artistic appearance. — For nearly two years I have seen much of Dr. Wheat, for he has lived in my neighborhood. We became first acquainted at Greensboro, N.C. He then had charge of the Parish there. His Christian character is most lovely & sweet, his humble, modest bearing remarkable, his attainments excellent, and the entire fibre of the man delicate and refined. Intercourse with him was always to me instructive & profitable, and I shall sadly miss the sympathetic fellowship always ready for any subject of interest; the quick, clear insight into points of difficulty, and the moral purity of his atmosphere.

Poor dear man! He goes away grieved at heart; — less because he must leave friends and scenes of youth — for he was born in this City, while Mrs. Wheat is a Virginian of Alexandria, but because his two surviving children fail to support him during the few years that can be his on the earth. I know & feels the situation keenly. Whither he goes all is strange to him save his grandson, — & yet, in his old age, he must be a wanderer, & in reality a beneficiary. — Blessings upon him! & blessed will ever be his memory.

Sept. 30. 1885,
Wednesday A.M.,
Georgetown.

Last night, with the 10,40 P.M. train, our daughter departed again for work, after her very pleasant vacation with us. How vacant her place! the more so since Eugene also is absent on a visit to his brother at Morgantown. He has been away one week, all the leave of absence he could get at the Pay office expending only to the 1st October.

And now Lena goes into new duties: the same in regard of character, namely as Teacher, but different in regard to subjects. She will be "colored children", in a mission School connected with St. Peters Parish at Charlotte, N. C. In this respect, that it is Mission work, her inclinations are much better suited than a public School can do it. She can make her teaching subservient to Church instruction, which in a Public Institution is precluded. — In this I also am contented. Since our children must go from us, it is a comfort to have them engaged in self-supporting work which is also a benefit to others. Lena & Fred are not very far apart, & yet can ~~not~~ see each other but seldom. — Fred has been ill; his new baby also is not strong. This grandchild of ours, we hear, is such a very little thing. He has now an office in the Revenue Service and makes, with his thrifty wife, a comfortable support. — Eugene has to be back here to morrow. — God bless my children all! — I do not write much about them — but are they therefore not in my heart, my care, & my prayers?

It is strange! — Lena has gone from our house, — if by Gods permission she comes to us for another vacation, where will she find us? — How very doubtful that we shall be in this old former house where we have now spent a delightful Summer!

Oct. 17th 1885,
Saturday A.M.
Washington, D.C.

When Eugene returned from his visit to Fred at Morgantown on the last day of September, to our astonishment he brought him along. It was a great surprise. The poor man came utterly discouraged. He had a position offered him on the Revenue Business, but which, from its repulsive features, he decided to accept. Having no other position; being tired of the unpaying drudgery of farming a mining no land; and not able to follow his real occupation as fresco-grainer with any prospect of success, he came to this City in the shadowy hope of obtaining something to do. But Washington is an unlucky place for one out of business. It is overcrowded with office-seekers; & the chances in stores are few also and of a semi-starvation kind. However, one had talked about the situation of affairs: and talks are sometimes as useful as thunder-showers — they clear the atmosphere and unload the surcharged electric currents. And so, when Fred left for home again on Monday morning, Oct. 15th., he did so with hope revived, and a definite plan of action. Both the boys have good mechanical talent. There is a furniture factory at Morgantown. There first is to study the use of tools and machinery, and the construction of furniture. Here I propose to teach Eugene meanwhile something about linear drawing and carving geometrical ornament. And together we will make a last effort, somewhere down South, to set up a little factory, ultimately for Church furniture of wood. I have addressed a letter of enquiry to Dr. Wm. Dubose at Sewanee, Tenn. as to whether that place might not be a suitable one for our residence. In a few days I hope to have answer. After the Recitals are finished I may get opportunity to go down myself on a tour of inspection. — It is such a delightful thing of having a beautiful plan!!

X Last night I heard Archdeacon Farrar lecture on "Dante". The large Congregational Church on G. Sts. & 10th St. was crowded. A member of our Choir (Ch. Incarnation) sent me a ticket, & so, after Evening Prayers I went to see and hear "the lion."

The Lecture, of course, was a very good one — a half Sermon. But this present generation needs earnest preaching unto. I am very glad to have had this opportunity. Farrar is a noted & noteworthy man of magnificent learning & power. He is, in appearance and manner, a genuine Englishman: With a fine well-shaped head, a little bald, strong features of a harmonious cast, a moderately good voice for a small building, somewhat monotonous in range and intonation, and with the kind of gesticulation, entirely with the right arm, that denotes earnest effort of an argumentative pushing home, but without any change for various feelings and sentiments, so that after awhile the constant see-sawing becomes tiresome to the eye. Englishmen, generally, are not reputed graceful orators. But the matter is sterling and forcible, — and from an earnest man one can take patiently a good deal of awkwardness.

He brought in, towards the conclusion of the lecture, the now become notorious phrase "Art for Art's sake," which he called a "Heathenish motto". I was glad to hear it thus condemned, only it deserves still severer punishment. It is not only godless and in so far worse than heathenish, but utterly ignores the responsibility of man's actions, and the very moral nature of man. It is therefore fundamentally materialistic in the worst sense, besides being an expression, in practice, of the broadest license and immoral sentimentalism, a notable 19th Century adoption.

Oct 24th 1885.
Saturday, P.M.
Georgetown D.C.

Is it premature, or wise, continually to be thinking of change? — What profit is there in flitting from place to place? — — Has the seminary business became a habit with me, confirmed by the practice of many years? — How can I answer these questions in a truthful manner? — Or who will answer them for me? — — Although plotting at this very moment of another move, I am in all sincerity deeply disturbed at what appears the dire necessity, yet "I am in a strait betwixt two": Change is odious & to be avoided, on many accounts. And yet change may be necessary and also very beneficial. Perhaps, in my case, it is a mixture of the two. — Here then are the solemn facts: For these two years, by very hard work, my profession has not given us a living. My son Eugenes salary has to be used up, to my humiliation, & to his own detriment. The coming years promise no better as in this part of all cities for aesthetics & art. Should Eugene lose his place in the Navy Pay office, — we dare not contemplate the possibility; — And yet the danger is existing. So then I did the deed of daring, & addressed a letter of enquiry to Rev. Dr. DuBose at Sewanee, Tenn. He did not answer at once, but yesterday I received a most kind & hearty invitation from the Vice Chancellor of the University, Dr. Telfair Hodgson, which amounts to an official recognition in the event of my removal to Sewanee, & to day I also heard from Dr. DuBose. — What they communicate is eminently satisfactory & inviting. — Of course I answered at once, but beyond that must wait the Lords pleasure, — & I know He will direct. —

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Nov. 1. 1885.
All Saints Day.
Sunday, P.M.
Georgetown.

From a letter to Rev. Thr Wheat. D.D. Barrytown, N.Y.

Rev. & Dear Brother, — To whom I would rather talk on this loved festival of blessed memories, than write from

a distance. And yet, this very mode of communication has a typical resemblance, perhaps, of that which may be carried on between us & our departed in the Lord, with this difference only: We send not letters on paper, but hot, ardent thoughts on wings of prayer into the Beyond; — and they need no formal missive to read what we have to say, but, being possessed of the gift to take in all the concomitants of our most fleeting, dim remembrance of them, they see it framed as very costly paintings often are, a few inches of canvass in massive, broad gilt with profuse ornament. There must be a grand truth in the words of the 2d Morning Lesson: "Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses." How forcible it brings to mind the great ancient amphitheater with its tier upon tier of crowded seats, and eager eyes of thousands bent with absorbing interest down into that narrow arena where we, poor & hard beset combatants, are struggling with wild beasts of passion & cruel mysmidons of hell, scarce able in the heat of conflict to raise our dust-begrimed eyes to the "glorious company" of witnesses, as they may be visible to child like faith ~~as~~ for a wonderful comfort & stimulus in the trial & loneliness of our often unsuccessful toil! — What do these words of the inspired Seer mean except just such a scene as this, — veritable, though to mortal sight invisible? They are the very embodiment of to days marvellously comprehensive teaching: Earth & Paradise brought together into one spectacle of all time-embracing description; the Church on earth & the Church at rest in their relative positions & most intimate union. For that "cloud of witnesses" were all once "Soldiers of Christ" in the arena of life, contending against those

same faces to the death, & only taking their honored seats above & around whom in the fierce heat of strife they had yielded up their last breath, & stretched themselves as victims and conquerors on the battle-field. And so they are dropping, one by one, continually, and the shining throng of "spirits of just & men made perfect" is growing larger day by day, & among them are many tied to us by inseperable heart-strings, & whose faces are stamped upon our memories, & after whom our own heart yearns as the days of strife are waxing longer, & the aging trailer is growing homesick and weary. — And what a company it is which thus are "witnesses" to that awful race & fight for the immortal crown! What names most lustrous like constellations of glory do sparkle in the myriad host! What records of hard-earned victories, what imperishable renown, what achievements of valor & enduring courage and sacrifice are theirs! How those annals in the "Book of Life" must glitter with radiance & triumph & undying reward! — — And there the lofty & stern Angel sits, bending down a most scrutinizing gaze that nought escapes upon the warriors of on the blood-stained field, & holds with an impartial hand the stilus wherewith to write into that same Book our deeds of battle. How many are the slips, the weaknesses, the yieldings in the eventful strife? — How true is the repentance, how sincere the tears at failure, how clinging to the Rock of Ages the prayers for mercy, & grace of help and strength? — Ah! Lord of all power & might, through the atoning Blood of Thy eternal Son, be forgiving, & "grant us grace so to follow Thy blessed saints in all virtuous & godly

living, that we may come to those unspeakable joys which Thou has prepared for those who unfeignedly love Thee. Amen!"

Now, to somebody else I would have written very differently, — but to you this is the letter I could think of on this blessed day. I can imagine what your thoughts have been all day long, & maybe my lines will give them an echo somewhat resembling the cry you have sent beyond the narrow River into the "Silent Land." The morning here was bright & promising; & now the sky weeps upon the dropping leaves of the departing year. But jubilant services, & fragrant flowers of memory, & inspiring words of deepest consolation, & Holy Communion with the loved ones "gone before" and Jesus the Mediator of us all, have made the Day a shining landmark on the steep & thorny road, & revealed through the rifts of mist the City of our God, & the great company of His Redeemed, & the crown held out by the pierced Hands for struggling saints below. — & so, with greetings of peace & joy from your loving fellow-servants in Washington, I send you this memory of "All Saints."

(62)
Nov. 7. 1885.
P.M.
Saturday.
D.C.

Our birthday, — another — is gone. (Nov. 3rd.) — They count up already to a respectable sum, Sixty-two! — And yet I fight (in mind & will) against being an old man. — How true it is that, with active people, plans of work accumulate with the years. Still, I am not foolishly credulous of accomplishing more than a tithe of the conceptions, nor sanguine of results, nor impatient at being thwarted. Only, I desire to do, — to be given the needed strength & wisdom for what is to be done, — what presents itself day by day as the evident duty. Growing older, my vision leaps beyond & above the work itself. That is only a means, a medium. What it represents, is the real effort of my spirit, and that is something far above words & description.

Nov. 25. 1885.
Wednesday P. M.
Georgetown, D. C.

It appears now as if I might note down the possibilities of our plan of removal to Sewanee by next February. For a while we entertained the thought that a preliminary personal inspection of the ground was quite imperative, and advised by prudence. The expense alone was the exception to this, for it would cost no less than fifty dollars. Moreover, time is precious. I should like to set up that Reredos by next Christmas, & can ill spare a week. While these conflicting ideas were pending, Mrs. John Sherman sent me a check for $100.00, which pays in full the amount for which I stipulated to make that Reredos. Eugene counselled against my going on a visit to Sewanee, & favored to have the money put into the Bank until it is needed. He said, "If you keep it in the house, it will be spent; in the Bank it is safe." Then, in conclave we considered that no risk would be run if wife & myself were to go together & for good. We would then be no worse off than here. We would have greatly diminished expenses, could give up the house, & shift on what Eugene could send us for living. — So then, this is the plan to be worked for. Since we pray that God would for Christ's sake "put away from us all hurtful things, & give us those things which are profitable for us", we have confidence the more may be made in faith.

When I was still at Glencoe, the Rev. Dr. J. H. Hopkins sent me gratis two volumes of Dr. Mahan's works, together with a warm-hearted, sympathetic letter. In token of my appreciation of his kindness I painted a Monochrome duplicate of Dr. James the Just, from my series of Apostles, & forwarded it to him some week or so ago. Yesterday I received from him a most excellent

letter of thanks, such as John Henry can pour forth, & also two books of his poems, one with music attached. These I have to day gratefully acknowledged. — What is more grateful than such words of true Christian love & fellowship!

— The times are very turbulent & threatening. Servia & Bulgaria are at war, & all Europe is in fear of terrible calamities. Before the year is all gone, there may be a gigantic struggle in which the most momentous issues are at stake.

Nov. 26. / 85
Thanksgiving Day
P.M.

On this National festival the news has gone all over the country of the rather sudden death of the Vice President of the United States, Mr. Hendrick, of Ohio, a political officer of untarnished fame, and a Churchman: at the same time the death of Alphonso, the young King of Spain, is announced. — To what complications & changes these deaths may give rise, who can say? — The national festival had a sombre hue thrown over it & its bright sessions.

I must also chronicle here the death of Dr. Young, Bishop of Florida, happening only a few days (Nov. 20!) ago in Newyork. He had been my Bishop for near four years, & yet I never even saw him.

Dec. 25. / 85.
H. Christmas Day
Friday. P.M.

My third Christmas in this City. Last year, as well as this I spent the festival at the "Church of the Incarnation". It gave me great satisfaction to preach to day — my text being St. Luke 2, 13 & 14. — the jubilant song of the Angel-host. What a theme this Day offers for the preacher & the worshipper! — Most holy Day, blessed art thou for bringing to a heart oppressed with sin the story of a Saviour! What wretchedness were ours but for this "good news of great tidings": but now the "joy is to all people, & the whole world will yet rejoice to the farthest ends there of that the amazing love of God has provided a means of our Salvation by the Incarnation, Death, & Resurrection of our Elder Brother the God-Man Jesus Christ.

Anno Dei 1886.

Jan. 14th 1886.
Thursday. P.M.
Washington D.C.

The fateful year has well begun. — Clouds of evil predictions are on the horizon; signs of lowering trouble for the nations; — and many are the indications that men, religious & irreligious, are thoroughly aware there are revolutionary times ahead, — indeed that all these years are fearfully & portentiously revolutionary. Not only what is to come, but what is transpiring continually, has an unsettled, uprooting character & tendency. There is a strange uneasiness in the air. All feel it, — & many think ahead with trembling. —

And there is abundant cause. — Satan & his host are loose. A spiritual battle is in progress & pushing to the crisis. — And the Conqueror is nigh, even at the door. — Who can say how near may be the Advent of the Lord!

In the vast concerns of mankind in this Century of the Kingdom of God, and the approaching Advent of Christ, my own individual matters are so insignificant that they seem worthy of no words of record. Of course, what comes home to me, and touches our every-day life, must be important & is a factor in our experience & relation to those about us. Probably no stone in the grand edifice of the Divine Architect could be taken out & not missed. It has its appointed place, & is necessary. — But my stone seems a very insignificant one. Instead, as the years roll on & whiten my hairs, the circles of my life, especially as an Artist, widening out & embracing a larger sphere, they seem actually to contract from year to year, my name & works to be of less moment to the world, to attract less notice, to be in less demand, year — even almost forgotten. While, even only a few years ago I could still command & obtain quite respectable prices

for my paintings, now it is a matter of great difficulty to sell even small things & for very low figures. I have dropped out, partly from necessity & partly from choice, of the usual exhibitions. I have no talent for advertising; — & unless one in this rushing, giddy age, does advertise continually, he will soon & certainly be passed over. Moreover, on most careful reflection, aided by many years experience, I have been forced to the conviction that more & more the ruling spirit & taste in Art matters becomes fundamentally antagonistic to religious thought & sober catholic treatment. What religious sentiment is still endured & finds a limited favor, is mawkish & sickly of character & sensational of representation. It is true of it what Bp. Coxe said in his late Advent Pastoral: "A worldly, self-indulgent & utterly undisciplined people are the people of this country; crazy in their sinful love of novelty, sensation & excitement, & living like irresponsible creatures. A life of animal appetite (mixed up with mental appetites that precisely correspond to their sensualism) characterizes a large majority of those who fancy themselves the "better classes". — How truely & justly the good Bishop reads the 'Signs of the Times!" — What then? — It follows that there is no hope with the picture-buying public for Christian Art; that any effort in that direction is doomed to failure. With this knowledge in mind I have last year taken up the idea of working for Churches, content with very small remuneration, & designed those Reredos & executed one which is now almost done after nearly nine months of hard & patient labor. The pay truely is very small, not that of a day-laborer for a great amount of skilled work done: but it has helped to support me, when otherwise, counting my income from every source & with it nearly $50.— for clerical services, the whole was only $186.—. Surely one could not have subsisted on that! — But it is vain to go

over this miry ground again. It only makes dirty shoes. We have canvassed the situation from every side thinkable, always with the same result, exactly. My children also think with their parents, — all to the same conclusion. Take the matter in the lump, it is plain to the Christian sense that we must cast ourselves on God unreservedly. The case is one of trial & needs faith. We believe "The Lord is at hand". If meanwhile, as our preparation for His coming, He subjects us to severe discipline — His will be done! — What this year will develop for us we can safely leave in His most gracious hands. "He doeth all things well."

Febr. 12. 1886. Friday, P. M. Georgetown, D. C.

Since there are so few days left of my stay in this city, I will make a brief record of how matters stand with me at present. — This, then, is a week of two important events: First of all, that Reredos is done. Last Monday the paintings & carvings all were taken to the church, & on Wednesday the Carpenters began fitting & putting up. It is promised to be ready & veiled, complete, for Sunday next, on which day I am requested by the clergyman in charge, Rev. Mr. Grey, to be present at the A. M. Service & preach for him. —

The second event is, the sending from our house to the R. R. Depot two wagon-loads of our goods for transportation to Savannah. We have been very busy packing into compact shape for more than a week, & there is still much to be done, but we hope to have the house empty by Tuesday next.

Last Sunday Evening I attended once more "Even-Song" at the Church of the Incarnation. In the Morning I was at St. Johns, Georgetown, with Dr. Lindsay.

I should also state that by the help of God I sold a painting,

"On Indeahs Hills" to Gen. G. P. Thurston, of Nashville, Tennessee. The price was very low, only $75.00, but any little sum paid is a decided assistance. — Mrs. Stam also, who furnishes the Chancel of the Church on Columbia Heights, sent me by Mrs. Sherman an additional $50.00 -

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Saturday, Febr. 27. 1886. Morgantown, N.C.

The wheel has turned. We have left Washington, D.C. and are for the present again in the place, & the very house, from whence we set out, four years ago this Spring, for Florida. In this room the plans were discussed of the probable advantages of an Orange grove. From this window I can see the fine property on which stood my studio, & which had to be sacrificed because it irked men, & a Bishop taking counsel of expediency, ruined my usefulness here & made my stay impossible. — It would have been cruelly disappointing not to see our children on the way to Tennessee. Beside, we had difficulty in getting our goods off, & before their arrival at Sewanee it would be imprudent to start for the place. The delay will bring us into March, — the month that said my departure from this town, & also again from Orange-Spring. — We contemplated to be in the University town before this, but a number of causes did prevent. The Revidas was not finished until Friday before last Lords Day, & then I was under promise to Rev. M. Grey to be with him at the opening Service & preach the Sermon. A large congregation was present, & many friends offered me their congratulations. After dinner with Mr. Grey, Mrs. Thurston, his sister-in-law, drove me to the City, and the evening I spent with Dr. Townsend & family, partaking once more in the Services of the Ch. of the Incarnation. All our goods had already gone from the house, & the last days in Washington we owed to the hospitality, first to friend Ch^s. Lanman, & then to Mrs. Vesterveldt.

When every necessary farewell visit had been paid, we could take our leave from the Capitol on Wednesday last, Febr. 24, at 11 P.M., our youngest son Eugene, a friend Thos. H. Looker being the last faces of sorrowing ones we beheld, both being in the car with us up to the moment of starting. My wife was really unfit for travel & sick to the journeys end. It rained all night and the succeeding day, only clearing somewhat as we neared Morgantown. There all was dismall: the roads red day mud, & the town, after the beautiful streets of Washington, look'd dull & dirty & disorderly. But we got to our old house: my wife in the hack, & myself in Fred's countrified dog-cart with a three-year old grey mare in front. —

And now, here we are. The baby, now almost ten months old, is of course the main attraction. She is a rosy, chubby youngster. This house now belongs to Mrs. Chambers, & her daughter Hattie is the housekeeper, & the young couple have a comfortable home. Only, poor Fred has small prospects for earning money, and because honesty, & fidelity to his oath in office, forbid him to make common cause with whiskey-distillers who are all an unprincipled set of godless thieves, his appointment on the Revenue service is of no practical good to him. The Parish-troubles of four years ago leave him in reality no Spiritual Home, — & altogether I should be very thankful indeed if ever in Tennessee some occupation could be found for him.

A number of friends, former parishioners, have come to see us, & it is a great pleasure to see again the loved faces that once were my charge & who cannot cease to be dear to me & challenge my prayers & my interest.

March, 11th 1886.
Thursday A.M.
Morganton, N.C.

Unfortunately, or fortunately, we are still here, detained by the altogether unaccountable delay of our goods, respecting which Eugene writes that the R. Road company is yet waiting for "Rates" of transportation. It has occurred to me that the saying of St. Paul may be true also in my case, "We would come to you once & again, but Satan hindered us." — And, after all, the Lord overrules, for our stay has not been without some comforting fruit, for on the Monday after our arrival, having obtained permission from the Rev. F. P. Watters rector of this Parish, on the first of March, I in his house, where we lived before our departure for Florida, I baptised the infant of my son Fred and his wife Harriet; — and yesterday, Ash-Wednesday, the child, two years old, of Leila M. Shinn, who was with us as a daughter in Lenoir, & received a good education, gratis, at our school. Poor girl! She was brought to fall by an unprincipled man named Finly, while teaching on the Blue Ridge at Estays place Watauga Co., & has now the position of night nurse in the W. Insane Asylum, while her father has charge of the Milk Establishment. — Of course I went over, last week, to see her, knowing well from her correspondence with my wife, that she is thoroughly crushed & repentent, & needs to be comforted with the comfort Jesus always has for penitent & sorrowing sinners. —

Beside these official acts, I have also endevored, going round among my former parishioners, to sow the seed of truth here and there as occasion offered. The past four years have made vacant places, & sore hearts, & struggling lives, & among these there is opportunity for soothing & strengthening words.

I have also been to service again in the Church, but declined preaching there. The reasons is given in the inserted letter.

+ From the "Living Church", Feb. 13, 1886.

A correspondent of the New York Observer in South Carolina writes: "It is not generally known that South Carolina, alone of all the States, prohibits divorce, permitting it on no ground; that it prohibits the sale of liquor everywhere in the rural districts, allowing it only in incorporated towns, and giving these places local option, of which about half the towns avail themselves. That it forbids the running of all freight-trains on the Sabbath, & all passenger trains except (such as) those that carry the U. S. mail; that it classes with duelling with murder, & disfranchises the lottery ticket dealer." — This is certainly a noble record for a state in these degenerate days. —

The Euphrates.

A curious & noteworthy statement has been published in regard to the great River Euphrates. It appears that this ancient river is in danger of disappearing altogether. Of late years the banks below Babylon have been giving way so that the stream spread out into a marsh until steamers could not pass & only a narrow channel remained for native boats. Now this passage is becoming obliterated with the probable result that the famous river will be swallowed up by the desert.

(The fulfilment of prophesy, Isa. XI. 15. 16. and a certain phenomenon a sign that the time of the end is drawing near. This whole chapter in Isa. relates to Millenial times.)

In Nomine Dei - Amen.

March 23d - 1886.
Tuesday A.M.
Sewanee, Tenn.
University of the South.

A new chapter of life is happily begun. — We are here in the place of our destination, after a delay in Morganton of just three weeks, arriving on Saturday last, March 19th. in a pouring rainstorm, & receiving for our first impression a rather wet welcome. No one was at the rough depot to receive us, because, as I afterwards learned, the train in which we would come, had not been specified in my letter to the Vice-Chancellor. But the Keeper of the only hotel, Col. Jones, provided for our conveyance up to the hospice, & after long waiting on the platform of the depot in the dampness, we finally were under shelter in a comfortable room, & in due time refreshed ourselves at a well-appointed table. — After dinner, our first walk was to the house of Mr. Weber, our hired home, which, when entered, we viewed with a kind of despair on account of the smallness of the rooms wherein the mass of our goods were to be bestowed. — The goods had not yet come, & consequently we could not at once go to housekeeping, but accepted an invitation from Mr. Schofield, Secretary, to take our meals at his house until we could furnish ourselves. As he lives in the neighborhood, the arrangement could be thankfully accepted. — Sunday Morning (7 A.M.) myself went to early Celebration in the University Chapel, & to service with my wife at 11 A.M. The men & boys vested Choir did very well, considering they were new to the exercise, & the Chaplain, Rev. Gaylor, preached a practical sermon, chiefly intended for the Students. For evening Service we went to St. Paul's Church, which is the Parish Church of the place, the Rev. Shipp, D.D. being Rector.

March 28th /86.
Sunday P.M.
Tenn.

Since Wednesday we have been in a disconsolate state of unpacking a multitude of goods & chattels in a very

confined space, & trying to find places for them & establish artes. But progress has been made, & the difficulties are being conquered one by one. We are keeping house again, — certainly on a far less expensive scale than boarding is in this place. Monday & Tuesday P. M. Mrs. Schofield kindly piloted me on pedestrian excursions to some of the points of interest & beauty, — & they offer a very fine chance for study, because the scenery is really picturesque (again anything at Lenoir or Morgantan, though no grand mountains are in sight. Moreover, I met the Vice Chancellor, Dr. T. Hudgson, by appointment on Monday last. He took me to some of the fine University buildings; I saw again my painting "The Shadow of the Rock" given the best place in St. Lukes Hall, & we talked over to some extent the possibilities of my work & prospects here. I pressed the need of a proper studio, & he offered to defray the expenses of building one for a moderate rent. — The time is yet too short for determining with accuracy what I may be able to do here by way of making a living: but since the same avenues remain unclosed by which the Lord sustained me in the past, & since I know to have in Him a most gracious & faithful Father & Provider I would be ungrateful to doubt Him as to times to come. Indeed He has already given me proof of His merciful providence, for among the very letters that awaited my coming in the Post Office was one from Mrs. John Sherman of Washington, including a check for $76.40 from Mrs. Stone, in part a present for my labors on the Reredos, & a most opportune help in our present necessity, & without which we should ere this have been left absolutely penniless. "Praise God from whom all blessings flow!" —

April 4th 1886.
4th S. in Lent—
Sewanee, Tenn.

There is a little more progress to report. The Vice Chancellor, last Thursday P. M., took me over to "Morgan Steep", as the cliffs are now not very becomingly named. He had called at my still very disorderly rooms in the morning, & told me that the Trustees had given him 100 acres which therefore are under his own control. On these are situated the pond & icehouse of his building, the vegetable farm & cottage on the hill beyond the Library Building, & the cliffs with their beautiful prospect. On the crest near these he gives me my choice of a site for studio, house, & garden, suggesting the decision should be made as soon as possible, so that the work can be begun at the earliest opportunity. Indeed he inferred to me a willingness to build a dwelling for us together with the studio.— On the day following I took my wife to the spot, for without her consent I would do nothing that affects family life. She was, of course, charmed with the view. It is truly fine, & the lifted up character of the situation one, if not grand, yet inspiring, picturesque, & artistic in a high degree. She urged, however, the applicable objection that to live on such a spot was beyond our means. In a certain sense this is true. But there is in reality no option left. The offer comes with very peculiar advantages such have never come to me before, & which, when they have come so unsolicited, I am bound to regard as sent by God's good providence. We therefore decided in favor of the plan. This identical place, on these same cliffs, is in the control of the man who proposes to build the house for me,— while other parts of the University domain are subject to the action of the trustees who do not meet before August next. I need a studio,— one suited for all my work. In the house of Mrs. Weber we are sorely crowded & cramped. Before next Winter we ought to be in new

quarters, — a Live in the chance. — What else can we do but accept, thankfully, & trust the mercy of our Heavenly Father to support us in whatever situation He does assign? —

We have at last brought order out of confusion in our narrow quarters, & yesterday, for the first time at Sewanee, I indulged in painting, correcting some portions on the head of St. Paul which I had already begun while in Florida. — Exultemus Deo. —

May 2nd. 1886.
1st S. aft. Easter, P.M.
Sewanee, Tenn.

Now a fixed stand has been taken in regard to that house & studio on the cliffs of "Morgan Steep", for yesterday I staked out the place of the front corner & direction of general line, after much careful deliberation, & also marked the trees which have at once to be removed in order to digging for the foundation, the masons to begin work at once, & the studio to be hurried along for a possible possession by August next. One thing after another has been added to the plan, as is usually the case in building, until now, with the tower, stone-work, & iron roofing, the cost will not fall much short of $3000. am. This gives me a heavier rent to pay, but also increases very much the solidity and the accommodations of the buildings. Since all has as it were been forced upon me by the peculiarity of the circumstances I feel no misgiving, but rather trust that He in Whose almighty Name the work has been begun, & to Whom I have most entirely committed the same, will certainly help me in & through every obstacle, & relieve me of all undue care for Jesus' sake.

They have made me a member of the E. Q. B. Club ("Ecce quam bonum"), a literary Society, meeting once a fortnight, of the faculty of the University. The first meeting took place at the house of Dr. Sharp, & by his invitation I was present. There is much ease of conduct among the members, & much jollity.

Whitsun Day 1886.
June 13th
Sewanee, Tenn.

This does not convey the impression, in our Parish Church of St. Paul's, of being one of the high festival days of the Christian year. Almost as a rule, the congregation is smallest on these days, because at the University Chapel there is greater attractiveness of the service, & since the general disposition is anglo in that direction, the poor Parish Church suffers in consequence. —

There is an anomaly of Church-life prevailing here. Two interests which, in their aims conflict one with the other. There is the Chapel of the University, with its appointed Chaplain. That has the advantage of a much larger material & working force. Moreover, the material is always assured. Students whose duty it is to be present, professors & their families, & especially during the Summer the large body of visitors & boarders. It maintains daily services & weekly Communion. As a University Institution the weight of prestige is with it.
On the other hand, there is the Parish Church, a strictly Diocesan organization with its Rector, & Vestry, separate altogether from the University & working among a totally different class of people, that is to say, those inhabitants of Sewanee who are here for trade, as mechanics, laborers, & farmers of the vicinity. These are mostly poor folk, many of them not of our Communion & ignorant of our ways. Unfortunately, also, the present Rector, Dr. Shaw, is a man ill adapted for their needs. He is a careless speaker; too intricate for simple statement of truth; evitable beyond the necessity of his subject, & seems to have no gifts for pastoral duty. Excepting for lay-workers, especially Mr. Schofield, the Sec. of the University & who conducts the S. School & choir, there would be a sorry showing of life at all. Indeed the Sunday School is by far the most flourishing & promising part of the

Parish. Although for years much has been done by the people generally for this Parish by way of gifts, work & effort, the population for which it exists is subdivided into Sects, is fluctuating, & I believe seems to entertain the idea that St. Pauls is meant emphatically to be the poor folk's Church, which idea alone would operate in antagonism.

Altogether, we have experienced a disappointment in several directions: first in regard to the Church life here; & secondly in regard to the truely spiritual life among the better or educated class. The first is partially explained by what I have stated above; the second exhibits an evil which seems to have penetrated with Railroad & telegraph to the remotest regions of the land. There is worldliness & gayety & unspiritual rivality at this University & which appears to receive ~~support~~ support — perhaps not intended — from the dignitaries of the place, & the fashionable follies & crazes are felt & seen, & of course the fact that Sewanee is largely a Summer resort contributes very much both to the introduction & the nourishing of this spirit. — Alas! the idols in the courts of the Lord are found everywhere.

Matters about my house are progressing very slowly. The foundations are dug out, — & otherwise I can see or hear little. As the oversight of the building is given to Mr. Fiske the Bar-carpenter, I cannot interfere or push myself, & so must wait with all the patience I can muster. — Meanwhile the horizon is clearing perceptibly for business: I have the promise of sale for some small paintings for diminutive prices, a few orders of this kind in perspective, & have addressed myself to meet the demand: four of these productions have started on their adventurous journey way off to Kansas City, Missouri, where our

ardent, loving friend Kate Camden, formerly Kate Basteen, lives.
— But beside this "small fry" which leaves no record on the tablets of a mans fame, & does not more than barely feed daily necessities of the most modest character, I entertain schemes far surpassing in ambition & kind. There, of course, are always on hand, — often doomed to remain schemes barren of fruit.

July 4th 1886.
2d s. aft. Trin.
Sewanee. Tenn.

In the first place I must note down that, my letters Dimissory having come from the Diocese of Florida, I have handed the same to Bishop Quintard, who has now arrived here & the very next day called on me very kindly, & he having duly accepted them, I now belong to the jurisdiction of the Diocese of Tennessee. I have therefore now lived & belonged to seven Dioceses, counting that of N. Carolina twice. — There is no prospect yet of any definite clerical work, but the Bishop feels certain there will be made an appointment for me to a professorship of Arts by the Trustees at their next meeting during this present month or beginning of August.

There has been a change in the program respecting the building of my house. The Vice-Chancellor is evidently prejudiced against Mr. Fisher the Carpenter, & has declared that he will not have him to superintend the building. He has also engaged another mason & who has seriously begun work, so that at last something is being done.

How much more agreeable it would be to my feelings not to need the assistance, even in a strict business way, of a moneyed man, anyone may judge who knows the possible combinations of such an arrangement, & the independent notions which are most natural to me. — I shall be very thankful if this matter comes out all straight at the last.

Aug. 2d
1886.
Monday.
Devonshire, Tavy.

There is a terrible scourge lifted already over that ill-fated French nation, in punishment of the determined godlessness with which their government pursues open war against Religion by every device within its reach & power. "The church on Mount St. Michel is to be closed on August 31th." The "Monde" says, "The Republic is about to proscribe the worship in a temple open for more than eleven centuries to the homage of French Catholics. No sanctuary in our country has equal associations, or wears the same patriotic character. S. Michel is for France what S. James is for Spain — a national patron." — After banishing from the Schools all religious instruction; debarring the religious orders access to every Institution of learning not strictly ecclesiastic; & doing by every possible act which they can to throw contempt on Religion of any Kind, they have now proscribed worship in a national shrine. — How much longer, & the statute will forbid Religion altogether, & repeal the hideous, monstrous legislative acts of 1792-3 & all its consequent horrors! — Surely, the judgments of God upon that terrible nation can not be far off! —

Aug. 6th 1886
Friday, P.M.
Sens. T.

Something like a calm has settled down upon this mountain: The annual "Commencement" is over. The affair began in the chapel with the Celebration of the H. Communion, & ended in the Forensic Hall with a "Hop". — Significant! is it not? — One might adduce therefrom many useful reflections, having a quite general bearing on the present state of society & the world.

But the ado is past, to permit me settling down to quiet work once more — perhaps more monotonous, but certainly on the whole more healthy. I know gusts & storms are necessities of surcharged nature, — only they always argue a want of balance somewhere.

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DIOCESE OF TENNESSEE
THE REV. ARTHUR HOWARD NOLL
Secretary
SEWANEE, TENNESSEE

✠

July 9, 1909.

Rev. and dear Brother:-

Will you please give me the date of the beginning of your canonical residence in the Diocese of Tennessee, for the list of Clergy in the Diocesan Journal, and greatly oblige

July 4th 1866,

Yours very faithfully

Arthur Howard Noll

Secretary.

p. 94. of Journal
1835
1898.

1909
1866
43 years
resident
in Dis. Tennessee.

Summer is a famous season for them up here on this mountain. Every house swarms with guests; the streets & roads are lively by reason of vehicles of which otherwise there are very few; the examinations over, the oratorial contests, the endless speeches & declamations; the addresses by distinguished visitors; the lectures for instruction; the amusements for pleasure; & probably most important of all, the Board of Trustees meet for their annual deliberations on the management of this famous Institution.

That also has done its business, and unfortunately I had to sit with them as an unvoted member. — Of course it was a great honor & high dignity, being conferred by the Bishops, who in person came to my house for the delivering of the summons the evening before the Board met. But what a mistake to elect so unbusinesslike an individual as myself for the transaction of business! — Well, — a substitute for an absent member was wanted, & I made a capital figurehead that has at least the sense to be present with becoming attention which has all the appearance of intelligent ~~dignity~~ staidness. But the occasion gave me an insight into the actual conditions regarding this university, & I understand better the true state of things than I could by the disjointed information agquired from other sources. The Board was but sparingly represented. Only a few Bishops were present of the 15 or sixteen belonging to the joint Dioceses. Nothing of any very great moment was enacted. The School of Commerce & Trade received extension & probably a new Professor in Mr. Schofield who has for some time acted as Assistant to Dr. Hadyard & is Secretary of the University. Dr. Arnold, the Professor of Chemistry has resigned, on

around of ill-health, the paper stated, though there are reasons beside a variety of other regulations & resolutions filled up the time from last Friday to yesterday night about 10 P. M., when Bishop Gregg of Texas, the Chairman pro temp. closed the proceedings with devotional exercises in the Theological Chapel of St. Luke's Hall.—

The meetings of the Board took place in the same large room wherehangs my painting "The Shadow of the Rock", & so the artist could sit under the spacious canvass which as ~~my~~ last work in Lenox went to the Centenial Exhibition as a preacher of the Cross, & has preceded me by a number of years to this Southern Institution of learning, now, & it is to be kept until the close of my earthly life, a home also for my poor travel-sore feet.

It is surprising from how far people came to this place. To day I had a call from Prof. Alex. Kerr, of the University of Wisconsin, Rev. Sylvester Clarke, Rector of Trinity Church, Bridgeport, Connecticut, & Prof. John R. Proctor, State Geologist of Kentucky. Then the Bishops of Texas & Western Texas have been in my Studio,—& here then are representatives of States a thousand & more miles apart.—When my house on the cliffs is finished, I shall probably be visited by persons from many states North & South, from the remote corners of our land.—

The building is now progressing well, & next week the Stonework is to be completed. My wife was out there with me this afternoon, & she begins to be delighted with the House & place.

Aug. 24. /66. Saturday P.M. S. Tenn.

For the sake of keeping in mind details as a rescue from my sieve like memory, I ought to record much that has been transpiring within the last few weeks, not concerning myself, but the several persons of note that I meet here. Among these the most conspicuous was the Rev. Wm. Channcey Langbor[illegible] D.D.

46 b

Sylvester Clarke
Rector of
Trinity Church
Bridgeport
Conn

946 VERSHAGIN, the Russian painter, happened to be in a small town which was besieged by a large force of Turcomans. The little Russian garrison was in danger of being overwhelmed by the enemy. Although not connected with the army, Vershagin seized a musket and laid out many a picturesque-looking Turcoman, whom he would much rather have painted. He distinguished himself in the sorties made on the enemy for the reason, as he put it, that he didn't care to be left behind. The Russians managed to hold out until reinforcements arrived. Some time afterwards General Kaufman called on the artist and told him that the czar had given him the cross of St. George. "What do I want with the St. George's cross?" "That's neither here nor there. The cross is here and you must take it." Vershagin refused to accept the cross, and General Kaufman, taking out his pen-knife, cut a slit into the breast of Vershagin's coat and fastened the cross on his breast. "There, you have ruined my only coat," said the artist. There was no help for it; he had to accept the decoration. He said it was a warning to him never again to give up the brush for the musket.

Now the name of that man is destined to pass down to posterity in the Reform history of Italy during the last twenty years. — The Church is well aquainted with it, his writings have been before the readers of Church papers & periodicals, his memory must be dear to religious Italian patriots. — He is in my esteem truely a very remarkable man.

Since the "Commencement" he delivered here ~~four~~ six Lectures by an arrangment of the University. Of these I have heard five. Two were a comparison of the order of the Jewish Commonwealth with ours now; two were on the Old Catholic movement of Germany & Italy; one was on the unification of the Italian States; & the last on Rome. They were all clear outlined, of consequential order & thought, noble in aim; & delivered with opellent precission & copiousness of language. — The man was a wonder to me. — There he stood on the platform, very small & spare of stature, feeble in appearance, yet with a good voice, a nervous face & keen eyes flashing enthusiasm, possessed of his subject to the smallest detail, & pouring it forth with rapid utterance, the four last Lectures entirely without notes. — I understand he is altogether "a self-made man", & his will, high purpose, & energy have given him position. The conspicuous part he was by divine Providence privileged to take in the Italian Church Reform, lifted the small man in my eyes to a very exalted pinnacle & far above any of the other men in the hall, albeit many were men of distinction, Doctors of Divinity, Professors, & even Bishops: Because this Old Catholic movement is a grand germ-movement of immense import to the general Church of God, & the forerunner & sure prophesy of the utter break-down of Popery & the unity of Christendom, fully to be accomplished at the

appearance in glory of our Lord & Saviour Jesus Christ.

But I have had also the good fortune to become well acquainted with Dr. Langdon. Immediately after the adjournment of the Board of Trustees the Rev. Mr. Barret, of Dio. of Kentucky, told me the Doctor had asked him for an introduction to my Studio, & as I was present at the Lecture of the Grand Commonwealth ~~Dr. Cartwright~~ which took place in the forenoon, both of those men walked home with me. Now Dr. Langdon is by nature artistic, & his sojourn in Italy has given him education. It was refreshing to meet a man who did not need to ask of every representation of Apostle, Evangelist & Saint "Who is this?" as even clergymen are compelled to do. The interest he took in my works & aim was very earnest & warm. He has since been here again, & has borrowed three paintings & sketches to show his wife whom he represents as an Artist of heart & knowledge, his eldest daughter also sharing this quality.—

Meeting such men, & having their sympathy, is almost the only compensation I get in this world of materialistic, selfish, giddy, & shallow spirit. Money does not come to me. Profitable reputation I have none. Commissions keep away from my door. Encouragement by the picture-dealing populace never reaches my secluded Studio. But God in His pity sends me once in while a choice spirit of refined & sanctified appreciation & knowledge, as an evidence that I have not labored & striven in vain, & to uphold my often flagging energies, & incite them to renewed exertion in the cause of Christian Art, whether these bring any money returns, or only, & what is always doubly sure, expenses which to meet is a sacrifice & must be taken from what ought to go for the support of my family.

From a letter to Rev. J. Th^s West D.D
Salisbury N.C.

Aug. 15th /86.
Sunday A.M.
S. Tem.

"I have — during the past weeks — been overrun with visitors, highly appreciative men & women from North & South; my praises have been sounded with unsparing trumpet; my days have been sacrificed to hand to popular homage, — but my pictures are still my own, every one of them; my pockets are empty; my books show no commission recorded, nor my memory the faintest vision of future ones in comforting prospect. So also the Board of Trustees failed to allude to the possibility of that Art-School which was the talk of the Bishop & the hope of well-intentioned friends, & of which I should be the salaried Professor, — but the man who had no faith whatever in such a chimera was precisely myself. Why, there is no money for it!! That is reason enough. — And in truth, I do not want the Professorship. It would tie me hand & foot. It would make me the slave of a mechanical duty, very irksome & trying, & killing out in me all the ideal freedom of an inventive career. I ought to be producing, not teaching the elements of art to a set of crude boys & young men with mediocre talents, & whose performances would be a torture to my very dreams. The notion of a fixed income, to be sure, is seductive. By itself considered it would be desirable. But with me it cannot be considered alone, — & there is an end of it, the wishes of the Bishop notwithstanding. —— Very well: let us review the situation: I am poor. — No novelty — have been poor all my life. — I have to struggle for it in the production of Artist^s pictures. — No novelty either: — for it was always so. Perhaps there is a mule-nature in me: the harder I am beaten, the harder I kick out. At any rate, I have a big

painting in contemplation, just as soon as I can get into my new studio which will afford the necessary room. The subject, only two figures; nearly life size; the surroundings exceedingly simple, — only a flat wall & a few stone steps in front; — but yet, those two figures will embody the most vital question of this age; the question which with tremendous energy presses a decision; which the spirit of the age itself is rapidly driving to a verdict, an answer that cannot be evaded any more than that raving multitude of old could evade when Pontius Pilate propounded it, namely "Christ, or Barabbas?"

You can perceive the possibilities of this simple subject, the startling contrast of these two figures; the solemn appeal to every conscience of Christian & infidel alike.

But I imagine it will antagonize, for it has not the shadow of a conciliating element in it. It is razor-edged, & needle-pointed & barbed everywhere & all around. It must be either loved, or hated, — that is, if I succeed at all in a worthy representation, & of which I doubt not, since my hope and reliance is that blessed Spirit of power & wisdom who has of old inspired Prophet, Seer, & Apostle, & Bezaleel the master mind that fashioned the Tabernacle in the wilderness."

Sept. 10. 1886.

Friday, P.M.

S. Penn.

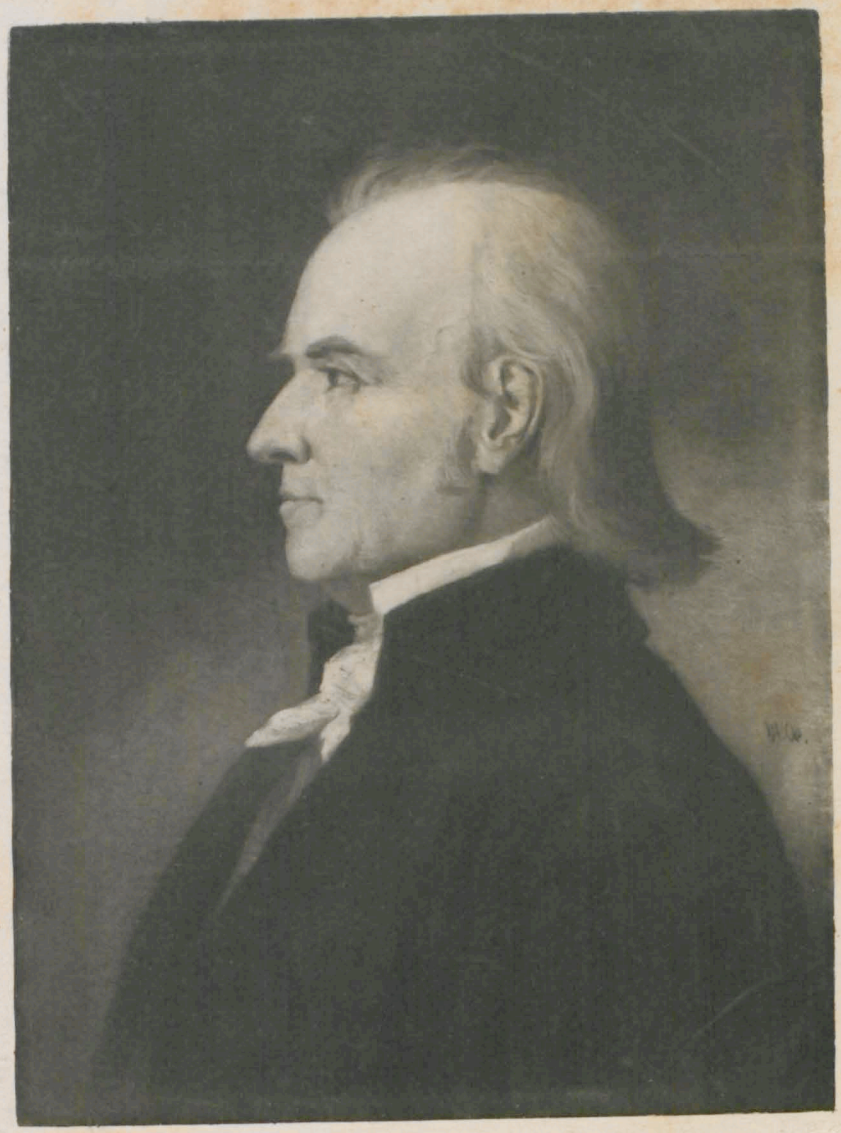
From a letter to Rev. J. Th. Wheat. DD. in relation to a contemplated painting.

"I can realize from what you wrote that the scene of "Christ or Barabbas" means to your mind quite a different aspect from what it does to mine. Indeed I question whether the fact as recorded in the Gospels, was a scene at all, that is to say, whether Barabbas was ever brought out of prison to be put by the side of the Nazarene and Jesus for choice by the Jewish rabble. Most likely the scene consisted only in the words & proposal of Pilate. Painters & preachers have taken the fact

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John R. Procter
State Geologist of Kentucky

Frankfort Ky.



in the pictorial sense, & influenced the popular theology by creating a scene which in that manner did not really transpire. Overbeck for instance, has made a very striking picture of it, of considerable scenic & dramatic effect. But my business is only with the fact in its general & spiritual bearing. I care nothing for the scene. I want to point a moral —, & it is one of colossal significance & power, especially in these our days of strife. For it is the mighty question now before the world for decission: "Christ, or Barabbas?" In this manner I put it, & as such I treat it in this picture: A most solemn, searching, imperative, two-edged question, & that will & must have an answer which leaves no possible escape from a clear-cut choice between these two, "Christ, — or Barabbas." — Such is my subject. — & when this picture comes before the public, it is plain that, so treated, it must be either loved, or hated, according to the bias any individual beholder may have chosen & be found among. If only God by His H. Spirit gives me power to make it what in my mind I can see, there will be no doubt of the appealing force of that picture. A more heart-piercing subject will not have been painted these many years. And mind you, my dear Brother, I do not mean to depict Barabbas, that 'Son of the father', that representative sinner of the race, as a vulgar coarse villain of low cunning, stamped with brutal passions. By no means. Barabbas, I believe, was not that. He was a leader in a political revolt, an ardent patriot, a man of power who has magnetism to draw after him a multitude in a project of liberation from the hated Roman yoke. — But even this is not enough for my purpose. I am painting an Idea, & must have a type to send that Idea. I mean to make a picture of & for the age, which shall put to it in trumpet tones the terrible question of Pilate, "Whom will ye

that I release unto you? Barabbas, or Jesus which is called Christ?" St. Matth. 27.17. It is now Christ, versus Intellectualism; Christ, versus godless license; — Christ, versus individualistic idolatry. The battle of giants is in progress, & the decision cannot be far off. By Gods help I will be the prophet who cries unto the people like Elijah of old on Mount Carmel, when the representative of the true God, & the loud-mouthed worshippers of Baal stood up together & decided this same undying question which has raged the world over ever since evil was brought in to dispute the battle-ground with God. I propose simply to ask what new will serve, & to show that it is either the One, or the other, who must be Lord as Master. For of all things hateful & odious beyond endurance is the miserable non-descript sentimental morality & temporizing, self-flattering age sets up for its religion, with Christ put so far into the background that He is indeed a despised prisoner inside Pilates judgment-hall, or left out & rejected altogether as the Saviour of men. I mean to put before the eyes of people as a palpable fact that beside Christ there is only one more choice with nothing whatever between, & that, Christ being rejected, Barabbas, & nothing better, is chosen. "A robber" & a murderer is then the master. — You see therefore my object is a very serious & keen sermon, — & I can hardly be mistaken in the effect in certain quarters. But be it received, or persecuted, by Gods grace I mean to paint it."

Sept. 13th 1886. Monday. P.M. Sem. T.

It seemes almost egotistical to talk much, even in a book like this & intended for a record of what belongs to me, of mere home-& personal affairs, when the age presses from every side the most weighty matters for consideration, in society, in State, in Church, & in general history & politics. Hard it is,

indeed, to make selection for even a bare sketch of the events that transpire, so as to present the merest outline as at all intelligible. Simple enumeration must suffice. — There is first a succession of Earthquakes, almost circling the globe, & touching this country in a far more disastrous manner than is known within historic times: & yet, it is predicted & feared, the end is not come. — Social convulsions threaten everywhere, & they are constantly in progress by strikes, anarchist disclosures, & actual serious disturbances in the large cities. — England is now passing through a crisis, & three times within nine months has the Ministry to be changed. Ireland is then one of the factors in the upheaval. — Pestilence is raging in various parts. — The attitude of the so-called great Powers of Europe gives premonition of a general war. Russian aggression is becoming very bold & defiant. By her interference with the Bulgarian government & the abdication of Prince Alexander a crisis will be forced very soon. She seems to side with France against Germany, & must involve Austria & England, & probably Italy in the struggle. If the war does come to pass, it will doubtless result in the destruction of the Turkish rule in Europe & perhaps Asia, & a re-construction of the map of Europe. Anyhow, it is necessary already to have a new atlas every few years in these unsteady, moving times. The earth quakes underneath, & so do the countries & peoples above. —

Inventions, as may be expected, keep pace with the general commotion. They can now telegraph from a Rail road train in motion. — Experiments are in progress to dispense with wires & use the earth-currents as conductors, & in Newyork the trial-trip has successfully been made of a submarine vessel with a new motor,

making an actual part of Jules Verne's pictorial conception in "Twenty thousand leagues under the seas." The many other things that are seeing done it is impossible even to mention here.

Now a few words about that Charleston disaster. It is terrible enough & a most serious warning to that city of sedition & haughty strife. But I have no thought she will be admonished to repentance any more than Pharaoh of old was by the judgments following his wicked obstinacy by which he "hardened his heart." South Carolina, or more properly speaking, Charleston, the Paris of this Continent, was the cause of the prolongation for twenty years more of the African Slave trade by her threats to go out of the Union. Again it was in the Charleston Convention of 1859 that the Democratic ticket was split, & Breckinridge nominated as a Presidential Candidate for the purpose of having Lincoln elected & so obtain a pretext of dissolving the Union, & South Carolina dragged the other Southern States into Secession by sheer force of sympathy & necessity, so bringing on the awful civil war which deluged every County of that State with blood. — It was at Charleston that the first shot was fired as the signal for the four years murderous strife. And now again she cannot let the vexed question about the Negro rest, but must carry rebellion also into the Church, antagonize the historical position of all Christendom, & negative & quite destroy the action of two of her Diocesan Conventions, still carrying on in the "Church Messenger" from week to week lengthy controversies of which the whole Church is heartily sick to nausea. —

After weeks of fright & terror, during which shocks of the earth were repeated, the people are venturing again into the town and

ruined houses. The North — that dated despised North — has to open liberal hands to relieve the thousands of sufferers, & pride must swallow the bitter pill of mendicancy. — If other & unbridled sharks should follow during this month of storms, with the exceptionally high tides, — what must be the consequence? — But the year of the Lord is drawing nigh; His Angels are pouring out the vials of wrath upon the earth; & the signs are multiplying which He has given as a warning to His people to make themselves ready against His coming. "Even so, Come, Lord Jesus!"

From a letter to a friend. Oct. 17. 1886.

In truth, not much is accomplished, with all the seeming business. Running over to the new building, some days twice, to watch the carpenters & do some carving on an Altar for Spring-Hill Tem; perhaps write a little, read, or paint — & the day is gone. The next day is the same, "& so ad infinitum". — I do wonder a great deal at this matter of earthly life, how it is begun, continued, & ended", — its odd & varied duties; its rough & smooth places; its misdefined, shadowy paths through fog & bog; its nights of terror, danger, & anguish; its longings, anxieties, & toil. — & what all these are to do for the poor & distracted soul who, often blindfolded, stumbles along, half led & half driven, to a goal it cannot see, & a destiny on the other side it but dimly apprehends, if at all. —
Ah! God is wiser than we, & more patient & sure of the result — or else, woe to poor humanity! —

Oct. 31. 1886.

Sewanee, Tenn.
Sunday A. M.

Entered into rest the Rev. Charles W. Rankin, D. D. Rector emeritus of S. Luke's Church, Baltimore, Md. on Oct. 1886, in the 68th year of his age.

To narrow is "All Saints Day", & there is for me one more in the great host beyond the River who has taken there with him a large portion of my love & highest esteem as a rare, true, noble friend & brother, whom the grace of God had given me now near forty years. Not unexpected altogether did the news of his departure strike me, & yet with a shock as making positive the fact of a great & irreparable loss. — To be sure, I write in regard to this life, because most assuredly his transfer to Paradise among the ever blessed has made me the richer in hope of future possession. One after another they leave me & gather on the other side, already a numerous company whom all in the present life I have called & held dear, or related by bonds of blood, Wonderful moving crowd, passing onward in long procession, one by one going from view through the narrow gateway in the "valley of the shadow of death". Henceforth I see them no more, but by faith among the vast company ranged about this lower arena as spectators to witness how I run the race set before me, for the crown of everlasting glory.

Rev. Charles Woodruff Rankin, D.D. for thirty years the highly respected & eminently useful Rector of S. Luke's Church, Baltimore, Md. has gone to his rest. Worn out with labors & tribulations, literally, his strength has been for a long time but weakness. Only four years my senior, he had the feebleness of more than eighty. I was with him in Baltimore on his 66th birthday, & he looked then a very aged man. Domestic affliction of the most aggravated nature, besides incessant toil & care, had wasted his elastic frame, which only the grace of God kept from sinking altogether. Again & again broken down, he was forced

to seek rest. — but the best, the long, rest has come to him now. — He served, I believe, but two Parishes as Rector, Morristown N. J., & St. Luke's, Bald., a most faithful, devoted, earnest Priest of the Church of Christ.— although friends these many years, yet we have not many times been brought together. — It never made any difference in our affection. It was all the same, whether present, or absent: — and it will be all the same for evermore. "Let me die the death of the righteous, & let my last end be like his!" Amen.

Dec. 4th 1886. Saturday. P. M. Roxbury. Tenn.

The last month of the year! We are still here in the Weber House, — crowded, cramped, uncomfortable. The new house is over now no more than a shell, the lower roof yet open, no partition walls made, no ceilings done. The Vice Chancellors ice-house — a good money speculation — takes the carpenters away day after day, & my necessities can wait. Since the sun has declined so much, what has hitherto been my painting-room is almost useless, the glare of a Southern exposure lying in it the greater part of the short hours now practicable for work. In consequence I scarcely know how the crucifix. Also that altar for Spring Hill, the order for which I accepted early in the summer, must at last be finished, & since I could get no carpenter to do for me the framework, I had to do the whole myself & under great disadvantage of locality & light. But at last it is finished, & last Monday was sent to its destination. — Of course, as usual with me in work of this class, the pay is scarcely more than nominal. I have not heard yet how they are pleased with it, though it must have reached them.

But otherwise the Lord's providence has sent help. That

picture of "Hope" I painted in Washington & sent by her request to Mrs. Geo. W. Hawk at Dayton, Ohio, for sale, has been bought by subscription in Cincinnati, O. & presented to the Museum. It brought the low price of $135.00 only, frame included, but the amount has just now come very opportune & is most thankfully received, beside that my name is introduced through Mrs. Hawks influence in a city which has made determined strides in independent art-effort, supported by munificent liberality, & bids fair to equal the N. Y. Academy both in buildings & general plans for extended usefulness. — There may be presented a fair opening in the future, as soon as a proper locality, quiet, & leisure enable me to push works of importance, such as I have in contemplation.

My son Fred, whose eldest child has been very ill for weeks but is now, though slowly, recovering, is with Eugene in Washington, Morgantown having utterly failed to supply him a living, & the two boys have a scheme on hand they keep a secret from us, excepting so far as to talk of its prospects & possible success. May God grant that. Fred, poor fellow, has had for many years a hard fight with adversity in all he undertook, & his sore discouragement, trying in various directions with earnestness enough, but meeting failure when the prospect had promised reward. We forbear to enquire what the scheme may be, committing it, together with our own ways, to the Lord, according to the injunction "Casting all your cares upon Him, for He careth for you." — What a blessed comfort it is to have so Kind, so loving, & so rich & able a Provider!

It is early in the season, for this latitude, to have now over a foot of snow, & the grey clouds still pouring down the flakes as if they meant to do it for days more. It began snowing last night, after very cold weather & high winds, & the promise is a long & severe winter. — God have mercy on the poor!

The session of the Gen. Convention in Chicago distinguished itself more by what it did not do, than by what it has done: probably, in these days of tinkering, mending, law-making, & concocting of nostrums for all sorts of ills, physical, social, & moral, the best action they could have taken. The Gen. Convention is getting to be an unwieldy body, & gathers in a multitude of vain talkers in this age of everlasting speech making. We are a loud & forward generation, impatient to ventilate our opinions, good, bad, & indifferent. — Well, the Church — & the world — is under God's supreme government, & so, whatever is done or not done, may be viewed as can be the private affairs of any individual believer. The same rule of faith applies to either.

As the year is drawing to a close, the mind looks over the civilized world & questions the present condition of affairs. I have no time or space to review in these pages what the year has developed & gathered up as material for the year that is coming, even had I the practical knowledge for so extended a task: but all indications proclaim dark storms ahead, & all respectable authorities look into the future with grave apprehension. — For myself there is hope mixed with fear respecting the world's condition. What by men of unbelief is left out of consideration, & by many Christians ignored or sadly misunderstood, is to my mind a factor of the uttermost importance, namely the approach of the "Day of the Lord". We are again in Advent. The solemn admonition of the Church comes to us with a herald's piercing cry. But are Christians, is the Church, preparing for that great & dreadful day? Does the trumpet call reach the ears of the heedless multitude that rushes on in worldly pursuits, down the broad road? — Dispassionate judgment makes one doubt,

Holy Christmas Day
1886.
Saturday.
Jeus. Tenn.

A bright Day; a blessed Day; a sad day! —
Two births mingled — One into life of the earth, the Divine:
the other from life of earth to life of Paradise, — the Human;
One born from utter Light to darkness & the Cross: the other from
suffering to joy & light. — We had the news, this morning just
before Church-service, by telegram, of the sudden death of our dear
grandchild Mary Adelaide, my son Fred's eldest child.
So the mysteries come together, flow into one another; & the
awful & divinely sweet Mystery of Bethlehem is the One solution
of our manifold human mysteries. What heavenly harmony is
breathed by the Spirit of God into the discord of our human
woe, — what more than angel-glories walk through the "valley of the
shadow of death!"
We know only just her departure, on Thursday night.
The loss is a terrible one to the dear parents & Mr. Chambers —
The God of all consolation comfort them with Christmas Blessing!

1887.
Jan. 2d.
Jeus. Tenn.
Sunday P.M.

One more the year has revolved.
Time is inexorable, — it moves with pitiless unceasing roll.
Like the turnings of the great globe on which we fret out our
brief hour of earth-life, the days, months, years move on &
pile up with awful regularity the event-laden centuries.
A silent, majestic, rhythmic sweep heaps them together, — &
the result, in the light of reason, consciousness, & responsibility,
is fearful to contemplate, whether for the individual, or the
aggregate race of men. The mind staggers under the accumulation.
The unknown behind us as a beginning; eternity before us an
inevitable — lasting. For it all means just this, viewed from

the standpoint of any religion, unless we contemplate as agnostics & absolute materialists.

It is this instinct of the human heart that casts a serious shade even over the lightminded at contemplation of such signal periods as the ending of one year & the beginning of another; & the dark uncertainty of every human pathway which causes the sympathetic wish for a "Happy New-year" ahead.

What a panting there is in the poor pained & fear-torn heart of man for the phantom most of us blind things call "Happiness!" How little we understand what the word & the wish mean to ourselves or others! What mistaken notions & crude, shadowy, delusive conceptions we attach to that word & that wish! — The notions are fond, — & the wishes are well meant; — but if their realization could be effected, how miserable we would be in consequence. Our disciplinary losses & disappointments find us wretched enough; but how immensely that wretchedness would be augmented if most of our wishes were turned into accomplished facts! It would thus be revealed to our astonished vision that instead of a blessing we had been desiring & wishing a curse.

And so, when a year is ended, & we review what it has brought to us, we behold an altogether different summing up from the plans & expectations entertained at its beginning. Unexpected occurrences have taken place, & expected or hoped for things have strangely been left out. Our stream of life has taken turns we could not anticipate, & brought us into landscapes strange & new & bewildering.

Every year at its close presents such a record. A certain

general cast of the events & their probable character can indeed be guessed with some shade of correctness; but how many unforseen turns bring unforseen experiences & prospects!

And well it is we cannot see far ahead. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Anticipated trouble is heavier than actual. Indeed, we are prone to regard ourselves as factors in the shaping of our lives to a far greater extent than truth does justify, because we imagine our power of government as situated at the helm instead only at the oars. We do not steer our own boat, although we labor to propel. We do this often carless, or foolish, or in a wild & reckless manner, — but it is all that we can do. The guiding is out of our power; a higher Authority has reserved that for Himself. To be sure, this is but a matter of a divine Providence is most perplying mystery. It is too intricate a problem for human wit to solve. But yet, careful thinking over our varied experience convinces beyond the possibility of reasonable questioning that we labor for the desired part of our earthly life among mysterious currents & eddies which defy our power to the utmost. There is a force at work stronger than we, — & sooner or later we know it, either to our instruction, or to our judgment.

So now, these reflections — & many more — come to me as I look back on the year 1886. — I have gone onward, — have changed position (in circumstances), but I am not where I thought to be. To describe the change, accurately, would need a lengthy article, & some of the incidents are as yet only indications, or impulses. However, what is it that turns a straw, in a level country, from a straight course & makes

it a winding & dry croaked one? Is it not very small obstructions, for the most part? — And so in life. — And how do they happen? — By accident? I deny the existence of accidents altogether.

We are still in the Weber House, where we hoped to occupy our new abode long before this. And still weeks of discomfort must yet be endured before the move is possible. In sheer despair at the delay I have recently gone to work painting again. An impulse for producing is upon me, — I suppose as a reaction, & I could now rush into new pictures with a fury. But "Mit Prosaltreuen fängt ist gut arbeiten", said that cunning Master Wm v. Kaulbach once to my teacher & friend Eugen Müller, — & this I have learned to remember.

One signal fact I must not omit to note down, namely how, ever since we came to Swanee, we were sustained literally from day to day in a strange manner & for a long time, & for a little more than a Month a wonderful pouring in has begun by rills of money, one after another, & from sources not hoped for, adding thereto several commissions which make even the future appear more comfortable & encouraging, & supplying an impulse for renewed effort, because the expense can possibly be borne.

And so we stand at the threshold of a new year with a thankful heart, & trusting more fully to the goodness & everlasting faithfulness of Him Who is our Guide even unto death, & ready with humble submissiveness to take from His gracious hand whatever it pleaseth Him furthermore to bestow, to send, or to withhold or take away.

Blessed be His holy Name for ever & ever! Amen.

Febr. 1. 1887.
Tuesday.
Sewanee, Tenn.

On Jan. 25th I received an urgent letter from the Rev. Geo. Beckett D.D., Columbia, Tenn. to come on Ash Wedn. & until Easter & take charge of his Parish during his absence through the South in behalf of this University. I returned answer with promise to come. This will take me away from home for a long time, but there are features in the case that encourage my going. — Next week or the first days of the week following we hope to move into the new house, & I have written the Vice-Chancellor to that effect.

Febr. 7th 1886.
Monday P.M.
Sewanee. Tenn.
(Mrs. Webers House.)

This entry is probably the last I am able to make in this house. We have now lived in it nearly a year, crammed & packed close in a few small rooms under much discomfort, & withal at a heavy rent, at the rate of $11.00 per month, or $132.00 the year. Considering the meagre & also quite common accommodation, this is exorbitant. — If the promise of the carpenters holds out, we may be able to move into the new house before the end of this week, & although the astute & sharp Vice-Chancellor charges me ten per cent on the money expended, which for about $3000.00 will bring my rent up to $300.00 per annum, we shall have such superior & far more convenient lodging, that in reality our rent is less in proportion. Of course, the rate of 10 per cent is like extortion 6 per cent, or at most 7, being legal interest, but I am in the mans power who wants to invest money profitably & is in no way inclined to view the transaction in any other but a strictly business light. — Very well. Perhaps the goodness of my God will deliver me out of his hand. Thy ways are committed unto Him to the fullest — & "He will bring it to pass."

Febr. 13th 1887.
Sexagesima Sunday
A.M.
Sewanee, Tenn.

Thanks & praises be to the Lord! He hath called another of His devoted servants home out of this poor wilderness world.

The aged Bishop of Mississippi, Mercer Greene, Chancellor of this University, & my neighbor, departed this morning at 6 o'clock quietly at the advanced age of 89 years. Pneumonia has carried him off, & in his feeble state a few days only of illness were enough.

We were somewhat tardy this cold morning, & I indulged my self lying awake in the bed, when my wife put her tearful face into the opened door, with the words. "Bishop Greene has gone."

So the "Lord of the Harvest" gathers it into His garners. One by one the reapers carry them in. — What a feast of rejoicing there will be at the last!

Febr. 15th 1887.
Tuesday 3 P.M.
Sew. T.

I have just come from the R.R. Depot, & I fear the train is about to move off, which bears the remains of dear Bishop Greene to his final resting place at Jackson, Mississippi, in his own Diocese & home. His Son, Rev. Stephen Greene of S. Louis, his daughter Lilie & Dr. Shaw, & several others of the family are on the train. — It was my privilege to celebrate the Holy Eucharist at the Service held in S. Paul's Church, Dr. Shaw being ill this morning, while Dr. Wilmer read the first portion of the Burial office. The body of the venerable Bishop was placed in the Chancel. After the Celebration it was taken to the Depot, being packed into an outer box & sealed.

In this manner one goes each from among who was an influence for holiness: — a quiet, humble man, a conservative element, but whose removal will leave a larger vacancy than that of many a more self-asserting man. Even in the world Love, "Peace be with him" & the glory & victory of the blessed. Amen.

Female Institute,
Rev. Geo. Beckett's Home –

Febr. 21st/87.
Monday
11 P.M.
Columbia
Tenn.

arrived here at about ten o'clock this night. "We would have come to you once & again, but Satan hindered us" — was literally true in my case. By the malicious spite of a Darkman, because he did not get to do our moving, my trunk was purposely left on Saturday last, & so my coming here then prevented. — Of course this indicates that we are in the new house — thank God! — But no sooner do we empty but a duty-call takes me away. As I arrived here in the night, I know not what the place to which I have come is like, saving that the omnibus took me from the depot through dense darkness & dancing street lamps to what appeared a grand building & stately entrance through grounds of old-fashioned, regular magnificence. I was received in corresponding style by a lady with white hair, the image of a cultivated hospitable dame of the last generation, greeted with polite familiarity, & shown to a room of square & ample dimensions, wherein the furniture harmonizes with the impression I received of the house, — it has an air of elegant comfort devoid of extremes.

Dr. Beckett had retired, not being at all well, & needing rest; — & so I was left alone for the night.

In Nomine Deo! Amen.

Febr. 28th 1887.
Monday P.M.
Columbia. T.
Female Institute.

This is another week, & I have been here nearly the first. (Isn't not curious? Interrupted after the above was written, & I have not the faintest notion what at that time I wanted to say.)

Holy Easter Day,
April 10th 1870.
Columbia, Tenn.

So the weeks have flown, & so far as the terms of our mutual compact are concerned, I have come to the end of that. I was to stay as substitute of Dr. Beckett from Ash-Wednesday to Easter, — & Easter is now past. So far I have fulfilled my engagement. But a supplement has been demanded by circumstances not at first foreseen, namely the Assistant engaged in my place, Rev. Mr. Lassiter, wrote he cannot be here before the second Sunday after Easter, & of course I must not repay the preceding kindness that has been shown me in this house by leaving school & Parish without ministration for two weeks to come. — It would be most ungrateful. Not only this, — but my work is not yet done, — I mean my work of painting. The portrait of a girl is begun, & to finish I need another week: & there are other things waiting. — In any event, two weeks more I must stay.

But how has my time been spent since I came here? — To answer correctly would require a long story. In outline I have read prayers Morning & night for the school, now & then gave the girls an address. Two lectures on Art, & another one on "The Revelation of the Beautiful". I have held Sunday services in the Church, & Week-day prayers, & lectures on every Wednesday & Friday; daily prayer & address during Holy week. I have also had baptisms, H. Communion, 2 sermons in the Mission Chapel of the "Advent". To day I have had three Communion Services, the first at 5.30 A.M.; & the children's service. All this sums up pretty steady work & it gave me much writing to do, & more thinking.

As to the art-work, it has to proceed on a small scale, at great disadvantages, & with many interruptions. I have painted a "St. Paul in prison" for Mr. Beckett; three sketches for the painting-Room of the Institute to be left there for use of pupils; a flower-piece for Miss Mansell the Art-teacher, & a fruit-piece for Miss Susie Temple, niece to Mrs. Beckett; a Long Island shore-scene for Mrs. Becketts birthday; have begun a portrait; & finished a charcoal drawing of the Institute, to be photographed & engraved for use of the School. Also I have painted a sheep-picture. This, & the portrait, & the St. Paul, are for pay. The pay is small, for the three only $120.—, but even this is a help.

Truely, my stay here was enjoyment of no mean order. Many a time have I thanked the good God for giving me the privilege of doing such work, for helping some one here & there, & for such excellent friends, true as gold, as I have found. The Becketts are to be named first, as by them I was called, & them I principally serve. But my name was suggested in the first instance by Miss Bella Holmes, a many years associate with them in the school & their firmest friend. And with her, a most worthy companion, I prize Miss Mary Bryant, the teacher of English Literature; a little body & not well, but of a most judicious & able mind, fine-feeling, rich in sentiment, cultured, & devotedly religious. Miss B. Holmes is her opposite in temperament, full of life & energy, of Scotch-Irish blood, & of a sad experience in her family, a French scholar & Musician, & of active business capacity. — On these two depends in reality, & when matters are closely looked into,

the welfare of this school & much of its character. And they mainly make my stay here what it is, & when I go their love will go with me — & it is a good lighty to be esteemed. — Bless God for every true friend His mercy vouchsafes to me in this world of cold-blooded selfishness.

Dr. Beckett left here about a week after I came, & reports his health improved. But if his disease is really Kidney trouble, he cannot be out of danger, & will never again be a sound man, at his time of life, being near seventy years of age. Mrs. Beckett also is an invalid, & their only son likewise. Father & Son are now together in Newyork City.

Easter-Monday, April 11th 1887. Columbia, Tenn.

This day demolished for me another Ideal, one of the many I have framed in my ignorance of facts & at a distance, either of place or time.

Ten years ago Dr. Beckett, on visiting me in Newyork, endeavored to have me accept a parish at Ashwood, about seven or eight miles from this town, & consisting in the main of the old Polk estate. He offered a salary of $600.- per annum, a Rectory, & other inducements: but then I did, & could not, accept. However, all along these years that parish has appeared on my horizon a haven of possible rest, a quiet place of retirement where, among cultured people, in a very fair country, & among aristocratic & historic remains, it would be pleasurable to labor in peace, & say farewell to the world & its turmoil & strife & bitterness of spirit.

Now to day my dear friends Miss Bella & Miss Mary took me out there in a phaeton, & we called on aged Dr. Newell, now over ninety years, & who has been living on the place now for fifteen years. — And truely, the country is fine: broad, swelling hills, fertile fields, stately trees, any good roads. But — the old Polk place is ruined & deserted & has almost totally passed from its former owners, & other estates are in the same condition. Their glory is departed, — they are "decayed gentility", — neglect, dilapidation, poverty, is spreading over all the sackcloth of mourning & sadness. All former wealth has fled. Estates are divided, trees are cut down, & lie rotting in unsightly piles, & houses exhibit the marks of dispirited want of care. There is a mixture — most melancholy of all — of show & shabbiness, of culture & pauperism.

But saddest of all, to the degree of horror, is the church. An ample brick edifice, with tower in front & vestry in the rear, standing in acres of grave-yard, all grown with weeds, in places a veritable canebrake, the old fashioned marble monuments declaring wealth without taste, & lavish display even for the dead, — lonely, & void, & deserted, the evergreens, the pines & magnolias & tree-box as witnesses of culture long since departed; the monuments buried in rank growth like those they commemorate. And among these Miss Mary & my self went about, while Miss Bella remained in the phaeton to mind the horse standing shadowed by the church, & we read the names of families famous heretofore, & found the grave of the first Bishop

of this Diocese, a tasteful free-stone sarcophagus, overlaid on the ridged top by shepherds crook & miter, inscribing on a narrow shelf-like base, of shape & trust, & at the least the name: James, Harvey Otey. — I wanted to see the interior of that Church. I last heard it is now considered unsafe for occupation, & was prepared for something of a wreck. The front door was open — it is now never locked, — & indeed why should it be? Who would care to go within, & who could by some possibility do it damage? The entrance is through the tower. The first article that met my vision among fallen plaster & dirt on the rotten floor, was a bier with rusty pieces of stove pipe upon it; The stairs leading to the gallery for negroes under which that solemn skeleton stood as an emblem of corruption, fallen, & falling. I entered the church. A chill horror swept over me: A barren, dark-paved, repulsive interior, with not a vestige of grace, past or present, to redeem the utterly unlovely, tasteless, sectarian face of that forsaken affair. And here, in times vanished, was gathered for worship the wealth & fashion of this neighborhood; these unsightly pews held proud possessors of vast estates & ladies of high-tower society; & here hundreds of slaves received instruction & with their masters crowded the building! — And now all is silent, — as still as the graves without; — mouldering old-time grandeur, almost forbidding in its desolation. —

Was I really invited as pastor to such a place, & what but mercy saved me from accepting? —

April 2
Friday
Columbia

COLUMBIA, April 29. — [Special.] — Miss Margaretta Bowles, late of the Institute, Columbia, Tenn., was born in Louisville, Ky., in 1833. Her father, Capt. Joshua Bowles, for many years a prominent citizen and banker of Louisville, was widely known for his unswerving integrity and munificent deeds. Miss Bowles, who showed great precocity as a child, was educated by Bishop Smith, of Kentucky, and Noble Butler, of Louisville. Being an omnivorous reader and student with a keen love of travel, especially travel of the kind that aided her in her researches in science or gratified her love of the beautiful in nature and art, and having at her command unusual social privileges and extensive wealth, she became widely informed. At 13 years of age she began to make collections for a museum of art, literature and science. By diligent search for over thirty years for all that was rare, curious and instructive, and by lavish expenditure of money, she collected the most valuable museum now in the South. For many years she was in, but not of the most fashionable society of Louisville. A warm advocate of the Southern cause, she gave to an idolized brother her consent for him to enlist in the civil war. When the tidings of his death reached her she was attacked by heart disease, from which she suffered till the close of her life. Having witnessed the breaking up of her home on the death of her father and mother, she sought some cause upon which to concentrate her energies and bestow her already widely useful life. She found it in the Columbia Female Institute, to which she bequeathed her valuable museum and library, and where for nine years she has taught gratuitously, endearing to her not only the hearts of its inmates but extending her influence beyond its walls, seeking out the suffering and poverty and responding with generous aid and keen and ready sympathy. As an exemplary Christian, she lived patiently awaiting death as the fulfillment of life's dearest hope.

On Thursday at 1:30 o'clock p. m., at the Institute after an illness of six weeks, she passed out of life, beloved and mourned by those among whom she had labored. Such a loss is irreparable. But "spirits are not finely touched, but to fine issues," and Miss Bowles' influence is immortal.

The faculty and pupils of the Institute heard her gladly, because she was a Christian woman, strong in intellect and interesting in conversation. She had often expressed a desire that when she died instead of usual crape mourning that white flowers be placed around her. To this request the young lady pupils adhered. A large harp covered with Marechal Neil roses and calla lilies was placed upon the coffin. The study hall where the remains laid in state and a large portrait of her were also decked with white flowers; and the word "Rest" made of beautiful blossoms placed upon her coffin. The teachers and pupils in a body with other friends escorted the remains to the depot Friday morning where they were sent to Louisville, just as the morning sun began to shed light upon the casket and the warm friends who had gathered to bid the last sad farewell. Col. James Bowles, brother of the deceased, and Mrs. Barber, a niece, accompanied them.

April 29th 188[illegible]

Friday A.M.

Columbia, Tenn[illegible]

probably bloodshed, is looked for to-morrow.

Despite the Mayor's proclamation, however, to-night the squares about the Jail are densely packed with men. The police have been unable to clear the street for about a half square east and west of the prison, but beyond those limits the people are jammed as close together as sardines, and no effort so far has been made to disperse them. Two companies of militia wait in readiness for the order to march at any moment from the armory some five or six squares away. On Market street a crowd of about 100 men are marching up and down each with about a foot of white cotton

ROPE TIED TO THE ARM.

In a prominent place on the court-house is the illuminated design: "Wanted, 500 men to join this mob." Up to this writing good order has prevailed. The mob appears to have no leader, and appears to be watching out of curiosity for something to turn up. The police and militia are determined to defend the jail, come what may, and if the attempt is made to-night or in the morning there will be bloodshed sure.

The girl, Jennie Bowman, still lies at the point of death, suffering intensely. The physicians say there is no hope whatever for her recovery.

LATER, 11 p. m.—The soldiers were ordered from the armory to the jail, and have just arrived there with a Gatling gun. A crowd of fully 10,000 people still surges to and fro on Jefferson street. Many women are seen mingling with the crowd. All appear to be attracted by curiosity only and the best of order prevails.

At 12:30 a. m. the crowds about the Court-house Square have dwindled down to three or four hundred people, and these are dispersing gradually. Three hundred and fifty soldiers, with a Gatling gun, and 150 armed policemen stand guard at the jail. The meeting agreed upon to take place at the court-house at 10 a. m. to-day will not be allowed, and there is hardly a doubt now but that the law will be allowed to take its course. The girl is almost certain to die, and the evidence is strong enough in that case to bring both men to the gallows.

STONED THE TRAIN.

Malicious Unknowns Stone the Decatur Train.

A Columbia Man Injured—"Accidentally" Shot—Franklin Notes.

FRANKLIN, TENN., April 29.—[Special.]—Last night, a few minutes after 9 o'clock, the south-bound express train was stoned one mile and a quarter north of town, and Mr. Sam Cook, a young man of Columbia, received a severe scalp wound, caused by a stone, which knocked him off his seat. Deputy United States Marshal Neil Vaughan states that the train was running rapidly, and he was sitting by the open windows of the smoking car on the east side, and looking out he saw in the moonlight two men, one large and the other small, just in the act of throwing, and one of the rocks crashed through the glass window behind him and struck Mr. Cook.

Vaughan quickly drew his pistol, and

April 29th 1887.
Friday A.M.
Columbia, Tenn.

"The peace of God that passeth understanding"; — so calm & still & white she lay in her coffin out there in the Study-Hall as, last night, after the service, I stood & looked down upon that face, which in the morning was yet laboring in the throes of dying, unconscious, painless, slowly going out. And now the rushing train brings that quiet, still body near to its final resting-place at the city of her birth, to sleep until the Resurrection Morn at the appearing of the Son of Man.

What scenes have transpired since I first came to this place; how varied, how deep-reaching, how initiative! Probably the extent of their nature & influence cannot yet be more than felt. I came here called by trouble; my office was to help & support; I go away after depositing with prayer & sacrament into the Lands of her Creator the benefactress of this Institution. The Principal sick & far-off for health, if such can be had, even by a sea-voyage; & now another of almost equal importance laid into the grave.

Only some seven weeks ago Miss Margaretha Bowles returned here from New Orleans, & five weeks ago she took to her bed, nevermore to rise. I have seen her often & conversed with her while she still had strength, & she desired my ministrations to the last. That last was on Wednesday, while lucid intervals in the delirium enabled her to express a wish & comprehend what was going on; & then I administered again the Holy Communion, & commended her soul to God.

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May 3d 1887.
Tuesday. A.M.
Female Institute.
Columbia, Tenn.

My day of parting — & it is with deep sorrow. This people, and this place, have become very dear to me. What is the magic of the spell it would be hard to say; It is complex of nature: persons, Church-work, children, possibilities of effecting good & influencing lives, all have their share. . — Now the day of parting has come, but not of entire seperation, for I have made proposals of plans to be adopted, which keep me in relation to the School, both as occasional teacher & adviser, — & to this position I have been urged by the earnest solicitations of my friends, & also the desire to advance so far as lies in me the interests of this Institution that in future ought to be regarded on a broader basis of mental culture, & above all on one of more decided, outspoken Church & Christian principles. — Of course, the School has been a Christian Institution by much that was done & taught, but, like in many another school, worldly practises, & prudential expedients have been allowed, & that can never intrude without lowering seriously the tone of piety & holy influences, & become perhaps a life-long injury to the young who absorb these & adopt them as the standard of Christian living.

Good bye, then, Columbia, for this time! — & may the grace & peace of God in Jesus Christ &, the operations of the Holy Spirit be with all over whom for the time being it was my privilege to be set as shepherd of souls. Amen.

May 18th 1887.
Wednesday, P.M.
Nashville, Tenn.

These two weeks I have been absent from Columbia, & never yet found time for an entry into this Journal. — And strange to say it is that I am still away from home, but one thing after another has put an embargo on my going thither, nor am I yet permitted to leave. The true object is soon told: Money, now, is at the bottom of it all; the desire to embrace every opportunity for earning something, which in Severance I could not do, & which is forced upon me by increased expenses since we got into the new house.

From Columbia I went only as far as Spring Hill. Many my dear friends Miss Bella, Mary, & Pauline, together with Rev. B. Lassiter, accompanied me to the Depot. Most of the girls came to the Library to bid me an affectionate farewell. In Spring Hill I was guest at Mr Campbell Brown's house, whither Mrs. A. Turner came from Nashville to meet me. In the evening of the next day, by request, I gave a talk on Art to the school of Miss. Estey at "Beech-grove," & next morning we came on to this city, & I went directly to the house of Gen. Thruston, where I have been guest until to day. But since his family are to go away in a day or two, I sought a boarding-house, & am now occupying the room of Mrs. Turner who is to join Bp. Quintard's party in Newyork for a trip to Europe. — What, however, has detained me here, is simply work. — Nashville has the good fortune to possess an Art-school under the direction of Mr. E. W. Chambers, an excellent Artist & accomplished man & gentleman, with whom, at first sight, I found occasion to be exceedingly pleased. The school is in the Library Building, in which also Mr. Chambers has a studio. The use of this he kindly offered me in case I should

From The Daily American, Nashville, Tenn. Sunday A.M. May 6. 1887. Written by Mr. G. W. Chambers. Artist.

ART NOTES

Mr. J. A. Oertel, the well-known artist of Sewanee, is in the city, the guest of Gen. G. P. Thruston.

An exhibition of great interest, consisting of a few studies and compositions which he brought with him, is being made at the Howard Library, in a modest way. For these, little bits as they seem, show to the fullest the artist's power of conception, and his quality of feeling. They are manuscripts of the soul, which those versed in such reading may decipher; and according to the degree of knowledge and sympathy which the spectator has, they have the power of bringing the artist quite near to us, so that we may feel his soul and recognize its pulsations beneath our touch. And these are all noble pulsations, from the landscape bits to the composition of a picture hereafter to be painted, representing the "Burial of Moses." There is a dignity in them, a purity and loftiness of tone seldom seen in the art of to-day, and because of that, not apparent to the casual observer, who is used to brush tricks and theatrical effects made wholly for display.

None of them have more interest for me, than the composition I speak of, measuring perhaps some two by eight inches

Technically speaking, it is a very sound bit of composition, graceful, harmonious and easy, and thoroughly refined, delicate and rich in color.

The movement of the procession of angels is solemn and irresistible amid the majesty and stillness of the mountain fastness, suggesting a tenderness unmovable, and a peace not to be disturbed.

There is no sadness of death in it, nor any clinging touch of mortality.

It is the crowning glory of the great lawgiver to be thus ministered to by angels from the presence of God.

It has still a deeper meaning, as all of this artist's compositions have.

It is the Law being buried by the Gospel of Love. A grand thought yet to me, not so entirely hopeful, human and appealing as the fact that Moses in spite of his punishment, was thus honored of God; a fact symbolical of the mercy that there is no punishment devoid of good, and no penalty exacted of us that has not in it somewhere, God's blessing and sweet promise.

It gives me great honest pleasure to speak in terms of humble praise of this artist's work, and to bow in greatful admiration of his purity of purpose, and his refinement of soul. I have not seen in this country and seldom abroad, work that shows so unmistakably that large sense of universal love, that constantly recurring note of hope and certainty, and that great, yet quiet praise to the maker of all things well or beautiful which marks the soul of a real artist and which is here present in every touch.

There have been times in the history of the world when the advent of an artist like this in a city would have been the signal for heartfelt homage from its humblest citizens. That time has passed, never again to return perhaps. Yet those of us who pretend to a real love for art and the beautiful may at least pay other homage to this artist, who has chosen to plant his local habitation amid the brooding peace of the mountain, and in such wise as we find possible to us, make his abiding as peaceful mentally as the widespread stillness of the hills can make his life peaceful physically.

May 25th 1887. Wednesday A.M. Nashville Tenn.

be mentioned—must offer to Mr. Harris grateful thanks for the preservation of these dear familiar tales, whose quaintness and drollery cannot fail to fascinate less fortunate mortals.

Mr. Harris is yet in the prime of life, having been born, of parents in humble circumstances, in the little village of Eatonton, Putnam County, Georgia, Dec. 9, 1849. His literary career he regards as a thing of accident throughout. "The Vicar of Wakefield," which his mother read aloud when he was a small child, first inspired a desire to express his thoughts on paper, the outcome of this desire being a number of little stories in which the conversational capacity of the characters was limited to the single exclamation, "Fudge!" Though none of these little tales have survived, "since their key-note was 'Fudge!'" says Mr. Harris, "they must have been very close to human nature." Mr. Harris is by profession a newspaper man, having been for many years on the staff of the Atlanta Constitution, one of the leading newspapers of the South, upon which he continues to do editorial work. From the editorial sanctum he puts forth no claim to that literary distinction which has deservedly come upon him. His journalistic career was begun in 1862, when, a lad of fourteen, he went as printer's apprentice into the office of the Countryman, a little weekly paper published upon a Georgia plantation ten miles from any postoffice. Amid the most peaceful of rural surroundings, broken only by the call of the partridge and the barking of squirrels, he learned to set type. The desire to write, provoked by "The Vicar of Wakefield," and stimulated by the "Fudge" stories, still burning within him; so into the columns of the Countryman crept certain articles set from the "case" without previous existence in manuscript. This course did not prevent detection; but the editor made no comment, and began lending to the ambitious apprentice many volumes from his large and choice library. While engaged upon the Countryman he became familiar with the plantation legends of Brer Rabbit and the other "varmints," absorbing the songs and myths of the negroes without any conception of their literary value, unrealized until about ten years ago, when an article upon the subject appeared in one of the Northern magazines. The great bulk of the matter making up his first volume of negro folklore—"Uncle Remus, his Songs and Sayings"—was contributed to the columns of the Atlanta Constitution. The success of this book was immediate on both sides of the Atlantic, extending even to India, and led to the production of "A Rainy Day with Uncle Remus" and "Nights with Uncle Remus," in which are gathered some of best of the the animal stories, together with some capital touches in the treatment of negro character. These volumes are a unique contribution to literature, done to the life by a faithful and loving hand. In "Mingo and Other Sketches" Mr. Harris introducos the countryman of Middle Georgia and the mountaineer with good success; but he is at his best while depicting the old-time negro with his quaint humor and dialect and inexhaustible store of inimitable stories. That picture of "Mist

feel inclined to paint, & since by Gen. Thruston also the hope was held out of selling some sheep-pictures, I began at once, & have ever since been daily in the studio. Moreover, Mr. Chambers proposed that we should work together, he painting the landscape, & myself the figures & animals. Accordingly I have begun a composition today, & if this is successful, we may go on with more.

An exhibition of such pictures & sketches as I chanced to have with me, has by my friends been made in the Library, & is still open to the public. The appended notice from the pen of Mr. Chambers, tells the story.

Rev. Mr. Lassiter has informed me that my name is set down in next years Catalogue of the "Institute" for Director of the Art-Department, & Lectures. I am therefore duly elected & instituted, & have a new office & its responsibilities.

Saturday last, Sunday, & Monday, I spent with my friends at Columbia Institute. We talked over many things. The School & Parish are at a crisis, & there must soon be a change. In a few weeks more the Session is to close, then for three months there is vacation. Miss Bowles' will has been opened & discloses that she leaves her entire personal property, perhaps ten or twelve thousand dollars, to the Institute, partly for scholarships, the remainder for buildings. Dr. Beckett cannot survive long his illness; then the Diocese, or Trustees, take charge, & his lease expires, the Parish is without a Rector, & the tenor of the school may be radically reformed. Miss Bristow, the Vice Principal also goes away, & another teacher, & of course in case of Dr. Beckett's decease Mrs. B. will, or cannot, remain.

June 1th 1887.
Wednesday A.M.
Nashville. Tenn.

Since my last a strange thing has taken place, namely I received all unexpected a letter written by Mrs. Lassiter on dictation of Mrs. Beckett, who is now, pain fact, Principal of the "Institute", ordering that the only way in which I can be allowed to serve the Art Dep^t, of the School is to come once in a while, altogether at my own option & convenience, "to lecture, expenses paid." A pretty member of the "family" would this make, & on the acquisition of which the school was to be so much congratulated! — Of course I wrote in reply as the "order" deserved, although in the mildest terms possible; whereupon Mr. Lassiter sent at once a letter, explaining that as "assistant" he must carry out the wishes of his superior, whether they conflict with his own or not, & intimating that no change had taken place in his own views, which for their operation only needed the altered circumstances soon to be expected. — With a little patience I shall get to the bottom of this matter, — & this bottom I shall find sound.

I am still kept here, for the larger picture is not yet done, & must receive every possible care, & to hurry what with care can be made a good, & probably a paying, work, would be foolish policy. —

June 5th 1887.
H. Trinity Sunday.
Nashville, Tenn.

My last Sunday, as I hope, in this place during the present visit. By dint of close work the picture of the Saint Company of Ch. & Co. is now within a very few days of its completion, & we have reason to be pleased with the result. The painting is also a favorite with people who have seen it even in an unfinished state. — A closing up of labors, & some shaping — & I can go home.

Now there is no disputing that these three past months have had for me a most unique character & experience. They have no exact counterpart in my life thus far. In my journey they brought me emphatically into & through a new country. Events themselves have value only as they are vehicles of some spiritual experience. The circumstances, the persons, our peculiar position in relation to them, & our mode of meeting them, make up the sum total of their importance, & accordingly they are either trifling & evanescent, or of a formative nature & lasting, — perhaps critical. They must therefore be estimated by what they have done for our mental & moral development, far more than what they have done for our temporal, for this at best is only as accidental drapery to the latter. Considered in this manner, I cannot fail to recognize a true benefit to me, especially of the months spent in Columbia. Leaving out what my being there may have been to others, & judging from evidence of frequent & profuse assurance my presence was of some service & help, — I also have received no insignificant amount. Spiritual benefits are not easily expressed in language. Often the subtleness of their working almost hides their presence. They are like the refining touches a painter puts on his canvass, scarce visible to even the trained eye but by their magic effects a grace of harmony. Our Heavenly Artist, the Spirit of God, has a marvellous way of taking out crudeness & roughness from His work, & of adapting His tools for what they are designed to perform.

And when I look back upon these three months with a view to measure their benefits, received & given, they are a very

remarkable a previous period, & which I could not miss from my record without serious & permanent loss. And so I am moved to devout thankfulness that it hath pleased God to call me at the sacrifice of absence from home to this benefit, & withal also materially bless in temporal things for what would have come to me had I remained at home. — And yet, of consequence as the material blessing is, I am not disposed to more than mention it as an adjunct, — a mere by-the-way enjoyment of a wayfarer whose object lies far beyond the inn & its cheer where he passes but a night.

Wednesday, June 15th 1887. Sewanee, Tenn.

I am at last home again after an absence of nearly four months. And to be sure, my coming has been hailed with joy by my wife & daughter, the very dog, our fine shepherd, making great demonstrations of joy according to his cooley nature. — As for myself, I am thankful for the many signal mercies of the time of my absence, & for being restored in health. Also my labors have not been without more remuneration than they could have been — humanly speaking — had I remained at home. For instance, in Nashville I sold four of my little pictures & studies, giving me $95.00. & have in prospect considerable work for the new Christ-Church, including the altar. — Now, at last, I am also in my big studio, & a great luxury is the spacious, well-lighted room with the many conveniences to which I am accustomed in working, & which were sadly missed abroad. Of course there is a vast deal to be done to get the house & place in orderly condition & decently furnished, & much money to be expended for the purpose: but patience & perseverance can accomplish wonders in such things.

Aug. 21st 1887.
11th S. after Trin.
Susanna, T.

The months fly fast & are filled with labors. Manifold Love been the necessary occupations since I have been here again: things for home comfort, & work for bread have called for constant exertion. The Lord hath blest me with enough to do for the meeting of current expenses. There is but little left for outside expense, — I mean beyond the amount needed for rent & living, but a small step is taken here & there, & in our modest way of creating wants it counts nevertheless. We are some of God's small birdies, for whom His tender care throws the crumbs just when they are needed & where they can be picked up. thanks for His mercies that are new every morning. "Great is Thy faithfulness."

There is not much of moment to relate: — no pronounced developments that can be chronicled. I am busy now on a painting for a church in Dayton, Ohio, to go behind the font; the figure of the Saviour, about the size of life; also on an Altar (in memoriam) for the Church of the Incarnation, — Dr. Tiffany's, Washington D.C., & a Reredos for the same is to follow. For the Altar I am to receive $300.—, a small sum considering the amount of work, — but at any rate, it is for the Lord's House & the glory of His Name, & I pray He may prosper & bless it.

My wife also, as well as Lena, has of late been more or less ailing & weak. My own health is in tolerable condition. Eugene writes from Washington very hopefully. Somehow, he & Fred seem to have a scheme that promises realization by & by, & from which they expect great things for our united future. Their young & active minds can see the future more rose colored than it appears to ~~the~~ the dust-covered eyes of us older, weary pilgrims. Overhead it is always clear enough & bright with the "many mansions", but the lower earth has a thick atmosphere, & paths steep & hard & full of toil.

Of course, the mountain is swarming with visitors. The Trustees have met, & celebrities have been here & still are, Bishops & learned Doctors, & the air is filled with their wisdom & knowledge. Bishop Elliot has come home from Europe a very sick man indeed & is still very low & feeble. Bishop Boone of Shanghai leaves to morrow for China. I met him last Sunday at Fairmount School, & yesterday he paid me a visit in my Studio. From him I received much valuable information about China & its people.

I scarcely get outside of our fence from Sunday to Sunday, & so the excitement of "Commencement" & its attendant doings passed without my witnessing any but two occasions. Many visitors to my room cost much time, & in this there is no profit beyond the mere duty, & perhaps the persuasion that I have given some pleasure & possibly instruction. — And so my little life goes on. —

Aug. 28th 1887.
12th S. aft. Trin.

A sense of deep & sore loss pervades this Community. We have just laid into his final resting-place on this Sewanee Mountain Cemetery the mortal remains of the dear & beloved Bishop of Western Texas, Rt. Rev. Robert W. B. Elliott, D. D. The Services, with H. Communion, took place in S. Augustines Chapel, & were concluded at the grave. Bps. Gregg & Gallaher made touching addresses during the Service. All the Faculty, the clergy present, & the body of Students, formed a large procession.

A most excellent Christian man & efficient, faithful Bishop is laid to his rest in the middle of his days. His illness was of long duration. When I saw him last a year ago, & before he left for Europe & the East, he was plainly a very sick man. When he returned this summer, his strength & appearance had visibly declined. He suffered from the malady that nearly, three years since, had laid me into the grave. The local application of cold water, so beneficial in my case, gave him but partial relief. Evidently his vital powers were not sufficient to combat so malignant

& insidious a disease & despite all efforts Le sank until every fibre was used up to make blood to live on". — & so, in a deep sleep of several hours he passed away on Friday Aug. 26th at about 7.30 in the Evening. — I loved the gentle yet strong man, the noble son of an illustrious father, & saw much of him, before & during his illness; — & I count it a great privilege to have known him, & shall hail it a joy to meet him again in the blessed fields of Paradise whenever in the pleasure of our Lord the hour comes for my departure hence. And I thank the Lord from my heart" for the good example of all those" His "Servants, who, having finished their course in faith, do now rest from their labors". — Grant him, O Jesu, the felicity of Thy Saints in the blessed fields of Paradise. Amen.

Dec. 11th 1887.
3d S. in Advent.
Sewanee. Tenn.

This book can receive but little attention in these days. All summer I was much disturbed & interrupted by visitors; I kept also very busy at various things, chiefly the Altar for the Church of the Incarnation, Washington, D.C. & a large painting, nine feet in Light, of the figure of our Saviour, to be finally put into the Church at Dayton, Ohio, over the font & at the entrance into the chancel. This picture I painted for our friend Mrs. E. Hauk. It has attracted much attention & favorable comment, both while here & now in Cincinnati where it is on exhibition. My compensation in money (for we must consider the vile trash, so obtrusive & yet so hateful) has been exceeding little; the expenses & some fifty dollars, but I consented to undertake it because it was to go into a Church.

Now the pecuniary question concerning the Reredos is also settled: A lady of the Congregation, Mrs. Emory, whose husband died

recently, desires to give it in memory of him. The expense I have fixed, at Dr. Townsends request, at $7500.—. This is not more than will cover expenses & my living. I am now very hard to work on it, & have already made a number of parts, chiefly modelling for casts, if possible in metal, either zink or type-metal, since the result will be more satisfactory than carving in wood can give where figures are concerned, this being better suited for mere decorative work.

This matter throws me considerably into sculpture with all its attending mechanical necessities & contrivances, & the change from painting is agreeable & beneficial. I think, when this large undertaking is labored & worried through, it must be the last of its kind from my hands. Too much is waiting for my time & strength of more importance than what to a large extent is decorative & might as well be done by others whose business justifies them in bestowing such an amount of labor & thought on things of this class. The only consoling excuse I have for doing it is that the House of God is its destiny & that therefore it may be considered no inferior kind of worship.— The whole of this Winter & following Spring will have to be entirely given to the work, & how much longer time it is now difficult to say.

Otherwise life with us goes its usual mixed walk, trot, & canter. To a few things have not come yet, & perhaps it is not in any sense desirable that they should. Our road, like pretty much everybody else's, takes in hill & dale, rough & smooth, hard & boggy. And so also it winds all about, through uninteresting, or rather ordinary, for nothing & no station of life is really without deep interest, through more pleasing, & one in a while through parts affording brighter views & more cheering companions. We get weary, & then again have a

season of rest: but one feature is marked, & noticeable as being in my experience of altogether novel a nature, namely that for a good while ahead our expenses of living are actually covered as much so as if we had stock in a bank & could draw regular interest the amount of which is accurately known & apportioned to our monthly wants. This is extraordinary, certainly, considering how fickle, precarious, & for long periods of time intermittent my pecuniary support has been as an almost unvarying rule for these many years. Whatever we may have cause to complain of in our situation here, the fact pressed itself upon our notice since we came to live on this mountain that we were provided with the absolutely needful often as by special miracle, & since I began work upon the Altar, six months ago, there has been a monthly income & which is to be continued with an increase so as to meet all our regular expenses until that Reredos is done! — Very strange, — & very restful indeed, thanks to the goodness of God Who thus by His gracious care lifts His most unworthy servant above what for so many years of tribulation has lowered as a dark spectre upon my anxious path & dayed often the very spirit of energy out of me. Thus it is truely "Give us day by day our daily bread."

But beside my own affairs — little enough they are — I take vivid interest in the movements of the times & try to read aright the "signs of the times", so that the life I lead within is far larger & more cosmopolitan than the record & sketchy recital of my temporal affairs could indicate. I try to live in deep sympathy with the march onward of the Church & her conflicts & victories, & with the leading phases of states & society & the grave issues convulsing the world's heart to the uttermost. Daily the

complications are becoming more serious, & no Christian can afford to miss a careful study of passing events in the world of mind or politics, for they strengthen, if rightly interpreted, the belief in the sure nearness of the Coming again of Christ.

Dec. 26. 1887. St. Stephens Day. Monday. Sewanee, Tenn.

Holy Christmas Day is past. —

A memorable day it was, here on this mountain, a day on which affliction seemed to culminate: Sickness, death, accidents, & poverty. The principal of the Grammar school, Mr. John Weber, had his foot crushed under a rail-road wheel & two of the toes were amputated. The son of Dr. Shoup was badly burned by powder about the face. The grandson of the late Bp. Green, Johnny Cotton, died of membraneous croup; & Mr. Scott who lives in the house of Mr. Weber, in the dry room that formerly was my Studio, came to the point of hunger & starvation with her two boys. The mother of the chaplain, Rev. Mr. Gailor, is at the point of death with consumption of the bowels, & they are without help of servants & all worn out. These are some of the features prominent in this now small community on this Christmas Day & Season. — I was sent for to preach for Dr. Shoup, who, however, was present, having brought his son up from the farm where the accident took place. — So rejoicing & grief go together. A strangely mixed world, certainly.

Ourselves had a lonely day of it. The landscape is wintry & looks cold, & I spent what remained of the day after Service & some visits to afflicted people in writing letters to dear friends at a distance, from New-Orleans to Irvington on the Hudson.

I never knew of a gloomier Christmas in a small community.

Anno Domine 1888.

Jan. 15th 1888.
2d S. aft. Epiphany.
Savannah, Geo.

In the most Holy Name. Amen.

To me as an artist, what stirs the public level by way of Art, is important, & since of late there have been two large paintings on public exhibition, & one is yet, which present to be religious pictures, & much comment has been epistolary, so far as I know mostly in their favor, I also have been anxious to know what is the character of these works, & in how far they deserve the praise, or the blame, that has been lavished upon them. I therefore put myself in possession of sufficiently adequate representations, In addition, several friends have written to me what they thought after seeing the paintings, & one of these, Rev. J. C. Middleton, S. T. D. sent me his pieces in a letter about a week ago. Below follows what I wrote in reply, & as it saves me going over the subject again for these pages, & I like to preserve what I have written, I undertake the labor of copying.

"Since you were so kind as to send me a criticism of the Christ on Calvary", & also give me your impression of the picture, I will at once subscribe my own judgment, so far as under the circumstances I am able to form one. Not having seen the picture itself, only a somewhat coarse reproduction although on a large scale, I am at a manifest disadvantage. But as a practised artist myself a composer of religious subjects, probably to a much larger extent than Munkaczy, I believe to be in a position for forming a tolerably correct idea of a work, even if only a general outline were presented to my view. That would give me many points for judging, not only the artistic, but also — & which is by far more important in Art-work that claims to be religious — the spiritual character & drift of the picture. Art-expression

has its own peculiar alphabet & syntax, just as subtle in expression of character as are the phrases of any language. — Now you have seen the large original, — & you have seen it, moreover, under circumstances artfully calculated to produce in the spectator the strongest possible impression. With — as you admit — a "very realistic" painting; an immense canvass; the figures life-size; the contrasts strong to coarseness; the scene represented one displaying opposed passions in a crowd of the most awful tragedy of human history & appealing forcibly & directly to the Christian heart, it is not strange that a powerful impression should be produced, not only on an "impressionable boy,"* but on anybody, & most so on devout people. And here permit me to say that such a boy in my estimation is the least reliable as an index whether the work he looks at is worthy to be classed among truely religious — Christian — paintings. He would of course see & feel the realistic before anything else, & the more pronounced the realism, the more he would feel it. But would he feel, or could he appreciate, the finer spiritual traits, provided there were any? To be sure, if we seek only realistic qualities, we may be satisfied by the painter of "Christ on Calvary". It is well, however, to remember that if an artist gives us only these, he gives us the cheapest & easiest attainable & which require no raising of himself above the ordinary level of vulgar common-place. Strong faculties of trained powers of imitation can do this much. The man need not to have lived a higher life & explored the refined regions of spiritual thought & divine communions. The earthly sense is sufficient to render truely what is earthly & merely human. With any devout Christian it should need no argument to prove that, what makes a picture representing any scene from the life of Christ valuable as a teacher of spiritual truths, is the "Spirit of Christ" in that picture. But that cannot be

* Dr. H. said in his letter that he took with a boy with him & not him as a test.

given by more realism. No doubt the Crucifixion had its terribly cruel reality, in fact as it happened far more so than any picture could possibly represent. In fact it must have had much that was revolting & shockingly brutal, as even the dignified account of the Evangelists indicates. If realism was his aim, Munkaczy has not come up to the fact, but fallen lamentably short of it. I venture to say that a picture which could come up to anything like the real scene would be intolerable to modern nerves & way of thinking. So then the real cannot be, — ought not to be, — the object of the artist. With a certain amount of truthfulness he must give the greatest prominence in religious pictures to ideas that lie at the same time deep below the fact represented, & also immeasurably above it. The fact, or scene, is to be only vehicle for truths ranging into the spiritual world from whence they had origin to happen in that scene. As they were fore-ordained so they also are to have a consequence. — It is that consequence which should be the primary aim of the artist in rendering, as it must be of the preacher in recounting. If he fails in this particular he has the "play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out."

It may be said that the most barren realistic presentation of such a scene as the Crucifixion would be of benefit, inasmuch as it brings to view a fact so central & momentous, & withal so crowded out of men's lives by the world & self. — To a degree this is to be admitted. But then, such an effort ought modestly claim for itself no more than justly belongs to it. Higher claims are advanced, & with unsparing noise of trumpet, for this picture, & in consequence we may feel justified in inquiring how far they are permissable. To my judgment — & I pronounce it under the limitations already mentioned — they have no ground & [illegible]

in that ambitious work of the Hungarian.

It is strange. Early last week, on the day your own letter came, I got possession of two large lithographs from these pictures that have recently made so much talk in Newyork. I spread them out for careful study. The "Christ before Pilate" I knew well before, — the other was my chief interest as I had only read a description. The very first sight of the lithograph was a painful disappointment, — a third has increased the more I see the composition & analize its constituent parts. Judging on academic rules, it is a wretched blunder in point of arrangement & for centralizing interest. There are large vacant & utterly unmeaning spaces left which give the design a poverty stricken character as if the artist had lacked ideas with which to fill those spaces. The notion of a terribly excited & tumultuous crowd — if realism was the object — is not "realized", — & yet that was a Day of swaying, pushing, passionate multitudes who had come to the feast of Passover from every part of Judeah & the world. You have read "Ben Hur" & the masterly delineation of the scene on Good Friday. The empty foreground, giving the best opportunity for episodes of deepest interest, is to the right occupied only by an isolated Roman soldier, a mere stage figure of no significance. The sky, in its forms, is altogether meaningless. It suggests no ideas in harmony with the Day.

As these black & white pictures lay on my floor, I placed beside them for contrast two of Kaulbachs great works, the "Destruction of Jerusalem", & "The Battle of the Huns," both photographs on a large scale. Here therefore were four works on an equality, that is to say, in black & white. And how immense the difference! — Leaving out of consideration the "Christ before Pilate" which is by far the better composition & picture, the "Crucifixion" looked like a vulgar piece of emptiness & no small

amount of artistic ignorance & blundering rascality. —
This judgment I render as an artist. It is a professional
criticism. — Perhaps I am for the modern school of
materialism too much of an old-foggy academic idealist. Owing
to my early training, as also to my natural proclivities, I have
small sympathy with modern French tendencies, & none whatever
with detestable speculation in religious merchandise, because,
forsooth, the masses are easiest imposed upon by what wears
a pious mask. — It was well understood by prominent artists
of Munich in the days when I was a student there, & it was an
axiom of Peter von Cornelius which he impressed upon his
pupils, that, in order to produce the most telling works in art
the great Epochs in history, the national & religious catastrophies
should be chosen as subjects by epic painters. The "Crucifixion"
is pre-eminently such a catastrophy. And yet, for my part,
I would abstain from delineating it as a public scene. As you
know, I have painted the single figure on the Cross; — & that is all
I ever would allow myself to do. It embodies all that is of value
to the Christian heart & to the world. It portraits a fact so huge &
encompassing & overwhelming that whatever can be put about
it in a picture can only serve to detract & lead the mind away
from the tremendous climax represented there. It, of all other
subjects, ought to stand alone, the awful symbol of God's love
& mans redemption. It should not be dragged down to bare
realism. It is too holy & fearful a thing."

This much I wrote to my friend Middleton.

Now how much hope is there for truly spiritual art when ideas
of materialism have warped the Christian sense of even many

of Christs ministers & they tasteful satisfied with pictures that have in them so little of the soul of this holy Religion? — The tendency of the age is powerful & persuading, & displays its fine effects on such occasions with marvellous accuracy. — And yet I am certain the influence of such works as these by Munkaczy will die out before they are ten years older, whereas, if they were the great deep things they are trumpeted up to be they should live & become dearer & of wider power from year to year. — No! Christianity is not helped by such means, nor high art. The Attic idealism of men like Kaulbach may be devoid of points for truely Christian interests, but at least it ministers to a sense of beauty & refinement in itself elevating, albeit mostly in an intellectual way. But where no better religion is joined to coarse realism bordering on vulgarity, without nobler beauty & grace, the people have in such art rather a debasing teacher instead a leader to more elevated spheres. — There seems to be no religious art in existence but what fragments are left of the Defunct School of "purists" who, being imitators of the mediaeval, could not impart to their practice the stamina of continuance. They were mere resurrectionists, galvanizing into semblance of life a corpse of the middle ages unfitted to live in such times as the present. With sentiment earnest & laudable, with intention pious & sincere, they painted in the monks cowl after monasteries had ceased their usefulness. The wants of our age could not be satisfied by such artistic clothing, & of necessity that kind of art lived its brief day. But much less can the unbelieving, practical (?), sensuous, materialistic, or the coldly intellectual, offspring up of art serve the times, now & for the future, & meet the wants of that hungering soul of humanity which, despite all changes of philosophic creeds remains ever the same & always will be the same. The Christian Art of the future needs yet to be born. Ruskin is right.

J. G. Muller. & Co.
Stuttgart.
Wurtemburg.
Manufacturers of the
Pariera distemper
Colors.

96c

Professor Alexander Kerr,

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN.

1396

Accomodating a Borrower.

Daniel Webster once found a good way of getting rid of a borrower—the best one on record, for, like the man who bought the cloth for shirts, he killed two birds with one stone.

"Webster," said Rufus Choate, "I want to borrow $500, and I wish you'd lend it to me."

"I haven't the money to day, Mr. Choate, but you give me your note and I can get it cashed for you."

Gratified beyond measure, Choate sat down to write his note.

"By the way Choate," said Webster in an off-hand way, "you might as well make that note for $1,000, and I can use $500 myself."

"Certainly," said Choate, cheerfully, and he signed a note for an even $1,000.

Then the immortal Daniel sauntered down to a banker's office.

"Ah! anything I can do for you to-day, Mr. Webster?"

"Can you discount a note for $1,000 for me?"

"With pleasure."

The great statesman pocketed $1,000 in bills, gave $500 to Choate, who was effusive in his thanks, and kept the other $500 himself.

Daniel Webster, my son, was what would be called in these days a financier.—*Lewistown Journal.*

Febr. 7th 1885.
Tuesday. Swann, Tenn

Notice of the Departure in the Faith of the godly & venerable Thomas J. Wheat, D.D. — at Salisbury, N. C. on Febr. 2d. the Feast of Purification.

This new year has taken already from me another friend, — an aged Saint, that has lived his "count of years" to the full, in ripeness of age & mind & spirit passing from this lower scene of probation to the higher realms of perfectness. Nearly ninety (90) long years his course did run, & he laid himself down to sleep after much usefulness in the sacred Ministry & as Professor of Rhetoric in the University of North Carolina. Even almost to the last, while with his daughter, Mrs. Shober, in Salisbury, N.C. he would overcome his feebleness & be present at the Church service. For several years he has been weak, & at times suffering much, & at last, clean worn out, he passed into his rest. — "Requiescat in pace."

His was a pure & delicately sensitive mind, of simple piety, & fervent loving devotion, peculiarly constant in his affections, truthful & of a guileless disposition. His attachment to the aged partner of his long life was singular, & I do not believe she will long survive him, for the two had grown to be indispensable to each other. "Nunc Dimittis" was his motto when he wrote his last birth day lines to her in March 1887, & now on the very Feast with the aged Simeon with the infant Saviour in his arms called aloud "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace", himself an "aged disciple" has gone to the rest in paradise.

Shall I sorrow for missing from my pathway on earth of such a friend, because one after another leaves me to travel my weary road alone towards the gates of light & rest & peace? — No, truely, I sorrow not, but rather bless the Lord "for the good example of all those of His servants who, having finished their course in faith, do now rest from their labors"; — I give thanks & take courage unto unspeakable consolation.

March 19th 1888.
Monday P.M.
Sewanee, Tenn.

This world is never standing still. It is certainly true in my affairs as well: they are turning & new sides are coming up. And if the earth revolving is never twice in exactly the same spot but changes place in following the larger cycle of the sun; so it seems also I must move & am not permitted to remain in one spot until perhaps the whole of my orbit is run.

It appears now we shall not stay our typical three years out on this mountain. I have built six studios, & since the number six is foreign to my horoscope, this present sixth one cannot be my abiding rest. Reflecting on this matter, I have long ago had doubts. Indeed the misgiving haunted me while this house was yet building. — I have recently spent several (four) days at Nashville, coming up from Columbia where I went by request of Bro. Beckett to consult with him respecting the new buildings to be added to the Institute, especially for the Art-Department. The bequest Miss M. Bowles left supplies the money for the purpose, & the Trustees have given their unanimous consent. While yet in Columbia a letter from my wife brought the unwelcome news that our daughter had been taken much worse & was rapidly losing strength & flesh. To this she added the remark, "I believe we shall yet have to get away from this old mountain of iron." There seems to be little doubt that the magnetic or electric conditions here — & they are notoriously peculiar — have been a constant drain on Lena's system pulling down faster than skillful medical treatment can build up. — Of course, life first, everything else afterwards. Even had we not plenty of other reasons to be so dissatisfied with our present situation in the greedy clutches of the Vice-Chancellor that a move would rid us of a burden amounting to nuisance, this

argument of life would prevail. So I felt at once. And I said so to several friends, among them to Mr. G. W. Chambers. After a while he made me the proposal to associate with him in the Art-School, teaching composition, drapery, modelling, & carving, by which branches the number of pupils could be greatly increased, the School would gain in efficiency & scope, & for me a living would be secured.

Now this matter of a living secured is another consideration. It touched a chord in me that vibrated sympathetically. Bitter experience in the past has shown the dreary future that would be before me if, after this Church-work is done & the regular fine-payment ceases, I would again have to depend on the chance of selling pictures. Anything certain, however moderate, & that would free my mind from the canker of sordid care! — And here it was offered. To be sure, if free to choose, I would not teach, save a few pupils at home. But I am to give only a part of my time, the afternoons, leaving the fresh morning at my own disposal. — I made the leap, & accepted. — Then came the bugbear of a studio for myself. Mr. Chambers advised that I should apply to Mr. Overton Lea to build for me, & rent from him with the privilege to buy. I did so; but Mr. Lea, although he met my request most kindly, regretted that the recent burning down of his house near Nashville & the necessity to rebuild, left him no means to carry out my request. So then I must rent somewhere, and "Kommt Zeit, kommt Rath," and therewith I must be content. — I am now doing my best to advance & finish that Church-work, it being the only thing that really

binds me. Should means come to defray expenses, then my daughter must be taken to the N. Carolina mountains, my wife going with her. — "Das walte Gott der Vater Amen."

A fearful blizzard has visited Newyork City & a large section of country as far as Washington, & untold suffering & loss are the consequence. The snow lies in immense drifts, & should the rain storm which now rages here also extend so far North & rapidly melt the snow, terribly destructive floods must sweep over that country, & it may be difficult to say which of the two afflictions would prove the worst.

And in Europe a catastrophy has come: The old Emperor of Germany is dead, & now laid away in his tomb. Friderich III. is Emperor, & he a dying man. — What will follow when the milder season makes the move of armies possible? —

July 8th & 1888.
Sunday A. M.
6th after Trin.
Delaware.
— Tue.

In my native country they have again changed Emperors. "Unser Fritz" has been laid to his fathers, & his son William III. is reigning in his stead. — Magical changes there are the preliminaries to others that must soon follow. The fuse of the great Dynamite Shell of Europe is burning short & shorter, & no human power can extinguish it & avert the terrible calamity.

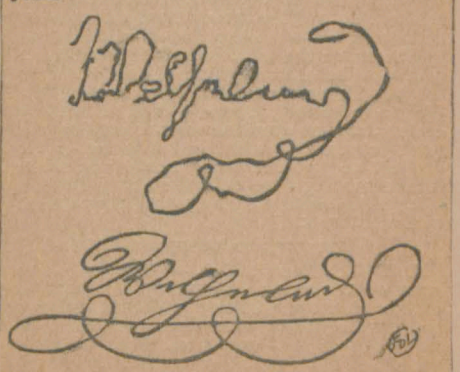
My own affairs have so far developed that the proposal of Prof. Chambers is accepted; the Landlord of this House notified of our intended removal; a land agent in Nashville commissioned to procure for us a suitable home; the prospectus printed for next season of the Art-School with my name in it; & other wise we endeavor to prepare for the move.

"Das walte Gott der Vater Amen."

The Kaiser's Last Autograph.

[*From the London Telegraph.*]

Subjoined we print a fac-simile of the signature which the Emperor William subscribed upon his death-bed to the decree empowering Prince von Bismarck to close the Reichstag at the conclusion of its labors. When laying this historical document before the Imperial Parliament the Chancellor said he asked the Kaiser to spare himself the labor of signing his name in full, and merely to write the initial letter "W.," but with "the power of work that only forsook him with his life," said the Prince, he insisted on signing it in full. This signature was not only the last autograph of the sovereign, but was also his latest official act. Beneath it we print the Emperor's name "Wilhelm," as he wrote it, in fine, strongly marked German characters, when in health, even in his advanced years.



On Art. Remarks from the "Churchman" of April 7. 1855
on the Spring Exhibition of the Nat. Academy
N. Y.

After speaking with frank eulogium of the general excellency of the Exhibition as regards artistic merit, & particularly in the department of Landscape, the writer proceeds thus:

"In figure subjects, drawing, while drawing, composition, color, light & shade, generally elicit approval & often admiration. There is a disheartening absence of idea, invention, inspiration: we are driven to acknowledge a delusion in the poetry & elevation of conception: while recognizing this growth in the dexterity of manipulation & elegance of expression. There are few stories worth telling in the collection. There is scarcely an example of any commanding embodiment of dramatic situations, or memorable illustration from the great poets, from history, or from the teeming chronicles of daily life.

Oh long, dreary intervals there is a break in the mountain of mediocrity; the most noteworthy example being found in "The Sculptor & the King", 222, by Geo. de Forest Brush, a picturesque almost sculpturesque study of Assyrian civilization, bold, original, & grand in its simple realization. The skin is the artist's own, & the cameolike completeness & refinement of modelling & execution lie only in the secondary class of its attractions. There is a pathetic & strongly artistic grace in "An idle hour", by Alfred Kappes p. 36. (Rusk's Catalogue) 307, a poetic study of negro life in one of its characteristic phases. . . . . & some few more meritorious of pictures in that line. — — —

There is a visible poverty of that rich & various culture that supplies the indispensable conditions of great art. A great artist must be a great man after his kind. Allston & Thos. Cole in their day were great men — that is, men moved by great inspirations & ideas. But their successors of to day rarely get above the level of dainty confections & exquisite trifles. We have more to do with the manner of the artist —

July 19th 1888.
Thursday.
Sewanee, Tenn.

The inserted newspaper amount speaks for itself. It conveyed to me the first confirmation of what we feared from the last news by letter. My dear old friend is gone. — It is very difficult to imagine his place vacant — the Rectory at Glen Cove without the cheerful presence, — the Parish without its shepherd: "faithful unto death": —

My own loss is very great. He was, among the clergy, the last of my old intimate friends. — One writes sad words when compelled to say this. — A thousand memories crowd out wordy lamentation — & only memory still lives. Alas! my Jonathan.

Charles Lauman is now the only one of my friends from many years ago remaining. God has blest me with newer ones — but those of my younger days have departed. — How much richer I am "on the other side" than on this!

Thanks be to God for ever & ever that there is a blissful, hopeful, joyous "other side!"

Peace be to him from the Lord, & the rest & reward of a most faithful servant of Christ in Paradise!

"We wait for Thy salvation, O LORD."

From the "Glen Cove Gazette," July 14th 1888.

IN MEMORIAM.

JOHN C. MIDDLETON, D.D.,

RECTOR OF ST. PAUL'S PARISH,
GLEN COVE, L. I.

Died July 7th, 1888.

Rev. Dr. JOHN CAVARLY MIDDLETON, S.T.D., Archdeacon of Queens County, and Rector of St. Paul's Church, this village, died on Saturday last, July 7th, at the residence of his brother, Charles N. Middleton, 531 Manhattan avenue, New York City, after a long illness. He was taken some weeks ago to his brother's home for a visit and to enjoy a change during a confidently expected period of convalescence, but on Thursday night he had a stroke of apoplexy, from the effects of which he died.

DR. MIDDLETON was born in New London, Conn., February, 1833. He was educated in the Williston Seminary, East Hampton, from which he entered Yale College, being graduated from that institution with honors in 1859. He studied theology in the Berkeley Divinity School, Middletown, Conn., and was ordained deacon in the Episcopal Church in 1860. He went at once to be the assistant of the then rector, now Bishop Littlejohn, in the Church of the Holy Trinity, Brooklyn. He at once gave promise of a successful ministry, which promise has been fully redeemed in his rectorship, first at Stonington, then at New Britain, Conn., and last at Glen Cove, L. I., where he has ministered since 1874.

Few clergymen in the Episcopal Church are better known and none more loved than Dr. Middleton. He had long been eminent for culture, scholarship and Christian character. His intellectual attainments have been recognized in his town, his dioceses and by the Church at large.

He was principal of St. Paul's School, Glen Cove, from 1874 to 1878; Warden of the Cathedral Schools in Garden City from 1877 to 1879; one of the incorporators of the Cathedral of the Incarnation, of the Diocese of Long Island; a member and Chairman of the Committee on Christian Education in the Diocese and the editor for several years of the *Teachers' Helper* and Church Sunday-School Lesson Leaflets in the United States, Canada and the West Indian Islands.

He was a well-known contributor to the *Convocation Quarterly*, the *Church Eclectic* and the best religious papers of our country. He is the author of several poems, and many of the hymns of our Sunday School and church hymnals bear his name as their author.

It has been his regular custom for many years to write the carols for Christmas and Easter in his own parish, church and school, and never was one written that did not attract attention beyond the limits of the church where it was used.

The visitor at Glen Cove sees now what perhaps the most beautiful rural church in the vicinity of New York, every portion of which shows the taste and rare refinement of the cultured poet and divine who planned every detail and superintended every part of the construction.

ceased Rector, and delivered an address over the remains of the Christ-like man and Brother. Through the kindness and courtesy of the Bishop we are enabled to present to our readers the eloquent address in its entirety, as follows:

ADDRESS

—BY—

Rt. Rev. A. N. Littlejohn, D.D., L.L.D.,

BISHOP OF LONG ISLAND,

IN MEMORIAM OF

Rev. John Cavarly Middleton, D.D.

LATE RECTOR OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH,
GLEN COVE,

—AND—

Archdeacon of Queens County,

WHO ENTERED INTO LIFE,
JULY 7th, 1888.

JOHN CAVARLY MIDDLETON, Doctor of Divinity, around whose mortal remains we are gathered for the last rites of the Church, was born in New London, Conn., in February, 1833. After a preparatory course of study in the East Willeston Academy, Mass., he entered Yale College and graduated with the respect and affection of the Faculty and of his fellow students in 1859. He completed his Theological studies at the Berkeley Divinity School, Middletown, Conn., and was ordained Deacon in the Spring of 1860, and advanced to the Priesthood in the year following. He began his Ministry as the assistant of the Rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity, Brooklyn, now the Bishop of Long Island, and served in this relation three years, leaving behind him strong traces of his character and influence which abide unto this day. He then accepted the Rectorship of the Parish in Stonington, Conn. Having ministered there for several years with marked acceptance, he removed to New Britain, Conn. Here the same happy results crowned his work as in previous fields of labor. A few years afterward at the urgent solicitation of the Bishop of this Diocese, he accepted a unanimous and most cordial call to the Rectorship of this Parish, the duties of which he has discharged for now some fourteen years. There are some here to-day who will remember the condition in which he found it, and there is a great company now present who can bear witness to the condition in which he has left it. It is believed that there is no one here at all familiar with his record who will not testify to his extraordinary devotion, to his unsparing and unwearied labor, and to the remarkable success of his noble, energetic, and unselfish pastorate. He remained here during all those fourteen years because it was his mind and will to do so, not because flattering opportunities of promotion to more conspicuous fields were wanting. He loved the quietness and peace assured him here, and he always found abundant chances for the exercise of his rare spirit of self consecration to the Master's work in ministering to this people whom he loved as few shepherds of Christ have ever loved the flocks committed to their keeping. Grateful for every kindness, he had in this Parish frequent occasion for gratitude. Craving as the most precious of earthly rewards the sympathy, the confidence, and the affection of all to whom he preached the Word and broke the Bread of Life, it was his joy and a great part of his strength that these were given him in richest measure.

Courting the praise of no man, it was the consciousness of spiritual growth in the life of souls under his charge that, beyond all else, filled and satisfied his Christlike spirit and stimulated him to undertake more and more toil in their behalf, never counting his own life dear, if, by spending it, he could bring new souls to Christ and into the fold of His Church. His was a rare character, and the quality and amount of his pastoral work were not less so.

What a loss is that we mourn to-day; who shall tell how great to this flock, how great to his brother clergy and to the Diocese, and how greatest of all to his Bishop who knew

Priest he was remarkable. As nearly as any one I have ever known he realized George Herbert's ideal of the country Parson. It was his aim in all things pertaining to his office and work "to do that which Christ did, and after His manner, both for doctrine and life." He knew the sheep of his fold and he was known of them. He could call the very lambs of his fold by their names. He tended, taught, cared for them, loved them after the example of the Great Shepherd who gave His life for the sheep. He fed them out of the Word of Life and in the Sacrament of Christ's Body and Blood with a free and full—yet painstaking and discriminating hand; nor did he ever shear the sheep whom he had not fed. Who could have been more watchful—who more prompt and brave in keeping up the lawful fences around his cure and in keeping off the wolf—whether in the shape of religious error, or of secular pleasure, or worldly vanities, or of spiritual indifference and torpor. Such were his methods as an instructor and guide of souls, that no one could be long in his Parish without gaining some knowledge of the first principles of the doctrine of Christ, of the laws of the Church's constitution and discipline and worship, of history, so far as it served to illustrate the Church's traditions and usages, and of Christian morality in its bearings on conduct and character in the every day affairs of life. As a teacher clear, systematic, simple, patient, tireless, he never left anyone in doubt as to his meaning—he never stopped with half truths—he never allowed any one to take away from sermon, or lecture, or familiar instruction patches and scraps of Bible truth and Church doctrine. Slowly, but surely, little by little, day after day, he pressed home the message he was commissioned to deliver, until, I am bold to say, it must be the fault, the grievous fault of this Parish if in all needful Christian knowledge, it is inferior to any and not superior to most congregations in the Diocese. He had, moreover, a rare fac-
ulty for keeping the Parish busy in good works and such good works as helped to widen its sympathies, increase its zeal, and enlarge its knowledge of the needs of the Diocese and of the whole Church throughout the world.

But his work and influence whatever they were in his Parish, were not confined to it. While in charge of this cure, he never forgot that he was a priest of the whole Church and that he had duties to the Body of Christ wherever it was. No narrow, selfish parochialism, no local ties or obligations ever hedged in his sympathies or cramped his labors. His heart was as large as the Church, and he strove to make the hearts of his people as large as his own. When we find, therefore, what offices he filled—what services he performed outside his Parish, it is only what we might expect from him as a wise, able, well furnished priest of the Church. He was one of the Standing Committee on Sunday School instruction in these five contiguous Dioceses. He personally prepared every month the scheme of instruction for nearly 100,000 children. He was Chairman of the Standing Committee on Christian Education in the Diocese of Long Island. He was a corporator and Trustee of the Cathedral of the Incarnation, with the grave and responsible task superadded of an active supervision of the Cathedral Schools, and finally, in November last he was nominated by his Bishop Archdeacon of Queens County, and the affectionate and spontaneous confirmation of the Bishop's choice by the Clergy of Queens evinced, as nothing else could, the strong hold he had on the confidence and love of his brethren.

Our departed brother has gone from us, his career on earth is ended, and this is the record of his character and work. It speaks for itself. Eulogy can add nothing to it. My words are of little account except as they serve to express our sense of the common loss and to unburden our hearts of their grief. A true man has been taken from this community, a loving and devoted head from this Parish, and from the household that has long sojourned in its parsonage, and a most exemplary and faithful priest from the Church of God. O well beloved and departed brother

At one time Dr. [illegible]leton was a prominent candidate for a Western bishopric, and on several occasions his name has been mentioned in connection with influential parishes in large cities, but the Doctor seemed happy and contented in the midst of cultured rural surroundings.—*Rev. Dr. Vandewater in Brooklyn World.*

THE FUNERAL OBSEQUIES.

VERY LARGE ATTENDANCE—IMPRESSIVE CEREMONIES—THE BISHOP'S ADDRESS IN FULL.

The funeral services on Wednesday afternoon showed fully the love and esteem in which Dr. Middleton was held by the entire community. From far and near people flocked to the Church to pay the last mark of respect to his memory. The church did not begin to hold the throng.

A short service was held at the Rectory, immediately after which the cortege moved to the Church, the bell meantime being tolled. At this time the surpliced choir of boys from the Cathedral of the Incarnation, under the charge of Professor Woodcock, who presided at the organ, and the surpliced choir of men and boys of St. Paul's, marched from the vestry room to the front of the Church singing "O Paradise, who doth not crave for rest." Hardly had the notes of this, one of Dr. Middleton's favorite hymns, died away, when up the steps and into the Church he so much loved was

[illegible] best amid all the changes and chances of nearly thirty-five years—knew him in his student life, presented him for confirmation, wrote and signed his testimonials when he became a candidate for Holy Orders and when he was set apart to the sacred Ministry, knew him as a trustworthy and devoted Assistant in a great Parish, knew him in all his subsequent fields of labor, knew him in the tender confidences of private life and in the sweet intercourse of a noble friendship—and in all knew him only to honor and love him more and more to the very last for his purity of life, his fidelity to every trust, his supreme devotion to the duties of his holy calling, his manliness of principle, his independence of convictions, his moral strength and courage in every relation; and all these graciously and sweetly modulated to the gentleness and humility and self-forgetfulness that belong to the mind that was in Christ Jesus—the one bright, perfect, never absent ideal that not only like a mighty magnet drew him heavenward, but that like a vast energy swept through and over his days and years of toil, and that like an ever freshening inspiration gave wings to his faith and a joy unutterable to his hope of the life eternal the other side the grave.

As a man among men, our dear brother won the respect of all true men who knew him, for he was himself a true man—frank, honest, straightforward, outspoken—utterly free from small prejudices and paltry spites, scorning crooked ways, abhorring the shams and disguises of the hypocrite and pretender. He was too positive a man not to excite antagonisms in matters of opinion and policy, but he was too just and broad a man not to make room for those who could not agree with him.

As a citizen of this community, there was nothing that belonged to its best interests on any side of its life that ever failed to command his sympathy and his active support. He never forgot that he was a man and a citizen while he was a clergyman; and, on the other hand, while his heart and hand and voice were given freely to the community, to society at large, and to his country, he never forgot.

[illegible] faithful unto death. thou hast entered into the joy of thy Lord, and the Crown of Life is already on thy brow casting its heavenly halo back on us in our sorrow and our tears. We thank God for thy work, thy example, thy character; and we pray that we may so spend the residue of our days that we may be allowed to join thee the other side the Dark Valley and taste with thee the joys of Paradise, the powers of an endless life. The great miracle of Christ has been wrought in thee. Thou art not dead, but asleep; for they cannot die who have realized their oneness with the risen life of their risen and ascended King.

Then, singing the hymn "Nearer my God to Thee," the choir led the way to the grave, where Bishop Littlejohn read the Committal, the choir chanted the Sentence, "I heard a voice from heaven," and marched back to the Church singing the Recessional hymn "Abide with me, fast falls the even-tide,"—and the last tribute of respect had been rendered to the memory of a great and glorious man—a loving and affectionate Rector—a true and earnest worker in the Master's vineyard.

The clergymen present were—the Rt. Rev. A. N. Littlejohn, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of Long Island; Rev. Doctors W. H. Moore, Hempstead; D. V. M. Johnson, Brooklyn; S. Stebbins Stocking, So. Oyster Bay; and Samuel Coxe, Newtown. The Revs. Cornelius L. Twing, Brooklyn; Robert Weeks, (Archdeacon of Suffolk Co); Joshua Kimber, Richmond Hill; Edwin B. Rice, Jamaica; Louis DeCormis, Great Neck; Chas. L. Newbold, Manhasset; Wm. M. Geer, N. Y. City; Frank L. Humph-

borne all that remained of him who had for years been its one shining light and guiding star; and as his own choir, who loved and revered him dearly, preceded his remains with bowed heads and tearful eyes, it was a sad scene indeed.

The Rev. Dr. Moore, of Hempstead, read the sentences as the procession slowly moved toward the Chancel, and where the casket was laid on the catafalque prepared for its reception.

The pall bearers were the Warden and Vestrymen of the Church. [Unfortunately Genl. Pearsall, one of the Wardens, and who had been active in making preparations for the funeral, was prostrated by over exertion and being over-heated, and was unable to be present.] Those who officiated were—William Eastment, Samuel Frost, Madison Ham, James Luyster, Dr. Henry B. Watson, John B. C. Tappan and William C. Frost.

The choir sang the Psalter, followed by the reading of the Lesson in a most impressive manner by Rev. Dr. D. V. M. Johnson, of Brooklyn. Then followed the hymn "Jesus Lives," and intoning of the Creed and Prayers, led by Rev. Frank L. Humphreys, Precentor of the Cathedral of the Incarnation. Then was sung the hymn "Brief life is here our portion."

The large congregation became stilled as Bishop Littlejohn advanced to the desk so often used by the departed, and began the reading of the Burial Service. Then followed the Eulogy, which was a most touching tribute to the memory of the departed Rector, and which we regret we have not room to publish in full. The Bishop said:

"We are gathered here to-day to commit to the earth the mortal remains of our beloved Rector, the Rev. Dr. Middleton, who has been called from his labors to his rest. We are here to-day to bear testimony to the fact that he was a faithful servant of God, and to the fact that he was a faithful Minister of the Church. We are here to-day to bear testimony to the fact that he was a faithful Rector of this Parish. We are here to-day to bear testimony to the fact that he was a faithful Pastor of this flock. We are here to-day to bear testimony to the fact that he was a faithful friend of all of us. We are here to-day to bear testimony to the fact that he was a faithful husband and father. We are here to-day to bear testimony to the fact that he was a faithful citizen of this community. We are here to-day to bear testimony to the fact that he was a faithful citizen of this State. We are here to-day to bear testimony to the fact that he was a faithful citizen of this Nation. We are here to-day to bear testimony to the fact that he was a faithful citizen of the world. We are here to-day to bear testimony to the fact that he was a faithful citizen of the universe. We are here to-day to bear testimony to the fact that he was a faithful citizen of the eternal world

Die unabhängige Heimstätte.--Beilage.

Band 1. **Egg Harbor City, den 1. August 1858.** **No. 20.**

Der landwirthschaftliche Verein.

Wir geben in dieser Nummer nochmals eine Ansprache des landwirthschaftlichen Vereins, deren Lesung wir allen Aktionären empfehlen. Da der Raum beschränkt ist, so haben wir absichtlich den Theil der Darstellung fallen lassen, der die Resultate der kleinen Einzahlungen nach fünf Jahren ausspricht. Diese Resultate sind schon in dem früheren Aufsatze in No. 17 hinreichend angegeben und so enorm groß, daß man kaum sie begreift. Wenn man aber bedenkt, wie viele Leute in der Nähe großer Städte bloß durch den Betrieb von Milchfarmen reich geworden sind, so fällt das Mährchenhafte der Berechnung ziemlich weg. Nimmt man im Allgemeinen an, daß eine für $30 angekaufte gute Kuh bei guter Fütterung und Wartung täglich nur 10 Cents Reinertrag liefert, was eine sehr geringe Annahme ist, und daß der Erlös, so oft er hinreichend ist, eine andere Kuh gleicher Güte zu kaufen, dazu verwendet wird, die Zahl der Kühe zu vermehren, und so das Geschäft zu erweitern, so ergiebt eine Berechnung des Ertrages von fünf Jahren, wenn man mit einer Kuh anfängt, weit über $3000. Diese Berechnung würde freilich für einen Anfang mit einer einzigen Kuh schon deshalb nicht zulässig sein, weil die Summen in den ersten drei Jahren zu unbedeutend wären, um eine Geschäftsführung daraus machen zu können. Nimmt man aber einen Anfang mit 50 bis 100 Kühen an, so ist die Berechnung nicht nur zuverlässig, sondern die wahrscheinlichen Resultate sind noch günstiger. Man kann mit ziemlicher Zuverlässigkeit annehmen, daß es kein einträglicheres Geschäft im gewöhnlichen Leben giebt, als eine gut geführte Milchbauerei. Besonders ist Leuten mit geringen Mitteln anzurathen, diese Mittel zusammen-

[illegible] unter [illegible]

gegen Stadt unter [illegible] und zuverlässigen Leuten einzurichten. Wer den Betrag einer Jahre zu 8077 Kühen an! — Also jede einzelne Kuh ist in 5 Jahren zu 134 Kühen von einem Totalwerthe von mehr als 4000 Thalern heran gewachsen!

Daraus lassen sich die großen Gewinne gut geführter Milchfarmen und die Reichthümer erjenigen erklären, welche dieses Geschäft im Großen in fester systematischer Weise betreiben. Eine systematisch und ehrlich geführte Gesellschaft könnte aber solche enorme Resultate um so eher erzielen, als sie nicht Familien mit ihren tausend Bedrfnissen und mit dem Gewinne steigenden Ansprüchen zu versorgen hat, welche die anfangs geringern Resultate aufzehren und so das Erreichen der großen verhindern.

In vorstehender Berechnung ist keine Rücksicht genommen auf mögliche Unglücksfälle, Seuchen u. dgl. m. Gesetzt aber auch, daß die Hälfte des Ganzen auf diese Weise geopfert werden würde, so bliebe immer noch das glänzendste Geschäft übrig, indem das Grundkapital immer nochum das sechsundsechzigfache sich vermehrte in 5 Jahren! — Wer ist da so arm, daß er nicht zehn — zwanzig — dreißig — oder nach Möglichkeit einige hundert Dollars in einem Unternehmen sagen wollte, das so Ungeheueres verspricht?

Da der landwirthschaftliche Verein sich mit der Bebauung der Farmen der Theilnehmer nach den erprobtesten Grundsätzen und Erfahrungen befassen will, so weiß der Schreiber dieses kein besseres Mittel, seine Farmen in der neuen Anstellung in agricultur fähigen Stand setzen zu lassen, als daß er für jede Farmaktie eine Aktie im landwirthschaftlichen Vereine nimmt, und zwar aus derjenigen Klasse, welche nur ein Jahr einzahlt und dann fünf Jahre die Erfolge abwartet, während welcher Zeit der Verein alle Farmender

[illegible] Kuh

fand für jede Farm geliefert haben wird, nun seine Erfolge mit seinen Berechnungen und

[illegible]

Norm der erste Hauptplan (siehe Blatt No. 17) beibehalten worden.

1. Abtheilung 1. Classe.

Ganze Aktien, mit $10 Haupt-Einlage und wöchentlich 28 Cents durch die ganze Periode von 5 Jahren, ununterbrochen Bezüge. Am Schluß des 1. Jahres Eine, und am Schlusse des 2., 3. 4. und 5. Jahres je 2 Kühe, in Summa nach 5 Jahren 9 Kühe und so weiter, wie in der unabhängigen Heimstätte N. 17 bezeichnet ist.

1. Abtheilung 2. Classe.

Ganze Aktien, mit $10 Haupt-Einlage, durch das erste Jahr, sonach 52 Wochen, per Woche 28 Cents, im 2., 3., 4. und 5. Jahre frei von allen Zahlungen, da der Inhaber von Aktien 2. Classe kein Vieh innerhalb der Periode von fünf Jahren beziehen, sondern als ihr Eigenthum und zur Nutz-Verwendung zu ihren Gunsten beim Vereine stehen lassen, und erst am Periodenschluß in Empfang nehmen. Dadurch steigt die Zahl der Aktien und der Kühe bedeutend, und der weitere Rein-Ertrag wird auf Farm-Cultur ꝛc. des Aktionärs verwendet, wodurch eine Farm von 20 Acker ganz cultivirt werden mag.

2. Abtheilung 1. Classe.

Getheilte Aktien, à ¼ Aktie mit einer Haupt-Einlage von $2.50 und wöchentlich 7 Cents durch alle 5 Jahre.

Für ½ Aktie Haupt-Einlage $5.00, wöchentlich 14 Cents durch alle 5 Jahre.

Für ¾ Aktie Haupt-Einlage $7.50, wöchentlich 21 Cents durch alle 5 Jahre.

Bezüge für ¼ Aktie am Schlusse des zweiten Jahres 1 Kuh, und so fort 1 Kuh am Schlusse

[illegible] Jahres. Sonach in 5 Jahren

4 Kühe, mit Antheil an einen Zuchtstier auf 50

Diese Bau-Capitalien erhalten die Baulustigen baar zum Zwecke des Baues in jedem beliebigen Jahresschluß in der bei dem Abverlangen bestehenden Größe, und wird deren planmäßige Verwendung von der Direktion geleitet.

3. Abtheilung 2. Classe.

Für Stadt-Baulots-Besitzer wie Abtheilung 3, 1. Classe, nur mit dem Unterschiede, daß die nach dem ersten Jahre monatlich anfallenden Bezüge an den Egg Harbor Bau- u. Darlehen-Verein abgegeben werden, von welchem der Baulustige nach den dort geltenden Normen die Bau- — resp. Darlehens- — Beträge in beliebiger Zeit entnehmen kann.

4. Abtheilung 1. und 2. Classe.

Für Auswärtige, d. h. für nicht bei der Gloucester Farm und Land-Gesellschaft oder der Egg Harbor City Gründung Betheiligte.

Diese ganzen Aktien beziehen jedes Jahr eine Kuh, geben gleiche Einzahlungen wie Abtheilung 1, 1. Classe, und zwar alle Jahre fortlaufend.

Da diese Aktien nur Auswärtige zeichnen können, so werden selbe zur Zeit in öffentl. Blättern näher bezeichnet.

5. Abtheilung.

Diese bis zu ein sechszehntel getheilten Aktien sind als Honorar für die Herren Agenten des Vereins bestimmt, und werden denselben speziell näher bezeichnet und erläutert.

Aus der Darstellung dieser Aktien-Abtheilungen und Classen kann nun zur vollen Genüge entnommen werden, daß der landwirthschaftliche Verein sich nicht, wie von mehreren Seiten verstanden werden wollte, blos mit Viehzucht, sondern mit durch Zwischen einer rationellen Landwirthschaft beschäftigt, [illegible]

gelegen und ein Wirthshaus [illegible] grossen Stadt unter tüchtigen und zuverlässigen Leuten einzurichten. Wer den Betrag einer ganzen Kuh oder einiger Kühe einlegen kann, soll es thun, und wer nur eine halbe oder gar nur eine viertel Summe zum Ankaufe einer Kuh auflegen kann, soll auch dieses thun. Der Anfang muß aber erst dann gemacht werden, wenn wenigstens fünfzig Kühe können angekauft und die nöthigen Baulichkeiten hergestellt werden. Dieses fordert eine Summe von etwa $2000. Dann sollte man noch $600 bis 1000 in Händen haben, um zuerst das Futter ankaufen und das Geschäft in vollen Gang setzen zu können. Danach geht es selbst, weil in der Nähe großer Städte der Markt für Milch, wenigstens hier im Osten, nie mangelt. In Philadelphia allein könnte der Ertrag von einigen Tausend Kühen täglich mehr verkauft werden. Gute ungewässerte Milch wird in Familien immer mit 8 Cts. per Quart bezahlt. Die gewöhnliche halb gewässerte Milch bringt immer 6 Cts. Man kann im Großen an gute Häuser (Confettioner, Bäker, Hotels u. s. w.) irgend eine Quantität (ungewässert) zu 5 bis 6 Cents absetzen. Der Transport bis auf 40 Meilen per Eisenbahn oder Dampfboot kommt nicht über einen halben Cent per Quart. Man kann also immerhin 4 Cents per Quart netto annehmen. Rechnet man nun im Durchschnitt für sämmtliche Unterhaltungskosten einer Kuh 2 Cents für jede Quart Milch, die sie giebt, was hoch gegriffen ist, so bleiben bei einer durchschnittlichen Produktion von 5 Quart Milch per Tag 10 Cents Reinertrag. Hat man nun 60 Kühe, so geben dieselben täglich 6 Dollar Reinertrag, also alle 5 Tage den Betrag für eine neue Kuh, was im ersten Jahre allein 73 Kühe liefert. Da nun diese Kühe während des Jahres gekauft werden, so hat man auch von ihnen den durchschnittlichen Ertrag eines halben Jahres, was mit Einschluß der aus diesen erwachsenden Erträgen im Ganzen 30 neue Kühe im ersten Jahre in den Stall führt, so daß man am Schluß des ersten Jahres im Ganzen 163 Kühe hat. Diese Zahl wächst auf dieselbe Weise im zweiten Jahre zu 426, diese im dritten Jahre zu 1136, diese im vierten Jahre zu 3029, diese im fünften

stand für jede Farm geliefert haben wird, nun seine Erfolge mit seinen Berechnungen und Erwartungen übereinstimmen. Zu diesem Zwecke soll eine Aktie für jede Farm hinreichen.

Es ist gegenwärtig jede Aussicht vorhanden, daß bald drei- bis fünfhundert Aktien gezeichnet sein werden. Alsdann tritt der Verein gleich in Thätigkeit.

Abgesehen von dem enormen Gewinne für die beitretenden Aktionäre dieses Vereins, wird ein Wirken von dem höchsten Erfolge für die Ansiedlung sein. Anstatt den langsamen und wenig einträglichen Weg der allmähligen Anzucht von Kühen einzuschlagen, geht dieser Verein den kürzen direkt zum Ziele führenden Weg des Ankaufens des besten Viehes aus den benachbarten Staaten. Ja, es wird sogar beabsichtigt, die meisten Kälber zu schlachten und an die Büter von Egg Harbor City zu verkaufen, und immer neue milchgebende Kühe anzukaufen. Der Absatz der Milch zu den allerhöchsten Preisen ist in Egg Harbor City, in Philadelphia, Atlantic City, Cape May und New York durchaus unbegrenzt.

Landwirthschaftlicher Verein
der Egg-Harbor-Stadt- und Gloucestr-Land-Gemeinde.

Nachdem am 16. vorigen Monats eine Versammlung in Egg Harbor City zur Berathung und näheren Erklärung des Zweckes und künftigen Wirkungskreises des oben bezeichneten Vereins abgehalten, und von der provisorischen Direktion beschlossen wurde, in Berücksichtigung der gegenwärtig sehr gedrängten Zeitverhältnisse durch Ausgabe von getheilten Aktien nun auch noch den Wenigstbemittelten den Beitritt zum landwirthschaftlichen Vereine zu ermöglichen, so wird Nachstehendes den sämmtlichen Farm- und Stadt-Lots-Aktionären zur geeigneten Beachtung und zum Zwecke der Beitritts-Erklärung bekannt gegeben.

1) Die Aktien des landwirthschaftlichen Vereins sind nunmehr in 5 Abtheilungen, und die ersten 4 dieser Abtheilungen jede in 2 Classen eingetheilt. Für Leistungen und Bezüge ist das

4 Kühe, mit Antheil an einen Zuchtstier auf 50 Kühe.

Bezüge für ½ Aktie am Schlusse des 2., 3., 4. und 5. Jahres, jedesmal 2 Kühe; sonach in 5 Jahren 8 Kühe und Antheil am Zuchtstier.

Bezüge für ¼ Aktie am Schlusse des 2., 3., 4. und 5. Jahres, jedesmal 3 Kühe; sonach in 5 Jahren 12 Kühe und Antheil am Zuchtstier.

Da bei diesen getheilten Aktien am Anfange des zweiten Jahres ¼ Aktie auf ½ Aktie steigt,

" " ½ " " 1 " "

" " ¾ " " 1½ " "

so kommen die Haupt-Einlagen im 2. Jahre und die Wochenbeträge nach dem gegebenen Maßstabe im 2., 3., 4. und 5. Jahre zu bezahlen, so daß, wenn alle Zahlungen durch 5 Jahre berechnet, und nur auf die zu empfangenden Kühe gelegt werden wollen, eine schöne, gute Milchkuh durchschnittlich nur auf $ 9.44 zu stehen kommt.

2. Abtheilung 2. Classe.

Getheilte Aktien zu ¼, ½ und ¾ Aktie mit Bezug des Milchviehes erst am Periodenschlusse wie bei Abtheilung 1, 2. Classe. Einzahlungen wie oben Abtheilung 2, 1. Classe, jedoch die Wochenbeiträge nur 1 Jahr zu 52 Wochen, da diese Beiträge aus dem Rein-Ertrage des stehenden Viehes weiter gedeckt werden.

In dieser Abtheilung und Classe können auf Farm-Cultur und andere Verbesserungen verhältnißmäßig große Summen als reiner Gewinn verwendet werden.

3. Abtheilung 1 Classe.

Für Stadt-Baulots-Besitzer. Ganze und getheilte Aktien zu ¼, ½, ¾ und 1 ganze Aktie oder Mehr. Haupt- und Wochen-Einlagen wie Abtheilung 2, 2. Classe nur 1 Jahr. Diese Aktien beziehen kein Vieh, wenn sie nicht ein oder einige Stücke besonders wünschen, sondern das Vieh wird verkauft, der Erlös zum Milch-Reinertrag geschlagen, und die so sich entziffernde Summe zum Zwecke des Häuserbaues am Schlusse eines jeden beliebigen Jahres abgegeben.

Aller Ertrag der Aktien dieser Abtheilung kann aber nur in Egg Harbor City verwendet werden.

Landwirthschaft beschäftigt, insbesondere mit der Cultur der Farmen im größtmöglichsten Maßstabe, und daß es nur darauf ankommt, ob z. B. alle Farm-Besitzer sich betheiligen, und es müßten innerhalb 5 Jahren alle Farmen in dem Maßstabe der Betheiligung ihrer Besitzer in Cultur und Betrieb sein, und dieß ist einer der Grundpfeiler des raschen Gedeihens und sichern Fortschreitens der jungen Ansiedlung in Stadt und Land.

Die verschiedenen Einwendungen und Anfragen sind in der Versammlung vom 16. v. Mts. besprochen und beantwortet worden, und alle Anwesenden zeigten sich vollkommen befriedigt; dafür giebt die starke Betheiligung von Seiten der Bewohner des Gloucester Landes den unwiderlegbarsten Beweis. Sie haben die Bedürfnisse in Loco, sie haben die zu überwindenden Schwierigkeiten kennen gelernt, und begrüßen den landwirthschaftlichen Verein mit lauter und thätiger Anerkennung seiner ebenso wohlgemeinten als segenbringenden Bestrebungen.

Einzeichnungen auf ganze oder getheilte Aktien mit Angabe der Classe werden noch bis zum 10. September d. J. entgegen genommen, und können bei allen Herren Agenten bethätigt werden. Nach dem 10. September werden die Listen geschlossen und ist vor dem 1. Mai 1859 eine Betheiligung *nicht mehr statthaft. Eine Ausnahme* hiervon machen die Aktien für Stadtlots-Besitzer und Auswärtige, welche fortwährend beitreten können.

Die Herren Agenten der Gloucester Landgut- und Stadt-Gesellschaft werden freundlichst ersucht, die Einzeichnungslisten am 12. September an den Secretär des landwirthschaftl. Vereins in Egg Harbor City gefälligst einzubefördern.

Einzahlungen können an Herrn Schatzmeister Wolsieffer in Egg Harbor City eingesendet werden, und gelten noch für dieses ganze Vereins-Jahr.

Egg Harbor City, den 21. Juni 1858.

Die prov. Direktion.

C. Koerper, Inspektor.

P. M. Wolsieffer, Schatzmstr.

Ph. M. Kleiber, Sekretär.

1466

"The Ladder of Life."

There is a golden Ladder
From heaven to earth let down :
And they who reach its topmost round
Shall win a golden crown !
Down from the heights eternal
To lowest plains of earth
The Angels drop the shining stairs
At every mortal's birth !

Unseen they throng as guardians
On every golden stair,
Ascending or descending
God's gifts to ask or bear.
They take our sighs and prayers,
In golden vials stored,
And pour them out, as incense,
Before th' ascended Lord.

For each the Ladder rises !
Far off the end appears—
But step by step we climb it
Through our advancing years.
Sometimes the way grows weary,
And long the steep incline ;--
Skies overhead are dreary,
Or fierce the sunbeams shine !

Sometimes the path is shorter.
One just begins to tread
The golden way when, suddenly,
Heaven opens o'er his head !
The "glory" shines around him,
The jewelled walls arise ;—
He hears the rapturous anthem
Of saints in Paradise !

And, bliss beyond all other,
With which none may compare,
More than all saints far glorious,
He sees his Saviour there
With nail-pierced hands to greet him ;
His brow, once scarred with thorns,
Refulgent with the diadem
That God's dear Son adorns !

The golden Ladder, trodden
From earth to heaven, ends :—
Within the gates each Angel
His precious charge attends !
All toil and labor ended,—
All sorrow over past, —
The home, so long expected,
The soul enjoys at last.

O happy end of living !
O joyous end of pain !
There life goes on forever !
There earthly loss is gain !
O thou bowed down with sorrow,
With burdens sore oppressed ;
Beyond the Golden Ladder
God gives His promised rest.

J. C. M.

John C. Middleton

Sept. 24th 1888. Monday M. Sevance. Tenn.

The confusion & hurry of moving are upon me once more. A time of trial, unsettledness, & unrest. At last, after repeated stretching out of the time, that big "Elephant", the Altar & Reredos, is gone & now on its way to Washington. Three large boxes or crates, & my room looked empty indeed when all had been taken away. But it is a relief to have them gone thus far — & I am thankful. A free pass over the R.R. from Atlanto is in my hands, & expenses of packing etc. are paid, & the bills of lading sent to Dr. Tavenner. But now arises a difficulty. The terrible pestilence "yellow fever" rages in Florida & the people are fleeing in every direction. Already the plague has appeared in several other places, & the South is in consternation. Strict quarantine is established, & among others Chattanooga has shut itself up from the outside world. As I would have to pass that way, my road is for the present effectually blocked. Frosts may come & bring security against the disease, but until then I am kept here or in Nashville, that is if we soon can get there. For although we keep on making ready, the money for the move is as yet not in our hands, nor do we know when from it is to come except by faith.

And surely I have worked hard enough for months past, & with much delaying hindrances & all kinds of difficulties, for if it can be said truthfully of any undertaking of magnitude that it was all done by hand, that particular Church work is the one. My courage should utterly have failed if at the beginning I could have foreseen the numerous obstacles by which my labor was to be beset & interfered with, & which I had to overcome literally inch by inch with persistent effort. Under similar circumstances I would never dream to engage in another such enterprise, even for large compensation instead of being some $500.— out of pocket.

Oct. 7th 1888.
Sunday, 19th after
Trinity, P.M.
Nashville, Tenn.

The move is made, the house is occupied, the new start in life is made. We are here, 604 Woodland St. East Nashville, formerly Edgefield, in a one story frame cottage with four large rooms, kitchen & servants room, & roomy yard in the rear. The horse cars run past the door across the bridge to the "Square" & give easy communication. Our goods have come substantially uninjured, but of course at considerable expense, & after two days of delay which we had partly to spend in hotels. We arrived here from Sewanee on Thursday 7 P.M. & at once went to the nearest hotel on account of our invalid daughter, but not finding it satisfactory, changed for the "Nicholson" the next morning. My funds ran low; no news of relief came from Washington, & I made a bold attempt to borrow. Gen. Thruston kindly lending me his endorsement to obtain from the Bank $75.—. There being sure prospect of work & income ahead, & under the pressure of circumstances I dared venture on such a course. — In the Most Holy Name this great change has been undertaken, & I have firm trust that by His grace it will not miscarry.

Nov. 20th 1888.
Monday night,
Nashville, Tenn.

Yes, a new start in life certainly — for the lane takes unexpected twists & turns. I can not see yet whither they will lead me. I have begun work at the Art-school, have been patiently at it for three weeks, have also been in Washington to set up the Altar & Reredos & again returned home, only to find the same condition of things unchanged & with no visible prospects of change. That is to say, the School, so far as my own part in it is concerned, has indeed thus far proven a venture without realized results: It was thought that pupils would flock in by the score to learn

the delightful art of woodcarving & I would be overwhelmed with business & fortune. The business truely has presented itself, for during several weeks Mr. Chambers was quite ill & I had to take the work in his class of students, but the first "red cent" of income from that quarter has not yet made its appearance. My own class (for modelling) has been number one, a very interesting & talented young Lady, Miss Mary Rainer, & whom I take pleasure to teach, — yet this one required my daily presence as much as twenty, cut up my time, interrupted my home work, & very sensibly diminished what I ought to have accomplished for my support. How long can this sort of thing go on? — Plainly, unless a speedy change takes place I must resign my position as "Professor" — what a high-sounding title! — & go back to former wonted practise all by myself. In a talk with Mr. Chambers I plainly intimated to him the necessity.

Perhaps the Lord is not willing I should make my living out of a lot of girls some of them poor, when for so many years the principle ruled with me that I must give freely what freely I had received. To be sure, the position was not of mine own chosing. It seemed a providential opening for securing a livelihood, & so give me leasure & opportunity for better works. I followed what appeared to be a lead. Syracuse mountain was injuring the health of my wife; there seemed positively no more there for me to do & live. All circumstances conspired to urge the removal: And yet it is a matter of actual fact that nothing but hindrance & difficulty presented themselves all along during the preperation, removal, & since I am here. Possibly they were incident, — & possibly we exaggerate their meaning. Possibly also the new position requires time for development of results. But the daily expenses go on relentlessly

& will not wait for the favorable change, & so I shall soon have to come to a resolve.

And I have been to Washington, — spent over a fourth night on the trip. It was one emphatically for work & not for social enjoyment, because I could see very little of most of my friends. To some of them I paid brief visits: the Laumans, Lookers, & Reverdys in Georgetown, & the Calhouns in Washington. Of Dr. Townsend I saw necessarily a great deal, & I spent two nights with my dear friend & brother Rev James G. Buck & family out in the ideal Rectory opposite the "Soldiers Home." Nor must I be forgotten — or rather omitted, because forgotten in any sense she could not be — the renewal of an old aquaintance of now many years ago at the time I held frequent Services in German for my friend Dr. Siegmund in New York City & he introduced her to me as very dear & a zealous fellow-helper in his work at Rome N.Y. in the parish that came badly over into our Communion from Romanism, Mrs. Florence Huntington Wing by name. She sought me out at the Church of the Incarnation, & it took but a little while to draw us together as if indeed we had had intercourse for many years. — A strange thing it is, this harmony of spirits, going out in mutual love. — Of course, my home in the city was with my sons, Fred & Eugene; Fred keeping house in G. St. near 23? St. — the home of a poor man, to be sure, for he has to labor hard in the City Post Office for small pay, but I was only too glad to see my boys again after nearly three years of seperation. Eugene, beside his engagment as inspector of Water works is studying Medicine & enthusiastically interested. Hallie & the little one are in good health.

As to that Church work, it is at last off my hands & care. Two weeks more of toil had to be given, & on Saturday

Nov. 3d — my 65th birthday. The scaffolding was removed, & I saw it myself for the first time in its entirety. It is harmonious & of good proportions, & did not disappoint ~~ment~~. This I say in regard to my own judgment & feelings. The opinion of other people is all in its favor. Dr. Tadlesend, & the donors, are enthusiastic over it. The first dedication of the Altar was on Sunday Nov. 4th when I had the privilege of celebrating in the early morning the holy Mysteries upon this work of mine own hands. — Blessed be God for the honor that I was favored to make this work & consecrate it to His holy Name & service.

Dec. 30th 1888.
Sunday P. M.
Nashville. Tenn.

The last day but one of this year is gone. It has been one of signal experience in my life. — Two of my old friends among the clergy have laid themselves to rest: one in the full ripeness of old age, a sheaf of grain fit for the garners of Heaven; the other cut off in the middle of his years, worn out with labors & cares, but fragrant with virtue & holiness, & leaving behind a memory blessed indeed. — And now there lies in the next room an expressively weak & wasted form, unable to lift her head from the pillow, & needing attention day & night which nobody can give but her own mother, who for over a month has neither gone to bed or changed clothes save for washing. Poor Lena, the once strong & energetic, is a very far gone consumptive. I believe that only a mysterious Providence has kept her alive this long. How much longer she can last — who knows? — And so with the waning year she has faded away until her lamp of life burns very low.

We are in doubt. Many prayers, from many, have gone up for her restoration. All means within possible reach, even to pure faith, have been resorted to. But the Lord will not be entreated, — & so, at last, we have resigned her, & rather pray that her sufferings

may not be prolonged. — It will be a keen grief to part with her. She is our eldest child, & only daughter. It is always dark in the house when the shadow of death passes over the threshold. Nor does the light from Paradise take away the sombre blackness: it only illumines the one side of the sphere, very brightly indeed, but leaving the one turned earthward in night & dearkness. ~~Death~~ Dying can be triumphant, — but the hero is left on the battlefield.

And we have effected another move this year. It was compulsory, & we trust for the best. But what we hoped has turned to disappointment, namely the Art-school, so far from yielding a support, has only cost me time & effort. It therefore must be given up, — for which in truth I am not sorry, I need my time for other things than teaching the rudiments to greenhorns. Let those follow the occupation who love it & have no other destiny. I can be of more use to art-students, to the public, the Church, & perhaps posterity, by trying to paint good pictures of select subjects, & to this, God helping me, beside that I must make a living by whatever possible means, I must apply myself.

Notwithstanding our afflictions, & rather because of them, God's mercies have been to us manifold during the year. Praise the Lord for all His goodness! Among them, Kind friends not a few are of the most precious. For these & their true sympathy I thank God in daily devotion. Our tribulation has sent streams of good-will into our house. — And so, with tears of sorrow & of joy we let the old year depart, & trustingly, with eyes raised from the dust of toil heavenward, like the "Wise Men" to the "Star of Bethlehem", we enter the new.

Marie Magdalena Oertel, aged 36 years and two months, passed into the rest of Paradise Monday Jan. 7th. at 12.30 P.M.

Blessed are the dead in the Lord. Even so, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors. Amen.

January 8th 1889.
Tuesday, P.M.
Nashville, Tenn.

The Epiphany has come to our household. In a strange guise, that of bereavement & sore affliction, yet radiant with peace & glory; — with suffering & anguish to the last, but the pain as the gate of triumph & everlasting joy. — Oh! how mysterious & wonderful the ways of the Father above are with His own children. We stand in awe & bewildered before His strange leading.

How still is this house after the many months of pain & trial! The wasted body, beautiful in its long sleep, lies in the casket in the room of her patient suffering. To morrow morning we shall consign it to the grave for glorious resurrection. Epiphany Festival, being Sunday, after Morning Service, Confirmation, & H. Communion in St. Anne's Church, I spent the Evening, & then all the night, & the following forenoon with her mother in the sickroom. I read to her the Days grand Lessons, & Epistle & Gospel at our night devotions. She endured great distress, & life struggled with death for the mastery unwilling to be conquered. When she seemed almost gone & apparently unconscious, the Bishop came with Rev. Mr. Martin our pastor. To our great surprise she answered the Bishops question whether she could receive the blessed Sacrament with the sweetest smile & radiant face, & all being made ready, we gathered for the last time in this life around her bed in the holy Mysteries. It was a true comfort to her & us. — Soon after, a little past noon, the Lord pleased to receive her spirit unto Himself, — & there was peace.

No one was with us all that night, & at the close. All was sacred to ourselves alone. — Great is our loss indeed, — but the LORD be praised for all He has sent, pain, sorrow, bereavement, & large store of consolation. The light of His favor breaks through the dark cloud of our grief in comforting rays. We dare not repine.

Poetry.

A GOOD FRIDAY MEDITATION.

BY THE REV. JOHN C. MIDDLETON.

Before the Cross, whose cruel wood
Upbears the dying Son of God,
To-day my only thought shall be;
He died thereon for love of me!

For love of me! Ah! dearest Lord,
My heart seems bursting at the word—
Thy passion in Gethsemane—
Those drops of blood—for love of me?

For love of me! Was it for this
Thou did'st endure the traitor's kiss—
The judgment hall's indignity,
The robes of scorn—for love of me?

For love of me, did'st thou essay,
So weak and faint, along the way
That led to awful Calvary,
To bear Thy Cross? For love of me?

For love of me! Thy riven side—
Thy pierced limbs, O Crucified?
Thy crown of thorns—the misery
Of quenchless thirst—for love of me?

For love of me? Nought I can say,
Or do, such love can e'en repay:
With all my soul would I love Thee,
And so return Thy love for me.

My love for Thee—like all the earth,
Is weak, I know, and little worth;
Yet all I have I give to Thee,
Because, dear Lord, Thou lovest me.

My love for Thee wilt thou refine
And make it daily more like Thine;
Until my heart's affections be
Entirely wrapt, dear Lord, in Thee.

Jan. 9th & 1889.
Wednesday P. M.
Nashville, Tenn.

Asleep in Jesus & at rest. Peace for evermore. Amen.

All is over, we have lain her into the cold earth, "Dust von Gott ynfeit, dan laya dar Gaxbnu zu vaifan," and we lonely parents have returned home where she will come no more. Oh! my gracious God, what a dreary vain there is here! — I may not dwell upon the past expecting as prophesy of the future, grant to me visions of the life she is gone into, & whither we also must follow. — It is heart breaking to part, to take the last look, & just once more touch the cold still form, — ah, so still, & so cold! — What is there in all the world like the stillness of death?

"The strife is o'er, the battle done,
The victory of life is won;
The song of triumph has begun:
Hallelujah!"

How better could her course of life, long illness & much suffering, & her present state of peace be described than in these words, the first of the two hymns sung in the Church — 82. Ams — at her funeral? I cited to myself these same words when news came to me of my old little mothers going at last to sleep. She entered the Church for the first time in her coffin, & my poor wife as her sorely stricken mourner. More beautiful courts of the Lord have opened to her, — & what a great company of loved ones were ready to welcome her home! The many names & faces cluster thick about her now.

She was taken from our house to the Church at 10 A.M. Our dear & loving Bishop was there with the Rector & read the Sentences, & again said the Nicene Creed, Lesser Litany, & Concluding prayers, — words that I had used so often at her bedside. They have a fuller meaning now. A long ride to Mt Olivet Cemetery, the concluding service at the grave in a terribly cold wind, the snow now & then struggling through the

HERE AND THERE.

WE sit beside the lower feast to day,
She at the higher,
Our voices falter as we bend and pray.
In the great choir
Of happy saints she sings and does not tire.

We break the bread of patience and the wine
Of tears we share.
She tastes the vintage of that glorious vine
Whose branches fair
Set for the healing of the nations are.

I wonder, is she sorry for our pain?
Or if, grown wise,
She, wondering, smiles and counts them idle, vain,
These heavy sighs,
These longings for her face and happy eyes.

Smile on, then, darling, as God wills is best.
We loose our hold,
Content to leave thee to the deeper rest,
The safer fold,
To joy's immortal youth while we grow old.

Content the cold and wintry day to bear,
The icy wave,
And know thee in immortal summer there,
Beyond the grave.
Content to give thee to the love that gave.

—*Susan Coolidge.*

Form No. 3.

DAILY MORNING REPORT FOR ..... 188 .

STREETS.	NUMBER ON HOUSE.	LEAKS. 1ST EXAM.	LEAKS. 2D EXAM.	WASTE OF WATER. FROM WHAT?	NAME.	REMARKS.

Jan. 21st. 89

Dear Father.-

I write you from a sad house this morning. Hattie was taken from us very suddenly last night at 10.30 o'clock. I break the news to Mother as gently as possible. Poor Fred is almost distracted.

Gene.

grey sky; the placing of the many flowers our friends had sent, after the grave was filled, — then we went shivering to our carriage to leave her forever behind & go to our desolate home.

So much sympathy & kindness has poured in upon us! Thanks be to God for the consolation.

And how death & life flow into each other so strangely! — On the same day the chill darkness struck her, there was born to my eldest son, Fred, at Washington, a little daughter who is to be named after Lena. — So they come, & go. — the long procession — until ourselves join the line passing out, & our place shall "know us no more."

Aye indeed, — death & life do flow into each other. How the strokes do come to us with this new year! — The mother who gave birth on the day Lena died to the child which is to be named after her, is now herself gone to the long rest.

Jan. 23d 1889. Wednesday P.M. Nashville. Tenn.

We were startled this morning with the news of her altogether sudden death. Fred was not at home, — Eugene only. She fainted, revived a little, & presently was gone. When Fred came home at night, he had to be met by his brother with the terrible news. What a shock to both! God be merciful to my poor bereaved boy & his two motherless children. How he must be bowed down! — And dear Eugene all alone at home at such a time! — We were stricken when Lena died, — but the blow was mild & gentle compared to this. — Probably, Hattie has been buried this P.M. at Morgantown, alongside her first-born Adelaide who was laid into her grave on Christmas Day two years ago.

Their household is broken up: The children are at a friends house & thither the brothers also will follow. Ultimately we shall have to take these children into our home, if only something to do can be found for my poor hard struggling boy. — God help us!

March 12th 1889.
Tuesday A.M.
Nashville, Tenn.

We have with us now our widowed son Fred & his eldest girl Eugine. They have been here about two weeks. He seems well contented to be with us, although absence of fixed occupation has a tendency to depress him a little, sometimes. The infant he gave for a year or two in charge of his Mother-in-law, Mrs. Chambers, who has arrived with it at Morgantan N. C. from Washington.

My Dream.

I had last night a dream, remarkable for its features & the impression it made upon me. I seemed in the midst of a very large concourse of people & who were in great commotion on account of the expected arrival presently of the Lord Jesus among them. Myself stood near some doorway that gave a view out into the long hall, along which, when the door was opened by invisible hands I saw advancing a figure with the traditional marks of the Saviour unmistakenly impressed, but withal so lowly, so simple of garb & mean, yet so strong in feature, — spare, tall, like a suffering man, very grave, with a mysterious, searching look, & advancing into the assembly with a gliding, still, dignified motion, — & the impression at first was one of surprise, if not disappointment, because instead the Lord of glory He was so meek & poor & calm, — but as He came on into our midst, without any apparent outward change save a lightened increasing majesty, there came over me by quick degrees such a rushing flood of all the infinitude of satisfaction & never ending delight contained in this wonderful figure, such a sense of possession of divine love streaming out upon me & down into my innermost soul, that I stood in the most enraptured forgetfulness of all about me, only absorbed into the bliss without measure that came to me from this God man &

assured me there would be everlasting springs of happiness, although withal my deep unworthiness a great sinfulness was consciously present, but soon overpowered by an assurance none of these things would ever be remembered against me — & then the dream was gone. — Twice I seemed to see & feel it all.

April 2d 1889.
Tuesday, P. M.
Nashville, Tenn.

Yesterday a letter from my brother George in Newark N. J. brought me actual confirmation of the departure into life eternal of my old Master & beloved friend of many years, Johann Michael Enzingmüller. As near as George can tell me he died last year in June, & was buried in the cemetery where his wife & youngest daughter also sleep, & where both our own father & mother rest from their long life-struggle. He reached the age of 84 years, growing very feeble towards the last: — a wanderer worn out with toil & travel, & glad to reach home at last. For a number of years he had lived with his eldest, married daughter Mary. — Ah me! — what images of the past crowd upon me! — through how many years into the dim distance of my boyhood they lead my sad & musing thoughts; — back to the beginning of my art-life when first I knocked, a timid little fellow carrying a large roll of my drawings & a letter from Pfarrer Wilhelm Löhe "to introduce me," at the door of that upper long room on the "Spitalgärtnergasse" which was the "Atelier" of the great Artist who was to become my "Master", & heard his fine clear tenor voice call "Herein!" in a ringing cadence both melodious & earnest, — & on opening the door saw the man as he turned from his Engraver desk at which he was standing, busy on the very Crucifixion after Albert Durer that I got an heirloom from my friend Dr. Chs. W. Rankin & that now is on the walls of my bedroom! A somewhat tall figure in a green flannel wrapper, a shade over his eyes which presently he took off to reveal his

Newark N.J.

Der Friede unsres Herrn Jesu Christi mit Dir!

Lieber Wilhelm!

Obwohl ich jede Woche nach einem bekannten Lande aus der fernen Wildniß in Wisconsin dampfte, und von einem Tage zum andern lebte, so vergingen drei Monate — und ich wartete vergeblich. Dann ist mir's zufällig von vor langer Zeit aufgefallen hätte, daß Du an Esta Deine Adresse angabst, konnte ich eben vermuthen glauben, Du seyest mittlerweile mit dem Evie-Jan verbrannt, ertrunken oder vergiftet. — Möglicherweise könnten Dich uns die Deine Antwort Mühe oder Lärm zum Ärgerniß genommen haben. —

Daß Du Newark und Deine Freunde vergessen habest, kann ich bis jetzt nicht glauben, es müssen Dich, wenn Du gesund bist, besondere Gründe abhalten, etwas von Dir und Deinem Schicksale hören zu lassen. Da ich aber die Gründe nicht kenne, so habe ich endlich beschlossen, mich jedoch schon längst hätte thun sollen, das Bittschreiben zu brauchen. —

Weißt Du vielleicht schon, daß Dein Vetter Fisk in Amerika ist? — Dazu war mir als einem Verwandten das ist in der New-Yorker Staats-Zeitung eine Aufforderung an Dich, Deine Adresse durch dieses Blatt bekannt zu machen, mit der Unterschrift: Fisca. Ich schrieb eine Note an den Redakteur des Blattes, daß die Aufschrift bei mir ganz genau angegeben werden könne; aber Niemand kam zu mir, um Antwort zu holen, — ich habe deshalb meine Adresse nicht geschrieben, weiß nun freilich nicht mehr — ob die Aufforderung in der Zeitung an Dich, noch bleibt. Ich wußte nicht, wohl genau zu Ihm, sondern wartete, ob nicht Jemand bei mir nach Deinem Aufenthalte fragen würde; das aber, wie gesagt, geschah nicht. Vielleicht hat Dein Schweigen von andrer Seite angegeben, wo Du bist? — Oder ist es von New-York abgereist? —

Das Neueste ist, daß ich verlobt bin, und zwar mit meiner liebenswürdigen Schülerin Miss Julie A. Torrey. — Da unsre Ehe noch weg, sie gefangen zu haben, diese schlanke, schwarzgekleidete Figur, mit klaren Augen, schwarzen, schwarzen Augen, und leiser Silberstimme? — Die ist es. Ihr Vetter hat sich vorgenommen, Freitag in Madison mit seiner getraut, etwa 18 Meilen von hier, und Julie kam heute Nachmittag oder Samstag nach 18 M. um ihrer Verwandten in Edmeston zu gratuliren. Du bist mir als mir Freund nie, so niemal mit ihrer Person zu beschäftigen, — das Ehe ist, und da fragt es sich denn, daß ich mich verliebte und verlobte — und Gott sei Dank gethan, daß ich es that, — ich würde nun für die ganze Welt es nicht ungethan haben wollen. Da nun ist meine Geliebte meine Braut, so muß ich sie pflegen und lieben — und ausserdem wachse und

lebt für mich keiner wie einen Gott. — Ja, Gott sei Dank, daß ich endlich eine Stelle fand, die mich lieben kann, ganz abgesehen von allen egoistischen Erwägungen, aus reiner Liebe des Herzens, um dessen Lust zu meiner Vervollkommnung ganz und gar beizutragen ich eine Pflicht für alle meine Freunde und Leidensgefährten finde. — Mein Leben und Lust, mehr beide betreffend in meinen eigenen Augen als Mensch, gestatten mir, glaube ich, jetzt wieder mehr, größere Entfernung genommen, — ich fühle wieder Mensch in menschlicher Gesellschaft, obwohl meinen Vorgang sich verurtheilen. Wenn es Gottes Wille ist, mich zu segnen, so will ich mich bestreben, durch jede erreichbare, jedoch nicht für, sondern jedenfalls in Brooklyn. Geldsachen habe ich zwar ein bestimmtes Ziel vor mir, wenn ich außer den Gelde, nothwendig zur Einrichtung und beschränkten Gebrauch, noch alle Schulden bezahlen will — das aber muß geschehen, ehe ich Newark verlasse.

Zum dritten erwarte ich von jede Woche meinen Bruder Erich hier; er ist bereits eine Woche zur See. Ich bin sehr begierig und verlangend, ihn wieder von Angesicht zu Angesicht zu sehen und zu sprechen. Wie werde mich diese drei Tage freundlich haben mag! — Und meinen Eltern — das Datum will ich hinzufügen, denn das muß mir das Herz sprengen. —

Nun habe ich nicht gefragt, wie es bei Dir, mit Dir und um Dich aussieht, und wie Deine Farm gedeiht? Ob nicht Dein Contract der Mühe sich zu nähren, und ihm Früchte zu tragen? Wenden mich in Deiner Brust entgegen Liebe zu meinen alten Freunden, welche mich der verlassenen Vergangenheit gütigen? — Hat mich die rauhe Wirklichkeit die zarten Gebilde der Phantasie unserer Kindheit barbarisch nicht handelt? — Indessen ich will nur Deinen wünschen als Du dich glücklich und in Deiner Arbeit findest, zufrieden mit deinem Loose Deiner eigenen Wahl, und gesegnet mit Gesundheit und Muskelkraft! Es fehlt in Deiner Lage der Cultur ganzlich an Vorgenügungen, wenn wir Philosophen genug sind, sie freundzufinden, und das sehr ja als ein gutartiges Element Deiner Existenz das Buch der verständigen Philosophie und der Bibel sein mit in den Wald zu nehmen; — somit kann ich glauben, daß Dein Herz völlig Ruhe ist in gnädigen Willen seines himmlischen Vaters und Herrn, und Dein Auge offen sei und Deine Leitende Hand in allem wahrzunehmen. Und mögen sie noch Deiner Tüchtigkeit bis sie sein mich dann aufgeben und fortschicken bis zu einem gelegenen Ende. ——— So aber pflegt es die Missionsstunde, wünschend ist sie hier noch in der Form mit Dir wird — ich kann nicht so viel schreiben, als ich gern wollte, denn Zeit ist jetzt sehr beschränkt; — Du kannst Dir kaum denken, wie ein neuen gelegen, wöchentlichen Verhältnisse ist Tag und Nacht zu arbeiten habe, — meinen Dich habe mich diesem Mangen vorlieb, und schreibe mir so bald die möglichen es kann. Mr. Coatsield hat mich schon von zwei Monaten nach Dir gefragt, — ich stelle es Dich wieder vor, was soll ich ihm antworten? Du weißt sehr wenig, ich kann nicht 20 Dollars. So mir den Betrag für Mr. West nicht auf mich nehmen, — ich habe Gelegenheit die Hälfte meiner eigenen Schulden zu decken, daran verwarte ich meinen Bruder; Meinen soll Du mit diesen Cautionen nicht gefährden, und es mir überlassen? — In meiner Lage stehe es noch so günstig, wie es war, — ich habe mich auf Monate Frieden der Brüder gefreut, da ich in Watzon war. — Schreibe bald. Gott sei mit Deinem neuen Leben mit Dir! — Grüße freundlich an Deinen alten Freund Johannes Hertel.

150 Broad-Street, Newark N.J.

My D.

It is all mystery, impenetrable, dark. ——
And here I stand, poor man! before it, mute,
And sore perplexed, and peer with wistful eye
Ahead, if through the dark perchance I might descry
The faintest ray to greet my heart, and make the way
Seem less confounding and easier to the feet.
Yet only gloom is there into the which
Blindfolded I must go, and step by step
I tread upon the air as from a precipice.
— and oh! at times
" " " pulses flutter, and my breath
Off is cut short, as when calamity,
Sudden and unexpected, doth strike home
Palsy to mind and will! — So strange it is,
Past reasoning and human sense! — A Power
Supreme holds sway inexorable, and leads
With silent might, demanding simple trust,
The quivering questioner right forward to his fate.
— And yet, a mystic softness there is in that Hand
Holding my own, and a somewhat thrills
From it to mine arresting fell despair,
And in most trying moments nerves
The sinking heart to courage. And I feel
In that strong palm a dent, as of a cruel nail;
Its touch so tender, though all-powerful,
A kind compulsion, a constraining secret care;
A touch of love unfathomable — supreme, unfathomable
Making to deepest depth into the heart, and bind it,
A willing captive with eternal chains.

I cannot ~~[illegible]~~ but ~~[illegible]~~ the gracious lead
though
~~through~~ in profound amazement, ~~and~~ dazed with fear,
labyrinthian
And stupified with speculation vain
~~[illegible]~~ is deasost, ~~[illegible]~~ paths more dark that turn
I know not whither. Through silence veils
The mighty Presence, ~~a no answer~~ comes to my anxious quest
~~No answer comes direct to satisfy~~ Somehow that mighty
Compelles a trembling trust, ~~[illegible]~~ calm
and ~~[illegible]~~ to my recollection
calls mystic words, so many ~~forgot~~ through years forgot;
When through the waters thou must pass, ~~[illegible]~~
I will be with Thee,
Or through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee;

and apparition is hushed. — no answer to questions.

Invisible that Power, ~~[illegible]~~
Of Calmest cloud an awful silence veils
The mighty Presence, save ~~[illegible]~~ "still small voice"
That whispers through the centuries amain
To listening, beating hearts from out the words
Writ by the Spirits messengers

surprisingly striking countenance, clouded round by great abundance of wavy ravenblack hair, & from which looked out a pair of correspondingly dark eyes with a glance keen & deep & unfalteringly direct & earnest & true. Kind withal was that face & stamped with the enthusiasm of genius & nobility & manly beauty, — & so he impressed the little boy that stood in awe & half-trembling expectation before him, for from his lips I was to learn my fate, whether he would have me as his pupil or not, — Long fifty two years have since then passed away, — forty one of them in this country, — & now the aged man & true friend has laid himself to rest — & there is for me one more treasure in Paradise. — Cruel necessity kept us apart for long periods, for it kept me even from my own brothers; — but how could my affection be ever any less for a man who once had been to me a father & friend in the truest sense & whom I loved with warmest & most sincere ardor & tenderness with all the devoted enthusiasm of a young heart that found itself understood to the innermost chambers of being!

How true the man was, of incorruptible honesty & transparent, firm veracity! — an inventive mind, original, bold, epic, & spiritual in thought, deeply religious, although peculiar also in many of his conceptions & practices. Many were the unique ideas he threw out like sparks from the glowing iron on the anvil. He wrote much, in prose & verse, but scarcely ever printed anything. He made some grand epic compositions; but the world has not seen them, knows nothing of them, & if it did, might not care.

Myself owe him a debt incalculable, — the kind of debt no man can repay, but by carrying into living action the principles imparted, & these, in the present case, were for holy, for Christian Art.

April 4th 1889.
Thursday a.m.
Nash. Tenn.

I have often questioned seriously whether, if in the abstract it is right, it is judicious & conducing to peace of mind, to form plans for the future. Our experience has been disastrous with many of our plans, for either they have been failures, or they have altogether been turned aside. And yet it seems a necessity for sentient beings to live according to preconceived rule & purpose, & in order of that a scheme must be laid, made beforehand, like the constitution of a society or people for government & the plans of a builder. For while we should have the Supreme Ruler to guide, & defer all our own plans to Him, nevertheless the exercise of our will & reason is legitimate & a prerogative He undoubtedly wishes us to practise, only subject to His supervision & final disposal. Our own circumstances are before us, & in a measure determine what can & what can not be done, & our experience might furnish data as to what we should best do in the future.

For many years in the past one feature of our experience has forced itself constantly upon our notice, namely the extreme uncertainty of my yearly income. In itself alone this fact contains an admonishing & directory force. This pickleness has a depressing tendency upon enterprize & energy & interferes with regularity of occupation. And yet it is not the worst feature. Back of it is another, more depressing still by far, namely that even this uncertain income is — has to be under existing circumstances — the product of all kinds of chance work, picked up by the way as it may offer, & for the most part entirely irrelevant to what is really my life-work, namely Christian Art: So that, while the irrepressible longing, the conscious duty, of spending the remainder of my days to most profit, is ever present with me, I mourn

the compulsory clutching at chance work for meeting the pressing necessities of the hour, & withal doing this in a very imperfect manner.

Now unless a deeper principle & of more importance were at stake, it would be wasting time & paper to record my head-struggles that I bear in common with thousands of others. But I conceive the Lord has given me a commission & that it is one of more than personal interest; & in this light a daily duty demands strictest attention, & I must see that this commission do not miscarry through any fault or neglect of mine. — God has recently led us through great afflictions. He has taken my daughter & daughter-in-law to Himself. My household has changed. My son is again with us. He has no settled occupation, is in fact without business. — Under these conditions we have naturally taken up again an old plan, that of getting a farm, which he can work, & which would give all of us our living. This would free me from the necessity of so much "chance-work". It would at once give me time for my best efforts — , & these in all probability would secure better success, every way.

Now we are under expenses that are inexorable. In a city every solitary item for living must be bought with ready money. Rent, servants wages, food, light, fuel, must be paid for, & they go on all the year round, & from year to year, without possible diminution. Rent alone is a heavy, & a galling expense, & withal, though we have a little House, I have no suitable studio. To secure this, I would have to go outside of the city.

June 9th 2d 1889.
Whitsun-Day,
Nashville, Tenn.

I — or we — have just finished an Altar for a church in South Pittsburg Tenn., a memorial by W. H. Townsend M.D. to his deceased wife. — I say We, because in this work my son has proved himself an efficient help, saving much that otherwise would have taken my own time. It has thus been shown practicable for me to accept other work of the same kind, & even to make an effort to obtain it & establish a sort of business in which I can act as artist & superintendant & have his assistance as artisan & mechanic. By practise he will soon become more skillful, & we can confidently, & most probably, earn a better living, even at very moderate prices, than painting does now afford.

Has it not seemed a crazy enterprize to go out & look at farms for sale, without any money at all to buy with? — Yet so possessed were we of the idea that some change must be made in our mode of living, & so hopeful a favorable arrangement might be effected, that it was done in spite of the knowledge we were acting as lunatics, or visionaries. If only this horrible rent-paying could be gotten rid of! It saps the vitality out of ones existence. Inexorable, constant, exhausting the means, it prevents our ever getting ahead with so small & uncertain an income. — We must still try at least to diminish the outgo.

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Aug. 18th 1889.
9th S. aft. Trin.
Nashville, Tenn.

"The dice is cast — another move ahead".

Yesterday, according to previous announcement, Prof. Halsey C. Ives, Director of the St. Louis School and Museum of Fine Arts, was here, offering me a position in that Institution on the following terms: $80 dollars for eight months, & one hundred agreed for my moving expenses, my afternoons only to be given from 1 to 4 P. M.

for general direction & assistance to the full-term class of students. As the Museum is connected with, & works under the charter of the University at St. Louis, there is not the uncertainty of private enterprise, & the facilities already existing make the School one of interest & profit for study.

When I received first the letter of Prof. Ives it occurred to me that his visit just at this time could not be one merely of private nature & purpose. Under this impression I calmed myself with the assurance the Good Lord above had something else in view for me which He was going to bring to pass than what we were now for a long time daily seeking here, all our plans and endeavors in positively every direction failing & moving away from us & out of our reach, while this matter, unthought of by ourselves, & unprepared, has come instead, asking simple acceptance. — Strange, very strange! — We looked at numerous little houses with reduced rents & a lot admitting of the building of a studio & workshop — provisionary of course. The offer of an acre of ground on the Glendale Dummy line was, through the intervention of friends renewed, on which then to erect our habitation & working house. But all now is cut short, & further search & effort made superfluous. — No doubt this is better. — True, I would not for myself chose it. I shall have to spend much time on the road between my house & the School. My thoughts & work will be much interrupted. — But again, I may have opportunity for helping many a one, — perhaps influencing beneficially for life. And I shall enjoy the grace of a certain income to meet the needs of my family, — & with that a heavy load will be lifted off my sore tired shoulders. — I have not yet pledged myself by

definite word, but the case is already anticipated and our removal from Nashville a settled matter.

And, Oh! what a years it has been here. We entered with mortal sickness & sorrow; I had to borrow money for the defraying of my journeying expenses; the promises of the Art School — the holding out of an income large enough to be a "moderate support", proved an utter failure & a dead loss of time & means; we laid the body of our dear daughter away in the cool earth against the Day of Resurrection of the Just; and since then it has been change & struggle, — change in our family, my widowed son & his eldest child living with us; — & the anxious reachings out to obtain an adequate support by a public profession, fair to promise, but deceitful as to temporal results. — So from the time we set our face towards this City, even to the present, disappointment & failure have attended, and although I made honest effort to remain here & cease my wanderings, all plans systematically miscarried & once more I am pushed onward, this time even beyond the great "Father of waters", & into new scenes & among new people — God's will be done! — I am helpless, & have committed myself altogether & unreservedly into His gracious hands. There I shall be safe enough. Amen.

We leave a precious bit of real estate behind us with its loved deposit; the 12 X 12 feet in the Mt. Olivet Cemetery, where we own a title & may at last claim ourselves a resting place when life's pilgrimage is drawing to its end. So much of "prosperity" we have, — no more.

Sunday Sept. 22d. 1889.
14th after Trin.
Nashville, Tenn.

We are on the very eve of removal, the house in disorder, most things packed, and during the week, if all goes favorably, we shall proceed to St. Louis. My wife leaves ahead to morrow morning, to rent a house. Just now I returned from Divine Service at St. Anns, and brought away my vestments which for many months I have kept there. Therefore another chapter of life is about to close, — a year of failures and disappointments in temporal matters as connected with Nashville & Mr. Chambers in particular; — a year also of trial and affliction & change in our family. — But everywhere the tribulations of earth are met. We shall meet them in the place whither we go. They may be of other kinds, modified, but not abolished. Yet this is no city for an artist of higher striving. Some portrait painters can be comfortable here, but what about an ideal & religious painter? — So then, Reading myself to be in an unpropitious place, it were foolish to complain, perhaps unjust. However, the facts remain. Maybe they are the same, or very similar, in St. Louis, as indeed throughout this country. As an age, & as a nation, we make noisy display of religion, but with how many is to be found the simple, earnest, contemplative faith of olden times? Few are the "Still in the land", the truly devout. There is abroad a prodigious amount of showy outside, and the life below the surface corresponds with it. There is much picture making, in some quarters, picture buying; much talk & print on Art; much of a decorative mania, — all society is becoming aesthetic — but how much depth is in the crazy hurrying clatter; — or what kind of waters would one have to sink the plummet in; the clear deep ocean, or a heat sea of ominous superficial brilliancy?

Let all this pass. — It is well to understand ones age, its

order for wise conduct, and to be armed with philosophy when the rude shocks come from its antagonistic spirit, but the most correct analysis produces no improvement of the mass. The world rolls on, with volcanic fires underneath, and storms & floods & hurricanes above, and the dweller of earth is taken along with it & can meet the wild forces successfully only by moral power, & just for this our individual protection & victory. — So in God's Name let come what may, — after all, He is the Ruler of the Universe.

And here I may note that this very day is one of significant commotion in France, & all the civilized world waits with anxiety the issue, for it is this great Election Day, & the Republic hangs in the balance. Every effort is made by the existing government to deprive the opposite party, Gen. Boulanger, of power of self-assertion, no one, however, can tell what among that volatile people may happen to morrow. The peace of Europe, as well as the continuance of the French republic, may to day be sacrificed. — These are times of mighty commotions. All the world is on tip-toe for the events that threaten the near future. They will be stupendous & overturn the face of society. A feral panic is with frightful rapidity & certainty being reached, and in another year Europe, & perhaps this country also to a great extent, may have passed through tremendous revolutions of the old order of things. — The Lord's & His Apostles predictions concerning these last times are most evidently fulfilling.

In the Most Holy Name. Amen.

Wednesday. Oct. 22
1879.

St. Louis, Mo.

It is difficult for me to realize that I am actually beyond the Mississippi. The great city, in all its ways, is very apparent, & Nashville, in looking back, seems very suburban and "countryfied" in comparison, and already so far behind in the past. How quickly the purple haze draws over the bygone as we recede. And yet I have been here only since Saturday night. With son & grandchild & servant we rushed on all day from 7 A.M. to 8 P.M. through three States into the fourth across the "fathers of Waters", & at the depot were received by my wife & Dr. Eames & his daughter Eva, & conducted to his house, excepting first & the servant, because for them there was literally no room in the hospitable old place. Both even our good dog "Robert Burns" found shelter & friends here. At the same hour of our arrival the one daughter, Emma, wife of the marine painter Harry Chase, was summoned by telegram to Sewanee, Tenn, the poor afflicted man in the care of Dr. Harlow having been stricken down with apoplexy. Yesterday word came of his death. Another daughter with three children has come up from Mississippi on account of a worthless husband; & the sister of Mrs. Eames, brought in recently from the country, is not expected to live long. So then we are in the "House of Mourning", & by reason of the abundant old-fashioned Kindness of these good folks, & our own necessity because our effects could not be gotten to the house we hired in Franklin Avenue (2847), one, saving my son & the servant who have taken possession of the premises & camps there in rather a primitive fashion, crowd these friends uncomfortably. But to day we hope will enable us to shift our quarters to our new abode.

On Sunday morning I went with the Doctor to Trinity Church, Rev. Dr. Harris, Rector, & the first act in this new field of my active

was the dedicating myself & all my work here to the Lord in the celebration of the Holy Eucharist. On Monday I sought out Prof. Ives, & found him in his office at the Washington University where at present is also the Art-school. He showed me all about through the rooms, made me acquainted with several of the Professors, & then took me to the Museum to which new buildings have been added for the use of the school. The building is imposing on the outside, spacious within, & has an excellent collection of casts, & autotypes, & many good paintings pottery etc. It is altogether preferable to the Corcoran gallery in Washington, & when the school is transferred will make a complete establishment that is a credit to St. Louis. My duties as teacher are to begin next Monday Oct. 7th. Prof. Ives has also been so good as to secure for me a spacious room in the Univ. Building as a studio, & although to work away from my house breaks sadly & radically into many long established habits, it is perhaps better in many respects that I should go from home early in the morning to the place where I have to be in the afternoon anyhow. Much has to be done that is not agreeable, many sacrifices made, & much endured, for the sake of "bread & butter", & since in God's providence teaching has fallen to my lot, which for myself I would not chose, I have to recognize it as a Christian duty humbly to submit to whatever the new situation brings along, & accept it as part of the discipline appointed for me & necessary. And so my prayer must be for humility, strength, & wisdom, to fulfil my little task to the best of my ability, to the glory of God, & the benefit of men.

Oct. 4th 1889, Friday P.M. St. Louis, Mo.

Just returned from the funeral of a distinguished Artist, Mr. Harry Chase, the marine painter. — In his same & brilliant condition in Sewanee, I have never known him, — but there came often to my studio, attended

always by his mulatto nurse, a middle sized, stout-built man, with full head & face, & restless eye showing painfully that the light within burned but confused & dim, who looked around with an air of interest & like a professional often carried a sketch book filled with wild & heterogenous scratches of all sorts of objects; repeating nearly the same phrases, or sitting mute for a short time, then suddenly rising, say to his nurse in a nervous manner, "Let us go; I want to go;" — & this man was poor Harry Chase, — About four years ago he became deranged & had to be confined in an asylum, I believe at Bloomfield, N.J. where the Doctors pronounced his case utterly hopeless. But his friend & fellow townsman Dr. Harlow at Secaucus & who was then our family physician & devoted friend, thought more hopefully & prevailed on Chase's wife to consign her husband to his care. He took him from the asylum to his own home, treated him, watched over him most tenderly night & day with unsurpassed self-sacrifice, & had the satisfaction to see him gradually recover a spark of reason, by & by take up his art again & do some very fine spirited things, & there seemed hope of his ultimate restoration. But a close examination advised a surgical operation, which then was performed here, & from the account of Dr. Emmes, who was present, a condition of the brain & the very bone destroyed the fond hope of ultimate health of mind, & hinted at final idiocy in perhaps a healthy body. Only actual sight of the parts could have discovered this real condition. But the merciful providence of God prevented the misery of perhaps many years of driveling idiocy, & Harry was on Saturday last at noon suddenly struck down by

apoplexy. His wife just had taken the train South as we stepped out from ours at the Depot here & were taken to the house of her father by him. — She arrived with the body on Tuesday P. M. & now the talented man is laid, with the rites of the Church, to his long rest. The Artists at the University acted as pall-bearers. —

Oct. 12th 1879.
Saturday, 9 P.M.
St. Louis, Mo.

The first week of my active duty in the Art-School has passed, & therefore I have in a measure become practically acquainted with what is to be done. "So far, so good". Certain disadvantages operated to make the number of students less than it will be a little later: The annual fair was in full bloom, and other public shows acted as inducements for dissipation. They have first to subside before the young folks can settle down to sobriety & seriousness. But in spite of these a respectable beginning was made, on Mondays, Wednesdays & Fridays, painting & drawing from the living model; on the intermediate days from still-life, and on Saturday forenoon rapid sketching from models posed by the teachers. Half an hour is allowed in which to get as much from the figure posed as the student may be able to catch. — Of course, the products are various, as are the capacities, but a very good opportunity is presented for inculcating principles. Above all, however, I am interested in the class for Composition. In this field liberty is given me to instruct as my judgment & experience may direct. To day I addressed the students for some twenty minutes on the subject under consideration, giving them advice how to proceed, & what to expect from their efforts. I require that an idea be noted down by each every day, dated & signed, & religiously kept, from after these are submitted to me, in order to testify to themselves of the advance the student has made. — Next week I shall, from the efforts shown me, be enabled to judge of the individual capacity of each student.

Dec. 28th 1889.
Saturday night.
St. Louis, Mo.

The following is what I just wrote in reply to a letter from Mr. R. Morton Middleton, Jr., whose acquaintance I made at Lebanon while he, with his family, was on the mountain from South Pittsburg, Tenn. Last year in Fall he took his family back to England, & being enthusiastically impressed with one of my little paintings "The Child Jesus", he proposed to take it with him, in the full assurance it would find a ready purchaser, & open a way for other of my works & a profitable market. After exhibiting the picture in various places, or trying to do so, & being extremely disappointed on account of its cool reception, he informed me of the fact, & still proposed to have it sent to the next exhibition of the Royal Academy, hoping for a more favorable issue. I therefore made reply:

"I cannot but deeply regret that in the friendly disposition of your heart you conceived the idea at all of taking my little picture to England. It occasioned you so much trouble, & no doubt also expense, & only to minister disappointment. Your feeling appreciation is evidently not shared by the public, & those who deal in the arts as merchandise. In days so semi-barbarized as ours it would naturally be so, & myself do not wonder, this same experience having been mine for many years in this country. I did indeed persuade myself religious Art would have a better reception in Old England, but if on my own account I had attempted the introduction of such works there, they would have been on a larger scale & of more commanding subjects. The "Child Jesus" appeals only to the still, retired mood, & therefore has but a feeble chance in crowded galleries & the noisy mart. A picture that may suit the oratory or quiet bed-room, should not be exposed among the garish mass & miscellaneous multitude of modern exhibition rooms. Besides, the painting is too small

to attract in such assemblies, & too unpretending to challenge interest. Had it the sense of consciousness, methinks it would shrink abashed into some remote corner to hide itself in seclusion. But as it cannot chose & act for itself, let us do it & bring it back to its still place, either in my house or studio. The chance of sale is evidently gone up in smoke, like so many other fine visions & cherished expectations. At home it can find plenty of congenial company, since most of the works of like character from my brush remain in the same condition: Old-maidenish things upon whom is forced a home-clinging, to exert what influence they have upon a narrow circle of loving friends about them." —

Dec. 30th 1889. Monday. P.M. St. Louis, Mo.

A few lines more before the close of this, to me eventful, year. Sickness, double death, removal, a new course of duty & position, This is, "in summa" what it has brought. Outward facts these, possible to record; — but what inwardly has attended them, the heart-experience, the soul-agonies, the mental struggles, the spirit-contests. — These cannot be put into words. They have a record only deep down in the recesses of character, & high above in the Book where all things for ever are remembered: Of their kind, many of them had no counterparts in my earlier years. Is it because all of life grows more serious as we show more grey of head, or because we look upon all more on the serious side, that every relation, even the smaller & less significant & momentous, posess such added weight & connect themselves so much more intimately with mystery, with Eternity? — Somehow, nearing the dividing line, the light from beyond penetrates across, & a strange sheen is imparted to what before appeared in its earthly commonplace garb & seemed of but little importance. And, perhaps, the true aspect of things begins to be seen. —

Anno Domine 1890.

January 26th 1890.
Sunday, 3d after Epiphany, P.M.
St. Louis, Mo.

One month of this year of ominous foretellings is nearly gone. To day is "Mahommedans Day", the twenty sixth, or twice thirteen, — the number of dissolution in H. Scripture, & one that my dear Frederick especially dreads as having played in his life no small amount of disappointment & actual breaking up. — However this may be, this very day begins a week bearing within our little family is once more to be scattered & changed, for after much correspondence Fred has received a summons from a very large nursery, sixty miles above the City, to report himself for work, & in consequence he is to go in a day or two, & once more he will be seeking his living among strangers, & our number will be reduced to three, exclusive of the servant, which, owing to my necessary absence during each entire day, makes a lonely household for my dear patient wife. But for a whole year the poor man has been practically without definite business, for what we did together at home in Church-work had no promise of a future, & was in other respects unsatisfactory. He is now to enter upon what he knows and likes; & out-door work agrees better with him, for although tall & strong in appearance, his constitution is not as firm & his health as robust as could be wished. — With his unusual energy & ability, given favorable circumstances, he no doubt will soon conquer a good position. The only thing to be regretted is his separation from his children & parents; for the youngest child has very recently, & suddenly, been deprived of its foster-mother in North Carolina, a telegram from Washington informing us that she has died, so far as can be guessed on the very anniversary of her daughter Hattie's death, & no doubt by reason of inordinate grief.

April 13th 1890.
1st Sunday after Easter,
St. Louis, Mo.

So the New year has opened to us: An Echo of that just passed.

We, as a family, have arrived at another dividing road, — very wide & singular in its branching off.

A few days ago Eugene came from Washington, D.C. Fred had, after one months trial on the nursery, abandoned it by reason of illness, the very meagre pay, & more meagre prospects of advancing. Since then he has been at home, finishing the woodwork of the Reredos for Jackson, Tenn. Now the whole of our family — what is left — are once more together again, but only for one week longer, for then both the boys expect to start for Washington Territory, there to locate claims of Government timber lands. — The scheme may appear wild for such young men as they are, but its is forced by necessity. Eugene also has for some time been out of employment, & in consequence had for the present to relinquish his medical studies. No occupation could be had. He has too much feeling of independence about him to live on Mr. Rawlins to whose youngest daughter he is engaged, & in whose house he boarded; & with Fred also the matter of self-support had come to a focal head & must be met by a decided move. A friend of Eugenes being out there already under similar circumstances, wrote encouraging & inviting letters from thence, and after considering the chances as carefully as at a distance is possible, they determined to try their fortune. The life for awhile will of course be a rough one, but they are both by past experience well qualified to meet its requirements, & hold out, for a trial, the six months necessary to claim the homestead of 160 acres. After that time Eugene is requested by his intended father-in-law to return

June 8th 1890.
Sunday, 1st aft. Trin.
St. Louis, Mo.

with the promise that the way to finish his studies & take his M.D. degree will be made open to him. What God by that time can do is as yet unknown.

yes, & so many other things are unknown. It was not known, for instance, that the plan of my boys would suddenly be changed; that instead to Washington Territory (or State), Eugene would go to New Mexico, in the neighborhood of Fort Wingate where Cousin Gen. E. Carr commands, to a son of his who has charge of a large Cattle-Ranche, there to spend his summer in that new phase of life, so make his living, in fall to return to finish his medical studies; that Fred would remain at home & complete, pack, & send off the Rents, & be now in South Carolina, where through a friend of his, James Lake, he obtained an appointment for taking the Census of the fishing interests, probably to keep him busy for $5.00 a day until next October, & that so we would be scattered widely, the boys right & left & we parents in the middle. These things were not known. But they are an illustration of the very strange turn of human affairs in general, & ours in particular, & how out of our power & calculation they are, surprising by the superior wisdom of what we actually experience to what with much sweat & toil of brain we have planned. — God be praised that His goodness does not leave us shortsighted things to our own devises. What blunders we are capable of making, & what mischief we would get into! —

And now also my working year in the School is nearly over. At the end of this week I shall be a free man; — free from teaching, & also free from salary.

—The former is desirable, — the latter less so. — The annual "Banquet" of the "Students association is over. It was held last night, with the usual concomitants of speeches, noise, & nonsense — to morrow & Tuesday is to be the exhibition of selected works done by students in the School during the year; on Thursday the various prizes will be awarded at the closing exercises, and then the school-year is bottled, duely wrapped up, labelled, & shelved; — And with it this new phase of my life! — whether to be repeated next September, is equally among the unknown things. — If I can manage, there will be no repetition. I am not fit for the place, — truly, & sincerely, — not by want of knowledge or ability to teach, — but because I foolishly fret too much over what appears to me the trifling features, the play-tricks, the mere show effects of, I will not say the Institution, but of individuals. With these I have no patience, & no ability to deal. I take all things too much in earnest, German-like. It is a habit of my nation, & I am its victim. This age is given to frivolous outside show, to fashions & fads & sensations, & all these I cordially hate. And so with many, a little art is an aesthetic appendage, a fine lace trimming of accomplishment, tucked on to their character-dress, all assumed & unreal like most of modern society life, and so correspondingly detestable. So far as my personal feelings are concerned I long to withdraw into seclusion, — anywhere, even to the wilderness. A small sphere of usefulness, leasure to think & digest mentally & spiritually, to labor hard in blissful simplicity and peace, a few congenial ones about me, & the noisy, pretentious, tormenting world far away; — there are what I long for

on the character of Art-Life in St. Louis, Mo.

June 30th 1890.
Monday P. M.
St. Louis, Mo.

a few days ago I returned from Jackson, Tenn. whither it was necessary for me to go in order to set up the Reredos made within the past eight months. The work was successfully accomplished in about two days, & after writing out for the use of the Parish talks an explanation, which, I suppose, has been read from the chancel yesterday by the Rector, I could leave with the consciousness that one more of my efforts to decorate as best I know the House of God has been put in place to do its work silently, but perhaps none the less effectively. — Taken as a whole, this Reredos is perhaps the most successful as a fully unified work of Art. The effect is one of dignity, repose, & power. — May the merciful God accept it from my hands, purify whatever defilement & imperfection cleaves to it, & bless it as an accessory to divine worship, for Christ's sake.

Sept. 24th 1890.
Wednesday, 6 A. M.
St. Louis, Mo.

Now they go away "to the great majority", & keep going all the while. Another whom I well knew in this life has now been there a week. Peace be with her. — The young, talented girl, with a career before her for which most ardently & industriously she prepared in the Art-Schools of Nashville & Newyork, so soon to follow her sister Kate, & her father, & my own dear Daughter for whom in her sickness both girls brought out nice things to eat: and now they are joined in Paradise. — God be merciful to the sadly stricken mother.

Leonie Gale
Requiescat in pace.

On Monday last school began again, but I have found nothing to do yet these two days, for want of a finished moment. — Too much going on of pleasuring.

Nov. 3d 1890.
Monday, P.M.
St. Louis, Mo.

DIED.

GALE.—At Colorado Springs, Sept. 16, 1890, LEONIDE POLK, youngest daughter of Catherine Polk and the late Wm. D. Gale.
Funeral notice hereafter.

MISS LEONIDE GALE.

She Expires Suddenly While Summering at Colorado Springs.

Miss Leonide Polk Gale, of this city, died very suddenly last night about 7 o'clock at Colorado Springs, Col. Miss Gale has been in poor health for some time and was at Colorado Springs in hope of improving her condition. Her mother, Mrs. W. D. Gale, was with her at the time of her death. The sad news was received here by the members of the family last night, and will be learned with great regret by their many friends throughout the south.

DELEGATE ANSWERED.

speech he said that the country
at peace internally and extern
He had received the Pan-Amer
conference reports, which were
studied. Arrangements had been
for the mutual crossing of troo
the United States and Mexico pu
ing Indians. The government o
United States had acted fairly in
matter of the conspiracy to in
Lower California. The United St
senate had approved a com
sion to arrange probable difficu
arising from changes in the course
the Rio Grande and Colorado ri
Absolute neutrality had been
served respecting the Central Am
can imbroglio. New Zealand had b
excepted from the treaty with
gland. The senate had approved
treaty with Italy, which would s
be ratified. An agency at Yokoh

This is my birthday, & that of my Son Fred - I am now 67, and he is 34 years. Three years more to the "three-score and ten" set down in the Holy Word as the measure of mans time on earth. My forefathers lived to the "fourscore" & over, & my own strength holds out, thank God, very well yet. Many of my friends have not filled the measure of my years, but have long ago gone to Paradise. The "All-Saints Day", & my birth-day, come close together, & bring into one focus for me the here & beyond, & thoughts many start into being, very comprehensive, vast, & solemn, & withal uplifting & of unspeakable comfort.

I have been engaged for some time on a large canvas & crowded with figures. The subject is from the 37th chapter of the book of Ezekiel, which opens with the vision of the dry bones which are united again at his prophesy, clothed with flesh, & brought to life, - & it closes with an explanation of the vision, which signifies the bringing to spiritual life again, & the re-union, of the "House of Israel under their rightful King, "My Servant David", the Messiah whom they are rejected, & in acknowledging of whom they shall at last find both temporal & spiritual prosperity.

The subject is one of great difficulties: Only one draped figure, that of the Prophet, & all the rest represented as nude: One mass of almost uniform flesh tint, to be lighted up, relieved, and sufficiently contrasted to produce a pictorial effect. —

It seems to me I never had to solve so perplexing a problem.

Then again, the nudity must not obtrude itself. It must not appear in any degree as a purpose, but only as a necessary condition of the subject, unavoidable, if the subject is treated at all. Of course, clothing would be absurd in this case.

Beside the just awakening to consciousness of some of the figures, I have introduced around the Prophet three principal groups, namely one of thanksgiving & adoration; one of the joyful recognition of friends; & one of hailing with ardor the "Sign of the Son of Man" in the sky, which to the spectator is not visible above, but is reflected in a spring that gushes out from between the stones of the arid valley, to typify life through the Cross in the dreary wilderness.

The picture is designed for New York, & the Spring Nat. Academy Exhibition. — It will be a strange re-appearance of my name on those walls, where now for seven years I have not been represented. It would be vain to speculate on its probable reception. The subject is most uncommon & does not want in singular force of weird light & mystery. No doubt it will be a strange apparition in the crowd of modern miscellaneous productions. But I must paint what is given me, irrespective of prevailing taste, or public want, or possible surroundings. The subject of my picture is a sublime prophecy even now preparing for fulfilment; a prophecy belonging to these "last days"; & heralding the glorious coming of the Great King; — & I throw it out as a preacher of Truth, & a voice from the past that has awakening echoes in the occurrences of the present. And may the Lord of Heaven guide the result. —

Nov. 30th 1890.
1st Sunday in Advent.
St. Louis, Mo.

My picture is on exhibition. — The Artist's Guild of this city, to which by necessity of my position as teacher in the University I belong as member, are now holding its annual Fall "Open meeting" in the Museum, and

since I had nothing else to send, I sent this picture there. The others exhibit their summers work, — & so do I. Only instead of sketches of landscape or marine, mine represents studio work; instead subjects from the book of nature, mine is from the Book of books. — A great contrast it is with the surroundings.

An unusual subject it is, too. It will mark itself thus in any exhibition. The sympathy for it cannot be large, simply because the sympathy for the immense fact it represents is not large. The fact is immense for political, for social, for religious reasons, — incalculable concerning its final results, but yet very little regarded or understood. The fulfilment of this 37th chapter of Ezekiel has already begun, & is going on before our very eyes; & yet excites only limited attention. We hear nothing about it from the pulpits; it is not mentioned in our church papers, or when mentioned, only as an item of news of no more far-reaching importance than an Indian uprising; — not as much as the Irish land question. How shallow people can be concerning such things, & indisposed to serious thought, was illustrated last night, when I met Bishop Tuttle & his good wife at the gathering, present by my special invitation. Mrs. T. asked me whether I had anything exhibited there. I pointed to my picture. "Oh!" — she immediately exclaimed, "A picture of the Good Shepherd", — "no?" — "The Christus Consolator!!" — Such ignorance from such a lady! — What then can be expected from the crowd? — But let that all go. My own dear wife has thought the selection, if not an unfortunate, yet an unfavorable one; that I might easily have found among my things what would please the public better. — No doubt I could.

But I am an instrument, merely. What made me chose this, it would be difficult to say. Somehow I seemed to have little volition in the matter: I was guided to it in a manner blindly. I hardly even realized its greatness, or scarcely its artistic & technical difficulties. They dawned on me, & were forced upon me, by degrees as I progressed, — it was through much struggle. — But now I know that I have given an opposition of one of the most tremendous & consequential events of these latter days, that God has guided me to be a prophet of what He is now about working rapidly with & for His chosen people. The subject is therefore "timely". Not being altogether fulfilled, it is still obscure as a fact to most people. To them it would appear simply as a poetic vision of more than 2000 years ago. Those, however, who are earnest & watching the "signs of the times", will see these as momentious truth, an historic fact, of which those now living may soon see the entire realization.

As to its <u>saleable</u> properties — I do not know. It may remain on my hands, to be given away, like other of my works. With this question in all conscience I can not trouble myself. God must settle the results of my poor life. — I was not born for temporal prosperity, nor for worldly renown. — May He only give me grace, and opportunity, to do such work as He appoints. He has now supported, & carried me, sixty seven years of labor & toil, — & He will take care of me unto the end of my days on earth. — This much I <u>do</u> know.

Dec. 29th 1890.
Monday P.M.
St. Louis, Mo.

Only two days more in this Old Year, & it is gone. It is becoming a trite occupation with me to write into this Journal at the close of each old year, or the beginning of each new. And yet, there is a feeling of awe about these time-periods. They measure out our Earth-life; they remind us solemnly & eternally how fast it is going. — Even so, fast enough: Too fast for the little that is accomplished. — Grey hairs take in a wider horizon, & see a little deeper into the essence of things, And to this increasing view the tracks that are left seem so very shallow & few, they cover such an insignificant bit of ground. Taken as a whole, what has one done in a whole year, & what advance, if any, has been made? Nor is the hand & mind work of great importance in the light of Eternity. It might all be left undone, & the world would not be visibly the loser. Its absence would not be noticed in the great aggregate. Take from the galleries a thousand pictures, even the best, & men would live on very comfortably without them. They would be missed less than if a thousand farmhands or mechanics stopped work. Their lovely toil seems of more consequence to society than the more pretensions one of the artist or author or musician. The being busy, & doing my best, is of importance rather as a duty imposed, & what effect the doing of it, & the manner of doing it, has upon my character. Here then is the reckoning to be made of what the year has accomplished, — but who dares to be judge upon himself & expect to be impartial? No one individual is in a position to estimate correctly, & measure the worth of his doings. Deficiencies in plenty are keenly apparent; faults without number; failures & falls,

but who may rejoice over much advance, & assert that ~~that~~ he has mounted on the road to epellency? — Ah! rather let me frame my innermost confession after the prayer of the publican, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!"

There is not much change in my outward situation, — no more than is natural with the change of time. My son Fred has since last June been in Government employ on the Census of the fishing interest, & is therefore absent from home saving a few flying visits. Eugene is busy in Washington with his medical studies & soon hopes to go through College. At home we live quietly & in very modest style, my wife now doing housework herself, — & these are the main features of our existence. We see scarcely any company & make no new friends to whom we can feel deeply attached. We lead a lonely kind of life in this big city, far more so than in any place where we have been. — This morning news came that the last of my wife's Aunties, Mrs. Sarah Hopkins, has died last Saturday having recently a severe fall down stairs, breaking clavicle & hip bone. For years her mind had become enfeebled, & her departure to rest & peace in the better Land is a happy release. She has seen much sorrow & suffering, poor thing, & given her life these many years to her relations in care & toil & help. — So they drop away, one by one. Hades is filling up.

Jan. 18th 1891.
2d S. after Epiphany
St. Louis.
No.

With the New Year there has been shedding of blood in the North West, a fight of the Indians, & a terrible war threatening. But happily the worst is over, the Indians are inclined to submit, & the troops are being

west Lands. — The remarkable part of the disturbance is the religious character which brought it to a focus. For some years past "false Messiahs" have appeared among Mohammedans, among Negroes & whites, and now, strange to say, also among Indians. Great excitement among them was the consequence. — Whether such fictions have a wide bearing as a reason, they are nevertheless a significant fulfilment of Christ's prediction that "false prophets, & false Christs" should arise, & deceive many, in the last days of this present Dispensation, — whereby we can know that "these are the last times". By themselves alone these "signs" may not be of great or lasting consequence; but in relation to the general temper of the times their meaning is obvious & of importance. All sorts of devices are drifting on the current to promise men help; devices of individualism, of lawless philosophy, of self-centered wilfulness; of creative inventions of belief apart from the revealed faith; of taking refuge in human means, & earthly props, & looking to the ingenuity of the race for the salvation of the race. — No better phrase can be found to describe this present age than — as it has been called — "the Age of Man," in truth the age of the Antichrist. — As the "signs of the times" multiply all around, I am feeling more fearful. There is that in the very air which terrifies & oppresses, as one is awed in the ominous hush before a dreadful storm. All thinking people anticipate catastrophy ahead. Things are being driven to a focus, & a centrifugal power threatens to send society itself in fragments & dissolution out to the winds.

April 15th 1891.
Wednesday a. m.
St. Louis, Mo.

I must be "a lucky dog". The signes of worldly fortune & fame begin to increase. Two of my paintings, & among those I thought there was reason to consider among the best, have been rejected from Exhibition in two different places, namely Newyork & Chicago. The paintings are "The Vision of Ezekiel" & "The Sands o' Dee." — A little staggering, it is, to come so close together, almost at once. — To assume that the larger one, "Ezekiels Vision", did not suit on account of its subject, this being both religious & (to most people) obscure; & that the other, a rather popular subject & very much admired here by the artists, could not find space in the very small gallery of the "Society of Artists", is only to name, after all, external conditions. Let me look a little deeper, as a Christian man, & one who believes firmly both in an all-overruling God, & an all-malicious devil. — Now I am most fully persuaded that this arch enemy has withstood me, as he did St. Paul, & the high priest Joshua as Zechariah saw it, these many years. We human creatures are standing between two spiritual forces in contention for us, & we may not leave out, to consider what happens to us rightly, either the one or the other, although we cannot accurately know how much to ascribe to the devils interference & where the direct ordering of God begins. But here are the facts, & they are new in my experience. Never before had I a picture refused exhibition. My former works were certainly no better. — "Ezekiels Vision" has gone, packed up, to my brothers house in Newyork, to be kept there indefinitely, for I can at present perceive

no way of disposal. It must wait — so must I. The other painting I have ordered back to my studio, also to remain waiting for "something to turn up." Of course I know not, & may never learn the actual reason for the rejection of my picture in New York. My dear wife has thought all along that the subject should not have been painted when other, more popular ones, were filling my portfolios. But I consulted not popularity & expediency, only the scriptural & historical & churchly importance of the subject. Whatever may be said about the work, I know positively that I have, with Gods help, given expression to an already fulfilling prophesy of the utmost consequence to the Church & the entire human race. What the picture portraits is one of the most momentous problems of the near future, whether as such recognized as not. Perhaps the declaration of it better wait awhile, as the prophecy has been standing for 2300 years. Yet there are, I am persuaded, thinking, waiting men who would hail the work with joy & appreciate its message. For the multitude it was not painted.

Since Tuesday a week ago I have been a "grass-widower". Wife & grandchild have gone to Washington on a visit to my sons. — A lonely house this is now for me.

May 10.th 1891. Sunday after Ascension. St. Louis. Mo.

Addie has come home after over four weeks of absence in Washington & New York, & brought the baby back with whooping cough. — Fred is for a few weeks again in Michigan.

The Director of our Art-school, Prof. Halsey C. Ives, has by the Board of the proposed World's fair in 1892, in Chicago, been appointed general Director of the Art-Exhibit, & has obtained from the controling board of Washington University a leave of absence for "three years or less." Who shall be head of the art-school

here during this period, I can not imagine.

On Ascension Day last, in Trinity Church, I had the pleasure of shaking hands again with Bishop Seymour of the Diocese of Springfield. He has now grown very white, but the sublime sermon he preached, extempore, exhibited signs only of surpassing vigor of thought and undiminished energy of body and voice. It was a most helpful, remarkable discourse, & I shall never forget it. — Not long ago there appeared in "The Living Church" a Convention address of the Bishop on the subject of "closed questions," versus "open questions," which set in a bold out-spoken manner the destructive tendency of these modern days to treat everything in Religion as matter of criticism & renewed investigation, Revelation, Creeds, the Bible, and all. The faith is being pulled from under us, & nothing is sure, nothing stable, uncriticized, & dependable. The rank heresy of a McQuaid, the "irregularities" of Drs. Ramsford & Heber Newton, have called forth vehement declarations from some within the Church, especially in New York Diocese, & the general "Press" partakes in the fray with its accustomed license & assumption. The very air is filled with commotion. This is the age of man, of intense individualism & self-assertion, & whatever, no matter how sacred or venerable with antiquity, stands in the way of private will & judgement, has to give place & be relentlessly pulled down.

To top off the commotion there comes the news that Dr. Phillips Brooks has been elected by a large majority as Bishop of Massachusetts in place of the recently deceased & good Bp. Paddock. So then, in case he is allowed to be consecrated, the "irregularities" among the lower clergy

about Lions had their matchless sway for years past, will go up into the Lords of Bishops. — God in mercy shield us from such a fate. — yet we know not what may be permitted, in order that the mystery of iniquity in those closing days of the Dispensation be speedily accomplished, & the powers of darkness, so fearfully busy all around, push on the world to the doom of Judgment. It is sad indeed to think of the trials still ahead, but like the betrayal of Judas & the malice of priests & pharisees, these things must be so that the end can come to pass.

The news from Europe have been very meagre for weeks past. There is a strange silence on the political situation. Excepting that Russia is calling in her outstanding loans, all payable in gold, & amounting to enormous sums, no other movements have been recorded. Bismark is in the "Reichstag" again, & the Emperor is making speeches all around. Von Moltke has but recently died, — but of army movements one hears nothing, & even May Day has passed without any very serious disturbances, such as were feared & provided against. — Unusual calm comes before the storm, — it may be so in this instance.

The die is cast; I am to leave St. Louis. The appended letter, received to day, explains the reasons; for of course, since this city for two years past and apart from my salary has not given anything that promises support when the salary ceases, it would be even foolish to continue here.

7.
June 2½ 1891.
Tuesday P.M.
St. Louis, Mo.

But I am thankful the decision has come outside my own contriving. For a long time past a growing indifference to me has been manifest, which had its source not alone in the fact that the department of ward carving could not be made successful,

& so contribute to the money income of the school. Rather the plain evidences came more & more to the surface that neither my personal convictions, my artistic methods, or social capacities in any wise were in harmony with the men of this Institution. I had too much my own individuality of thinking & working. I was not treadmill-horse enough; not enough in touch with modern ideas & modes, & moreover too old to conform & to be approached with censures for the difference. However, the situation has come to me at a time when really needed, — & now it has been taken from me without my lifting a hand to save.

In truth, my family & myself have known that a move ought ere long to be made. Both my sons are now in Washington. It will take another year for Eugene to get his Doctors degree. Fred's position may not continue in the Bureau where now he works, but until he loses it, a temporary move to the Nat. Capital seems proper. More we cannot, for the present, decide. We ought to make an effort for union of the whole family; my two sons, both of Fred's children, & we, old parents. My boys are straining earnestly that way, and although none of us were willing to assume the initiative, for fear of a grievous mistake which we would have to regret & were powerless to correct, we felt convinced of the duty at least to keep this end in view. What we were unwilling to decide by action of our own, has now been forced upon us, & therefore we may regard it a providential leading, & may follow without hesitation or fear. —

The Lord Himself will be our Guide, even unto the End.

"My times are in Thy hand."

July 10th 1891.
Friday 9 P.M.
St. Louis, Mo.

After just four weeks of absence in Kansas City, Mo. we are in our own home again, arriving this 9 P.M. after a trip across the state since 10 o'clock this morning, when we started from the picturesque queen of the prairie.

We had been importuned by our friends, Capt. & Mrs. Carman to make them a prolonged visit for a good while past, & it was regarded that I had made a promise to come last year which then I could not redeem. This year I had no valued excuse, & moreover I really needed a change & recreation, the first I have enjoyed for over twenty years. So then, four weeks ago, one Friday evening, we set off to the West, arriving on the following morning, Capt. Carman & his daughter Nelly waiting for us at the Depot i- We, means my wife, grandchild, & self.

Now I might scribble a great deal about the people & the place we visited, the route we went over, what people I met, & what I did & what I said. - But the famous Western City is well known & needs not my description, & so is the splendid prairie land along the Missouri river. Both of them excited my genuine surprise & wonder. The City is but an infant of yesterday, yet grown to giant proportions, & full of throbbing life & energy. Situated mostly on the bold bluffs along the Missouri & Kaw Rivers, its situation is truly beautiful. Artistic effects abound, & wide & magnificent views open on all sides. In this respect it is incomparably superior to St. Louis, or indeed any other City on this Continent that I have seen. - Of course, everything there is new. There is not the history of fifty years. And so, although many of the houses might be called handsome, & costly, & many

of complete satisfaction is produced. Something is missing
— that something which is more spiritual than actual,
a moral quality rather than a material want. And then
also, beside the incompleteness of all new places, there is
an evident striving for show & display. The picturesque
is not an outgrow of necessity, of quaintness, or refine-
ment, or accident, or circumstance; — it is an aim for the
sake of effect, for keeping pace with ones neighbor, for
a favorable impression reflecting back upon the owner or occupant.
— The old cities did not grow from such motives, & so
they have an abiding solid character. In riding or walking
through miles of these modern streets, they only became more
& more insipid to me & impress me with a feeling of empti-
ness. They are uninteresting: The buildings are not grand
enough, nor architecturally fine enough, nor old enough, & —
certainly not venerable in dilapidation. And when the
owner has had for a post or pillar on his portico — a small
portico to a small house — a huge Assyrian sphynx of
solid stone, — or on the entrance steps immense stanelian
leads, — it is very plain what his desire & his taste has been.
— No! — the unpretentious wooden structures of a New England
& Long Island fishing village, & even the neglected houses
& fences of some old Southern town, have more of character
that appeals to my sentiments of mental or physical history
more human interest, than these distressingly new efforts
which proclaim without, as most modern homes do within,
that odor is the aim, & that show often vulgar by its
very excess & absence of restraint.

But the country through which we passed! Ah, the country! That is chiefly Gods handiwork & gift, — & it is very wonderful. Mostly prairie land, often very level, sometimes rolling, but rich & fruitful & seemingly inexhaustible, — how it was loaded with the treasures of harvest, the wealth of Gods' bounty. — Truely, this is a blessed land. — We have been very kindly & generously entertained these four weeks. The home of Capt. Cannon, who is also now President of the Council of Public works, is very pleasant & cheerful, in the midst of trees & green fields areas & to the right, although the house is quite in the City with the cable car in front, & I had a North window to work by, for I took my paint box along, & have kept quite busy, leaving also a drawing in red chalk & the portrait of the youngest child, Adelaide, named after my wife, behind as mementos. Mr Pond loaned Dark Saco us in his own vehicle (with "Frisk", the horse) to the Depot, — & now we are in our own home again, — & dusky & need grow as it is, & far less sumptuous in space & style, it is more welcome for independence & feeling of comfort. — It does not seem, after all, as if we had been away so long, & we shall presently pull again in the harness with recuperated strength & determination. I have fully recovered my nervous tone for work, & need enough will there be for energy, considering what must be done before next fall when our house-lease expires & we have to leave this City, — probably for ever.

The thing has actually been done, — & do my sons have this day by letter informed me, that is, a house in the Country has been bought for our general home, twelve miles from Washington, D. C.

July 24th 1891.
St. Louis, Mo.

More, than that it is situated in a Village called "Vienna", in the State of Virginia, on ½ acre of ground, is a new house not entirely completed, & cost $1250.00, together with the different payments as they had, & have to be made, — is all that now I know. Only this trust I have, that my dear boys have done the best under the circumstances. We have very restricted means, & therefore limited choice, & every difficulty in the future must, if possible, be avoided. — So then there were conditions to dictate that left only a narrow margin. — No doubt, when I get there, I find causes for objection in one or other way. These, however, exist almost everywhere: This world is one of imperfection. — The consolation exists that, having to leave here, we shall know where to go, & that it will be our actual Home; — not a hired place, in which we can take no interest, no rent to pay, with relentless regularity, — no constant sapping of means, & anxiety in the doing, — but a resting place of our own (so please God!) if, when our little family can be once more united, & the children of my son brought together.

All the recent experiences are fraught with wholesome lessons to me. For once in my life there was left absolutely no choice for me, no initiative move to make, wherby, in case of miscarriage afterwards, might turn to any reproach for possible wilfulness, or any inclination to carry out an idea, a fancy, a wrong reasoning. — My position here was taken from me without voice of mine, — even against any will; it was made impossible

that I should go, either temporarily or permanently, elsewhere than to my Sons; and now, without my knowledge, it is they, not I, who have bought the place, by their own selection, whither I am to go & locate. — Thus I may be content. — I had given myself in God's Hands, — and He has chosen for me. In this manner we must get rid of self, become passive, — although also strangely active in self-denial & abnegation. — So let it be. — When all the years of toil & erring are spent, what matters it where, & under what circumstances? The sole question then is one of character, & how I can stand before my great & righteous Judge. What good did all these strange & varied & mysterious experiences bear; & how did they, as tools, work out of my exceedingly rough & obstinate, self-willed, wicked material, the image, the will of my heavenly former? — What else but this is of value? —

At present my efforts are to complete a painting for Rev. Dr. Brand, at Emmaus, Md. as a memorial for his 50 years ministry, to go into his Church. I am making rapid headway with it. Subject, Jesus being known to the two disciples at Emmaus in the breaking of bread. Size 4'.06" × 6'.10".

Aug. 30th 1891.
9th S. after Trinity.
P. M.
St. Louis, Mo.

Just now I have returned from Church Session, — the last, as now appears, which I shall either minister in, or attend, in St. Louis. The greater part of our packing is already accomplished, so that five days more of this week can easily complete, & by Saturday all our goods can be transferred to the R. R. Car due for Vienna, Virginia, & ourselves make a concluding visit at Old Orchard to our friends Dr. Eames & family. Thus another chapter of life closes

Sept. 21th 1891.
Monday night,
Vienna, Va.

In the Name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost.
Amen.

We are in our own home, — came here on Tuesday evening of last week. Our two boys were on the porch to receive us, & with them in the house carpenters, masons & painters. The finishing of the house was inexcusably delayed beyond the term of contract (Sept. 1th) & so we must take patiently the consequent disorder & delay. At the close of this present week we may see the house finished, the men gone, & ourselves in peaceful possession. — We have scarcely room enough in the little place, & must squeeze & contrive, especially myself, for want of a studio. Nor can I have one built immediately. At any rate, taking all things into consideration, I do not feel in a hurry to decide on what ground it shall go up, — perhaps not on the lot we own, but elsewhere in the neighborhood. The good God will guide & shape me.

The house is otherwise a very pleasant one. It is real country round about, — no urban feeling or encroaching city ways & so-called improvements, but an agricultural section of rolling hill & dale, with a scattered village hardly visible from our house, the fields & woods all about, & Gods blessed sky above visible to the horizon. Just now I hear only the night-insects sing their monotonous soothing song, & the quiet makes it seem like Sabbath rest the week round. I praise God for the solemn silence, & the pure air, & the fresh clear water of our well.

So it is now, — but a few years only may make a differ for lots are already laid out for buildings & streets are marking

to be congratulated. I had long talks with my friend on the Philip Brooks case. He had been from the start in correspondence with Bishop Seymour, & received a letter from him while I was there which he read to me, requesting that he should make out extracts from the famous preachers Sermons, exhibiting in parallel columnes the heresies he teaches, & the Scripture passages that contradict them. Bp. Seymour had sent to all the Bishops a solemn protest & admonition, before they gave their vote, & now says that to his other burdens there was added this of having been the cause of their greater guilt, for only sixteen out of the whole number gave their voice against the consecration to the Episcopate of the heretical Bostan preacher. —
Policy has won the field against Principle: And, alas! of this sort of action there is a great deal in the Church to the hurt of the people of God. The Bishop appended a list of those who voted in the negative, & I here set it down, for it is a historical record of great present & future significance.

Kip.	McLaren	Weed.	Paret.
Coxe.	Burgess.	Kinckerbacker.	(Whittle afterwards) as learned
Quintard.	Seymore.	Grafton.	Watson.
Gillespie	Walker.	Thompson.	
Perry.	Worthington	Neely.	

I also called on my dear friend Paymaster General Th^s. H. Looker, & spent with him several delightful old fashioned hours. — It is so refreshing to come back to old friends once more.

P. S. It is now ascertained that Ph. Brooks received only one out of the whole number of seventy Bishops, counting all, a majority to entitle him to be consecrated Bishop!!

the City is persecuting me. And yet, to go far into the real country where City ways & talk will not intrude, is quite impracticable. My dear boys have done the best possible, — & why not rest contented? All things be committed into the gracious hands of God.

Two weeks ago we started from St. Louis & from Saturday to Monday guests of Dr. Eames at "Old Orchard," at whose hospitable house in the City we passed our first night two years ago (that family, the only one we can call friends in the big pile of stone & brick & smoke); & our last meal in St. Louis was taken at Mrs. A. Chase, his daughter & widow of the renowned marine-painter. At 7 P.M. we took the train Eastward, got to Cincinnati O. the next morning, & from thence to Dayton O. about noon, where our friend Mrs. Gen. Hawk was waiting for us at the R.R. station to take us out two miles to her delightful home in the country. There we were received most cordially by all the members of the family, & entertained for nearly a week in the most generous style. The remembrance of that visit, & the people, will ever continue fresh in my affections & memory. As we remained over Sunday, & the Rector of Christ Church in which building I have the large painting of the Saviour which I made at Savanne, invited me to preach for him, I did so.

Yesterday I made my first visit to Washington City. Doctor Townsend Leading informed me by Postal card that the Church of the Incarnation would be re-opened after extensive repairs. The good man was overjoyed when he saw me, & of course I took part in all the Services of the day, remaining all night at his house. The Church is now truly beautiful & harmonious in color & sentiment, & the Rector & people are

to be congratulated. I had long talks with my friend on the Philip Brooks case. He had been from the start in correspondence with Bishop Seymour, & received a letter from him while I was there which he read to me, requesting that he should make out extracts from the famous preachers sermons, exhibiting in parallel columnes the heresies he teaches, & the Scripture passages that contradict them. Bp. Seymour had sent to all the Bishops a solemn protest & admonition, before they gave their vote, & now says that to his other burdens there was added this of having been the cause of their greater guilt, for only sixteen out of the whole number gave their voice against the consecration to the Episcopate of the heretical Boston preacher. —
Policy has won the field against Principle! And, alas! of this sort of action there is a great deal in the Church to the hurt of the people of God. The Bishop appended a list of those who voted in the negative, & I here set it down, for it is a historical record of great present & future significance.

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Quintard.	Seymore.	Grafton.	Watson.
Gillespie	Walker.	Thompson.	
Perry.	Worthington.	Neely.	

I also called on my dear friend Paymaster General Th. H. Looker, & spent with him several delightful old fashioned hours. — It is so refreshing to come back to old friends once more.

P. S.
Nov. — —
It is now ascertained that Ph. Brooks received only one out of the whole number of seventy Bishops, counting all, as majority to entitle him to be consecrated Bishop!!

Nov. 22d. 1891.
Sunday night before Advent.
Vienna, Va.

I do not write much into this book because there is not much to record, that is of home-occurrence. We are slowly settling down to order and routine activity; we are getting a little acquainted with neighbors; we are having a servant & the meals can be served with exemplary regularity and the house can be kept clean; we have an outhouse built as a storeroom, & all my studio-belongings, except what I imperatively need for work in my very small den, are moved into it; the other girl of my sons has been brought up from Morgantown N. C. by "cousin" Adelaide Avery, & is now with her sister as playmate, to grow up together, & with their father, as it ought to be: And so we live & move. Fred, of course, goes each working day to the City, having been retained in the office of the Census Bureau when all but three were discharged at the beginning of this month, which is an endorsement of his efficiency, & myself go one in perhaps a fourthnight, to Church at the "Incarnation" or St. Pauls, Salutis Home, where the dear venerable Jn. Bunk is Rector, & to see a few other friends, Artists, & attend to some business.

And this brings me to notice a work that in all probability I shall have to do for further beautifying the Ch. of the Incarnation, namely a Structure for the Baptistry. This is already designed, a drawing made on scale, & casting actually begun, although a definite order has not yet been given. But I know the very candid man, Dr. Townsend, I have to deal with, & he says he believes the money ($450.00) can be raised. So there I am in for more Church-work, — not paying largely, but covering my time & outlay, & perhaps leaving a small margin.

Jan. 1. 1892.
friday night.
Vienna, Va.

Anno Dei 1892.
In the Most Holy Name. Amen.

One day already of the "test year" in Church, Social, and political history, is nearly gone. It has long loomed ahead as one of the turning points, a year of crisis, in the judgment of the most able interpreters of prophetic visions. And even those who could not be classed with biblical students by profession, like Gen. Moltke, have fixed upon this year as the beginning of a world-period. No doubt the horizon is black enough with stormclouds. They have been growing in size & threatening aspect for a great while, until it seems that their breaking out in wrath can not any more be delayed. Times must be getting worse, before the Lord can come, for so Himself, & His holy men, have foretold. — So let it be! It now behooves earnest Christians to be still; holding firm to the faith; trusting in absolute confidence; watch prayerfully, examine carefully the many novelties that loudly claim attention, & see whether they be of Christ, or false lights of fair show to deceive. Because many there are now who say, "Lo, here is Christ", & "lo! there is Christ!" In the freedom of modern thought; in the breadth of emancipated opinion; in the confident, boastful efforts of self-helps. The greater the achievements of the modern man — & they must be admitted to be marvellous as compared with a century ago — the more self-reliant he becomes, the more independent of divine help, the more thoughtless of the unseen, the supernatural. Emphatically this is the age of Man. His attempts are pushed to the highest pinnacle, & he dares anything, & defies failure. It is Nebuchadnezzar standing on the roof of his palace, & haughtily exclaiming: "Is not this great Babylon, that I have built for the house of the

Kingdom by the might of my power, & for the honor of my Majesty?"
The agitation will reach the summit, & grow until consummated & culminated in "the Man of Sin", & the great apostasy.

Within all this whirl of general events we each live our own individual lives, of small importance, considered by themselves & compared to the vast mass of human interests, but of prime consequence to every single man himself. For after all every man is in a sense the center of the universe, — the point from which he views the whole. Not only so, but the experiences of the individual are an index of God's dealings with him, — landmarks of the way He is lead, far more than the way he goes by his own selection. And although the road in front is unknown & wrapt in darkness, but what light shines on it or above it by supernatural hope, the way that lies behind may be seen, its course marked, & the results thus far reached, estimated. — Judged in this manner the year just gone has effected some strange developments for me. Instead in a large city & instructor in a large Institution, I find myself in a little village, barely noted on maps, & at my own will pursuing work, sometimes artistic, sometimes mechanical, & putting the new home into more comfortable shape. Instead of drawing a stated salary from a University, I have no income worth mentioning; instead of a large light room in a public building to work in, I am penned up into a mere box & in a private house; Instead being West on the banks of the great Mississippi, I am now near the banks of the national Potomac.

Thus my whole current of life has been changed, — & all this without operation of mine, — for I had no hand in

Children of my youngest brother 1892
George Frang Oertel.
Newark, New Jersey.
april - 1896

Pauline Oertel.
husband: Alfred Carrotten.
Children: William "
" : Edna "

Louise Oertel.
Husband: Louis Beyer.

Virginia Oertel:
Husband: Wilhelm Fisher.
Children: Christian "
" : Louisa ".

Ernestine Louise Ottilie Oertel.
first husband: George Fulford.
Children: Addie "
second husband: Ezra Condit.
Children: Herbert "
" : Louis. Percey "

George Franz Oertel.
Wife: Grace (Berner) ...
Children: Nelson Oertel.

Henry Oertel. - -

Johannes Adam Simon Oertel: born Nov. 3d - 1823.
Brothers: Geo. Friedrich Julius Oertel. Born July 18th 1825.
" : George Franz Oertel. born Feb. 28th. 1827.

my dismissal from the Art-school; nor any in chosing my present place of abode. — And I am thankful for it. The Guide of my life took it all out of my hands & brought about the change by agents of His own.

Certainly it was strange. On the day our goods left the house in Franklin Avenue to be put on the car we had leased for the trip East, was the fortieth (40.) anniversary of our — my wife's & my own — wedding-day. Forty years we had journeyed together, from place to place, in hired houses, or Rectories not our property, — & at the close of this long erratic pilgrimage, resembling in its twistings & returns more the typical wanderings of the Hebrews after their flight from Egypt, we were invited to a home by our sons, purchased & owned, to rest our way-worn feet & begin emphatically a new period. — Will it be a real rest until the close of our earth-life? — be this by the common lot of our Kind, across the mystic River, or to glory by translation at the coming of the Lord. — How can we know? — And what matter that we do not! — The early gates, high up above the earth horizon, are clear in sight, although below is mist & obscurity. "All's well that ends well." What lies between this & the glory that shall be revealed, may be smooth or rough, as the Lord appoints. His own while among men was to "cross-crowned Calvary & the tomb, but there succeeded Easter-morn & Ascension Day; & also the Hebrews when they had passed over Jordan, had still to conquer the Canaan of promise for a possession.

March 18th 1892.
Friday. P. M.
Vienna. Va.

For almost a week I have been absent from home in the City, ostensibly on business. — First, the "Society of Washington Artists", of which I have been made a member, have now an exhibition of oil-paintings, to which I contributed five. On Saturday last was "Varnishing Day", & I went to the Gallery to see how they were "hung", & whether any touches were needed. They are all on the walls, disposed pretty well. Four of those only including the "Sands o' Dee", I offer for sale. The "Proto Martyr" (above) is scarcely a picture the public of to day want to buy. — On Thursday P. M. was the "reception" of invited guests, & a jam was the consequence. But this is not a sign of real love for Art, in itself, for it is always easy in Washington to get a crowd together to any entertainment.

Will any of my things sell? Are they popular enough?

On Sunday (2d S. in Lent) I had to preach by request for brother Brent in the Morning, at St. Paul's Ch., Rock Creek, & at night in St. Stephens Church, on Columbia Hights.

But yesterday was the Event to be marked, for it was the "Commencement" of Columbia University, & my dear boy Eugene took his degree as Doctor of Medicine. All of our family were of course present, & so was my dear friend Com. Walker who years ago gave him the first start in life & business training & has always believed in his character & future. — So now, after much struggle & under no small difficulties & trials Eugene has at last conquered a profession for which he is fitted, especially in Surgery. To be sure, only a beginning is made. The gate is passed, & the road is open. But the road is still before him, to be travelled & experienced. For this he has my warmest prayers. I also, his father, have one



started out into the World with a profession: But, Oh! what road of hardships lay between Then & now, all dark to me & unknown! — How merciful that the future is hidden to our eyes! — only so we learn to "walk by faith, & not by sight." Eugene had offered a position as agent for a firm of microscopes & optical instruments at Rochester, N.Y. with a good salary & all expenses paid, & has accepted the position in order to secure him the little capital necessary to settle anywhere for medical practise.

May 6th 1892.
Friday. P.M.
Vienna, Va.

For six days, since April 30th. I have been absent from home: first at Emmorton, Md. about 23 miles from Baltimore, to have services on Sunday for my friend Dr. Wm. F. Brand, unable by illness; then at the St. Pauls Rectory, Rock Creek Parish, in order to meet the celebrated Dr. G. A. Ousley of England, who was to lecture on "Substantialism" on Tuesday night, which lecture, however, was given up on account of the utterly inadequate preparations in St. James Hall, Washtn & the small audience. But on Wednesday I assumed the office of guide to the distinguished guest to show him the Capitol, new Congressional Library, etc, & in the afternoon parted with him & Mr. Js. Brooke as they departed for the Rectory where Dr. Ousley is entertained by his most gentlemanly Christian host, the aged priest Mr. B. — I have also visited friends Com. Looker, Chs Lanman, Dr. Townsend, Hon. Geo. Hoar, & R. N. Brooke the artist, who kindly handed me the keys to his studio during his absence

in Europe until end of August, so that I have liberty to use it for any larger work I may have to do.

These were only a few days spent away from home, but they gathered into them memorable experience, too long for record, indeed, but perhaps of significance for my future. My new acquaintance is a valuable one, every way. He is an eminent Architect, probably one of the foremost acknowledged in England; a noted writer on archaeology & art products; a speaker on scientific topics; a thorough gentleman, & a devout Churchman. With his elder Brother he has settled in Newyork City as "Church Architects", & they expect to remain in this country. He is a coadjutor of Dr. Wilford A. Hall in "Substantiation" & scientific research, thoroughly at home on the subject & an ardeous promoter of it. — He seemed to approve of my mode of artistic thinking & practise, & glad that he has found one who, if opportunity offers, may work with him in harmony of aim & understanding: a valuable acquisition to my list of friends, — that list not being over large, but all the more precious from its quality.

It is now settled that I am to finish the Reredos for the Baptistry in the Church of the Incarnation, & ~~for~~ towards which I have already done considerable.

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May 15th = 1892.
Sunday A.M.
Vienna, Va.

Once more I am on the eve of a change; not a very radical one, & yet of importance enough concerning my work. An artist friend in Washington, Mr. Richard Brooke, has kindly offered me the use of his large studio during his four months absence in Europe, and since there is no possibility at home in my very confined quarters to revise the painting for

No 2363
202a

Hymne an das „Plein air".

1.) „Nun, so rufet mir die Laier,
Satteln mir den Pegasus,
Weil ich jetzt ein Lied von plein-air,
Vulgo „freilicht", singen muß.

2) Als man ist die Malerei,
älter als der Turm zu Babel,
Und so manches alte Maler
Malte spinnbar ganz gassabel.

3.) Daß, wenn beschaffen, warum
diese Bilder pflegten (Klecksen) „Rick'sen",
Hell und bunt wie Bildnerwagne,
aber aber schwarz wie Mixen.

4.) Hatte in unserem Jahrhundert
darfte man erst einmal drau,
daß der Mensch — auf der gemalten —
Ohne Luft nicht haben kann,

5) „Luft und Luft" ist deshalb Losung,
Und wie überall wirksam
Malt man freudigen wir naß
Menschenäußerlich, freilichtlichlich.

6) Hat man Freud' plein-air gewalt,
Malt man wenigen nach plein-airer,
Malt alles fall in fall,
Malt selbst falln Räumfangsbaar.

7.) Farbenlehre ist Nebensache,
Zeichnung dito und so fort,
Nennung ist die Grundbedingung,
„Daran" ist das Losungswort.

8.) Traun, mein Roß, willst du was wandern
In der schönen Malwein,
Ohne zu der rauhen Rüstung,
Male nur meine lieblichste Frau!

Dann wirst allen du vergessen,
Was du wünschest und verachtest;
Dirne willenlos sogar Prostituer,
Wenn du brav bist und ganz lebst.

(J. Daub.)

Rev. Dr. Brandt, I have thankfully accepted & hope to go in to
morrow & take up my abode in that room. Again then I take
up a life of "lost to the loss hall", in the manner I have done before
when I came up from Florida in April 1883. — Much rather
would I remain at home, if larger accommodations permitted,
but life mixes the bitter & the sweet so constantly, a man who
has reached my years ought to be reconciled to the inevitable.
After all, there will be, with the privations, certain advant-
ages as recompense. I shall have lonely but very quiet days
& evenings, & no cause to grand at interruptions, — also
more chance to hunt up some friends. — The main work yet
to be done will be the painting over again of the picture I
had persuaded myself would only need "revision". On close
examination I have rejected it altogether, & have already
made a new color study with a changed position of figures.
I have thus to sacrifice time, labor, & money, for the sake of
thorough work, — but what else could I do when laboring
for the house of God!

Dr. Townsend has at last secured the Baptism Records for
his Church, & began payments in a small way. — To this
way I am now so habituated that another might be an
almost painful surprise, as if God had given me over to
luxury & ease because I deserve the punishment of absence
of discipline. Anything of what people call "luck", has
for so many years been a stranger to my threshold, I
never more expect the departed visitor. Let him seek the
pampered children of the world, the 19th Century enthusiasts,
the latter-day idolaters. It is becoming to the followers of Him

Who had not where to lay His head, that they should taste the sweets & privileges of poverty.

June 24th 1892.
Friday: Nativity of John Baptist.
Washington D.C.
Mr. R. Brook's Studio.

Six weeks have gone in this room, & after much toil & numerous changes the painting is very near its completion. Thank God it is a decided advance on the old one. I have more light, more dignity, better action & centralization of effect. — If only an improvement can be made, the time & effort are well spent when a work has to be thrown aside & done over again. The former painting patched up would never have been satisfactory.

To my great surprise my son Eugene walked into my room this morning. He was direct from Rochester, & tells a most encouraging story of success in his agency for the sale of optical instruments for whom he has been travelling. They want him as a partner: A fine prospect in a business-point of view, but disastrous to him in a medical & scientific point. He wisely hesitates to accept. At any rate, the matter will have to be carefully considered before final action. — The young man makes friends wherever he goes, always has done so. He is bright, energetic, affable, & manly. He also finds, on returning to this city, his name among the faculty of Columbia College in their coming years catalogue, as Pro-sector, a position he honorably occupied without the title of Professor for the year past, — & now the title is given him as a compliment. — I am glad of his success. —

July 3rd 1892.
Saturday, P. M.
Washington, D.C.

Praise to God, — the painting is done. — Seven weeks have I been at it, — a holy number for a consecrated work. — May the dear Lord cleanse it from all defilement, & use it for His glory, for Christ's sake. Amen.

Wednesday, Aug. 10th
P. M.
1892.
Perman Row,
Washington, D.C.

another work is completed, the "Good Shepherd", for the Church of the Incarnation. Long ago I had proposed this subject for a space next to the door of the Vestry-room, & although no one is found yet by Dr. Townsend to pay for it as a memorial offering, it was thought best I should paint the picture while I had the use of a large room. After another day it can be removed to the house of Dr. Townsend, where it may remain until the frame is ready.

But more still. I have also covered a large surface of Tapestry with a representation of Gen. Logan on his black horse in front of his troops, urging them on to battle. This was done in order to help out of a supreme difficulty Miss Jenny Stephens, older sister to Mrs. Ryan who keeps the well-known "Elmsmere House" & to whom I was introduced by Mrs. Geo. Hauk. Three large pictures painted in twelve weeks, aside from several drawings etc. that I have done besides. It is a fair record for the time.

Now, however, I am packing up for a removal home.

Vienna, Va. Sept. 15th 1892. Wednesday P. M.

For several weeks I have been at home again, — in the same box of a room that was my cage for work during a whole year. — Yes! it is just a year to morrow since we arrived here. — Strange! — But perhaps it were best, for the present, not to indulge in comments or written reflections on the past year in this house. I have much to say, & hardly know how to say it.

Events in the great world are moving on towards the consummation. Labor riots in the North West, in Pennsylvania, in Tennessee; The troops called out to suppress them, many lives sacrificed. A change again of the Cabinet in England. The Liberals have it now, under Gladstone. A terrible famine in Russia, & now the Cholera, both there & in France & Germany, as also in this

country. Thus far there have been but few cases (deaths) in Newyork, & a rigorous Quarantaine, confining some 3000 people. President Harrison has issued a proclamation closing the country to emigrants.

These matters occasion profound commotion, & they are more than surface troubles. But what goes deeper still is the religious ferment, the war going on within our own Communion. The Ph. Brooks matter is the prolific cause; the dragon teeth from which an army of destructive warriors grow up: The latest the terribly solemn protest of the Bishop of Springfield, Dr. Geo. F. Seymour. — The pamphlet is a firebrand, & the Philistines will be roused when they see their harvest destroyed. What must its effect be on the impending General Convention, which is to assemble only a few weeks hence in Baltimore? How will those Bishops feel by whose vote a known heretic, an Arian, Pelagian, Congregationalist, became also a Bishop? A huge hornets nest has been disturbed, & there will be plenty of buzzing & stinging. The war cannot fail to be "to the Knife."

Sept. 29th 1892.
Thursday, 4 P.M.
Vienna, Va.

I returned last evening from Emmorton, Md. My picture of "The Supper at Emmaus", painted for Rev. Wm. F. Brand S.T.D. as a thanksoffering on the 50th anniversary of his ordination to the Diaconate, is now in place in the chancel of St. Mary's Church. We put it there on Saturday last, & on Sunday, Sept. 25th I preached it, by his special request, the Commemoration Sermon for my venerable Brother, & celebrated H. Communion, himself acting as Deacon. It was a touching occasion.

My painting looks well in its place, & has a passably good light at times. Other compositions, in

monochrome, are ak my suggestion to be added, 4 fill up the space fram the tops of inner chancel wall to the roof-construction, four panels, which I propose to subdiade into eight.

Oct. 25th 1892.
Tuesday P. M.
Vienna, Va.

To day has closed the memorable Sitting of the General Convention of 1892, which had its deliberations in Emmanuel Church, Baltimore, Md. - To this effect Bishop Geo. Seymour, of the Diocese of Springfield, Ill. informed me yesterday. At last, after an agitation of twenty one years (Convention 1871 Emmanuel Church) we have once more the blessing of a settled Prayer Book. The changes made may some of them have been necessary, & some desirable, but during the long time the Book has now been in flux, some nine years, many have felt that an established, fixed Liturgy is far better, though not perfect, than one thrown out of uniformity by partly made, & partly permitted alterations of which nobody could see the end & final settlement. A new Hymnal is also adopted.

As was to be expected, there were outgrappings of the Broad Churchism, represented in the House of Bishops chiefly by the present Bishops of Massachusetts, Ph. Brooks, Brk Bp. Seymour, the "Athanasius of the Am. Church", gives it as his opinion that the heretical leader is a disappointed man, for he did not succeed to wield any influence in the House of Bishops, a very measure he introduced, was defeated. On the other hand, the session has brought to light the time-saving, tricky spirit & loose doctrine of several of the Bishops, manifested in the vote by which

his consecration was insured. – Of course, the leaven of evil will work." In the last days perilous times shall come." The disaffection, the lawless spirit, & the worldliness, were long ago foretold.

However, the tremendeous protest has gone forth to all the Bishops of the Anglican Communion, and although our religious papers pass it by with silence, its powerful effect is all the more sure below the surface. – And I had the privilege to spend nearly two days in the company of the Author of that "Open Letter to the Rt. Rev. Wm. C. Doane, Bp. of Albany, for he came from Baltimore to be with his old class-mate Dr. Townsend, & preach for him in the Church of the Incarnation. I had met the distinguished man several times before, but only each time for a few moments, but for once I could be with him in the same house & the same services, & I esteem it a high honor to be found on the same side with men of backbone & inflexible courage, who resolutely stand up for the truth of God in a degenerate age, & in the face of detraction, calumny, & persecution. Bps. Seymour & Gillespie (whom I met also two weeks ago), were the only two men among our Bishops who sent in their protest to the presiding Bishop against the consecration of a heretic, while others flinched & held back, even after they had voted "non placet". Yet this step they dared not take.

Again the solemn Advent call, each year in this the closing age becoming more grave & of deeper import. Have the holy Apostles would now sound the earnest cry to "awake out of sleep", to be sober, & watch unto prayer", & to look & pray for "that Day" of the appearing of the Lord & Judge! – – Yet, the more need there is on account of increasing

Nov. 27th 1892. First Sunday in Advent. Vienna, Va.

unbelief & forgetfulness, the less are pulpits are "John Baptists" & Elijahs to prepare the way of the Lord. — Verily, there is cause for using the second Collect in Advent more earnestly & persistently. The obtuseness of most of our clergy to the subject of Christs second coming is not the least significant of the "signs of the times". "While the Bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered & slept. —

By the way, in writing this it occurs to me there may be here a designation of different degrees of drowsiness, some being more thoroughly asleep than others. — In Joseph B. Rotherhams "new Testament critically emphasised", the passage reads "They all became drowsy, & were sleeping", "They nodded & were sleeping", has the Greek text in Wordsworth, & Hilary interprets "Dormire enim mori est", — from which I am bold to dissent, since death cannot here be meant, but a condition of sleep in those still alive in the body, since presently they are roused by the midnight cry, not the morning trumpet of eternity as a call to Resurrection. But however this may be viewed, there certainly seem to be degrees of sleep & indifference, for not all even of the believing are equally impressed with the tremendous solemnity of that "cry" & are equally watchful.

Yet I am sure the signs are thickening. There are the prophets who maintain we have already entered on the last seven years of this age & the era of the Antichrist. — And so it seems. The "age of man" is making more decidedly its character manifest. The next year, so close at hand, will doubtless cast the die for the coming revolution. The great roar

Christian Unity.

This subject engaged the consideration of the last General Convention of the Episcopalians, but no practical measure for bringing about the desired unity was formulated. The committee which had the matter in charge could only report progress and ask to be continued.

The Presbyterian General Assembly, at its session last spring, left the question in the same unsettled state, though there, too, the general sentiment in favor of union was unmistakable.

In all orthodox Protestant communions the desire for a sentimental unity seems to be substantially unanimous. They are ready to treat each other as Christian brethren; but when the question of devising a scheme of organic unity comes up, they are as much apart as ever. Such unity means the merging of the whole into one Church organization. It implies the giving up by each of the very grounds of its separate existence; for they are divided rather because of differences of conviction touching ecclesiastical organization than by reason of disagreement as to the fundamental articles of Christian faith. They cannot combine organically in a new system devised by compromise and concession. They must take a system already existing. Some one of the Churches must absorb all the others.

The prospect of such Protestant unity is no brighter now than it was a hundred years ago, for the existing diversity is a necessary consequence of the theory of Protestantism. If the individual conscience and not Church authority is made supreme, there must be innumerable divisions.

The Episcopal General Convention expressed its longing for Christian unity, but it is unity in the fold of the Anglican Church. The Presbyterian General Assembly wants such unity, but it is unity without Episcopal dominance. The Methodists have an episcopal government of their own, but they are many, while the Episcopalians distinctively are few in this country, and they think that the greater should absorb the less and not the less the greater. The Baptists reject the prelatical government as unscriptural, and they could not yield that point without self-stultification.

Hence, anything like organic Christian union among these is only a dream. It is not a scheme for practical consideration.

Moreover, the union of Protestant imagination is not full Christian union. It is only Protestant union. It would leave the great division in Christendom unhealed, and it might embitter still further the controversies of Christianity. Protestantism would simply be consolidated against Catholicism.

The true Christian union is a union of all Christendom into one great army of the faith. Instead of Protestant fighting Catholic and Catholic fighting Protestant, it would bring the two together and enable them to contend together against the unbelief which their division tends to provoke nd promote.

THE REV. WM. CRANE GRAY, D.D.

MISSIONARY BISHOP-ELECT OF SOUTHERN FLORIDA.

Dr. Gray was born in Lambertville, N. J., Sept. 6, 1835, but moved to Tennessee when ten years of age, and in that state most of his life has been spent. He was, however, sent to Kenyon College, Ohio, where he was graduated in 1859, and immediately after he entered Bexley Hall Theological Seminary, receiving his diploma from both institutions, and from Kenyon in 1881 the degree of Doctor of Divinity. He was ordered deacon in Christ church, Nashville, Tenn., by the Rt. Rev. James H. Otey, LL.D., in 1859, and the following year was advanced to the priesthood in St. Peter's church, Columbia, Tenn. The first eighteen months of his ministry were spent in itinerant missionary work, being much of the time in the saddle; but in 1860 he took charge of St. James's parish, Bolivar, and there built a new church, a large female Church



THE REV. WM. CRANE GRAY, D.D.,

Missionary Bishop-elect of Southern Florida.

school, a rectory, and a church for colored people. Here he remained for more than twenty years, until he accepted the rectorship of the Church of the Advent, Nashville, where he has continued ever since; and during this fruitful period has removed the very large indebtedness and completed the church building, which was in a sadly unfinished condition.

Dr. Gray has won the respect and appreciation of his diocese and the Church throughout the country, and his election to the bishopric meets with widespread approval.

long that everybody w
parade was over.

On Sunday Bonner com
On Monday he was worse
Tuesday night that a p
Dr. Joseph Rooney respon
pronounced it a genui
cholera. After arriving at
Rooney went around to t
police station and asked th
sent to the house to establi
antine.

The presence of the police
cited the curiosity of the ne
they learned that there wa
in the house they became p
the tenants left and sought
with friends elsewhere. Dr. R
to satisfy himself that his dia
rect, called in Dr. Henry. Dr
ined the patient, and agreed w
that it was a case of Asiatic cho
all this time was suffering excru
and the doctors were unable to
relief. He died shortly after 1 o
day morning.

The body was taken at once
ner Brackner's undertaking est
County Physician Converse and
spector Benjamin were notified. D
made an autopsy and decided th
died from an acute attack of cholera
and not from Asiatic cholera. Whe
sult of the autopsy was made known
ants who had fled from the house
but, notwithstanding the assurance
Converse and Health Inspector Be
there is a feeling of uneasiness in the
borhood.

Wreck of a Freight Train on the Erie

NEWBURGH, Oct. 26.—A bad wreck o
Erie, west of Chester, occurred yeste
Two trains, going in opposite directions
upon separate tracks, came in collision.
some twenty-five cars were derailed, ro
down an embankment, and broken into k
dling wood. The first train to go off the tr
was Conductor James E. Traynor's we
bound freight. The engineer noticed that th
cars behind him were off the track, and, cu
ting loose from the train, pulled ahead to war
east-bound trains of the danger. But a freigh
train was near at hand, and went crashing into
the derailed cars, which covered both tracks.
Eighteen cars in Conductor Traynor's train
and six of Conductor Cooney's east-bound
train went down the bank. The engine
of the east-bound train was derailed and
damaged. Engineer Decker realized his dan-
ger and escaped back over his train. The fire-
man remained on the engine, but was not
hurt. It was down grade for the east-bound
train, and it could not be checked. Trains
went around via Goshen, Campbell Hall, Corn-
wall, and the West Shore to New York. The
loss to the Erie Company is large.

Made Deputy Clerk of the City Court.

Edward Peipenbring of the Tenth Assembly
district was appointed Deputy Clerk of the City
Court yesterday to succeed the late John Reid.
Peipenbring has been a City Marshall. He is
a political lieutenant of ex-Register John
Kelly. The salary of his new place is $2,000.

THE MAP TELLS ITS OWN STORY.



in Europe, & the World's Fair in America, will mark the Epoch & throw up the fatal number of the Beast, ——

And the General Convention of 1892 has passed, & we have once more a settled Prayer Book, & also a Hymnal. Thanks to God, who has guided matters in a way different from what many have desired & labored for, & preserved His Church from "heresy & schism", by the efforts of that "Broad Church party" who plied their subtle arts adroitly in order to open the serried ranks of true doctrine & so let the enemy have an advantage. Under the specious plea of "Christian Unity" falsehood was to be smuggled in, the Church's standard lowered to approach more nearly that of the sects, & her character for truth & consistency forever compromised & made justly a laughing stock & a contempt. — Somehow, by God's grace, the enemy has been ignominiously foiled & his arts exposed!

Also, on the 3d of November last I have entered on my seventieth year, the "threescore years & ten" of mans allotted time. So in the usual course of life the end cannot be so far off. My forefathers all sleep this long sleep. Many of my friends have gone away, younger in years than was I am; — & the years that remain, as a rule do not belong to the most vigorous of a man's & in which he accomplishes more than the carrying out, perhaps, of what former years have prepared by way of material for finish. Yet it has pleased God to rescue me twice from the grave, & still grant me an unknown amount of strength & energy & power for work. May He also give me grace to use it all to the very best purpose & so make myself meet for His appearing. As opportunities are becoming fewer, may the will to improve them become more serious, honest, & true.

A. D. 1893.

Jan. 12th 1893.
Wednesday P. M.
Vienna, Va.

Nearly one half of this first month of the New year has already been numbered with the past. — Divisions of time are divisions of life & experience, & therefore of grave value. God numbers them in His plan & operations, & they are so marked in H. Scripture. No barren sentiment merely attaches importance to the flight of time, to years, seasons & periods. "In the fullness of time" Christ came. And He will come again when" the fulness of the Gentiles" shall be fulfilled. It is this period evidently drawing to a close which gives to the date on top of the page its sober significance. — The year just begun is set down by earnest prophets, students of Scripture predictions, as one of great events. Even the few first days of the first month bring news of calamity from all over the earth! Cold, storms, disaster, pestilence. The catalogue is already a lengthy one, a sad opening of a year most likely to be characterized by the evils & judgments that must come within the "period of the Antichrist", upon which it is asserted we have already entered. —

For my part I am a believer in these days being the last of the present age, & so my daily prayer is "Come, Lord Jesus." — The primary duty of each Christian is to be himself prepared & ready. If that is conscientiously done, he will not neglect other duties growing out of this & touching his fellow men. The merciful God grant me His help that I may humbly redress what in my past life has been amiss, & so through His grace mend the future.

The year just gone by has been for me of some quite peculiar features. As to family affairs I have been

almost, though not altogether, lived on my eldest son. He owns the house we occupy, & he mainly pays for family expenses. In truth, I have had an income so very small that to do more seemed out of the question. — And yet while the actual income, mostly received in little dribbles, has been much below £400. a, my real earnings were over £1200. —. So then the singular fact obtains that, although I have little in hand, I have much more ahead than has been my fortune for many years past. Usually what I earned was received & as quickly used up. — This made me think there may be changes or occurrences ahead for which this outstanding money is a providential provision. — But this is conjecture. To be sure, things have come to a point where some alteration must be thought of. In a very few weeks more a long-protracted work, a Reredos to the font in the Ch. of the Incarnation, will be off my hands, whereupon I am left free to engage in other, more legitimate, undertakings, but for which the box of a room now by way of compliment called my "Studio" is too small, so I must take steps to secure a larger, perhaps in the City. Here I have never felt settled. — Moreover, my son Eugene, the M.D., goes to Chicago for the firm for whom he has been travelling, to take charge of their exhibit of optical instruments, & hopes to set up in that City, in company with Mr. (or Dr.) Jasaw, a Japanese for over four years engaged with the celebrated Dr. Grey in the Agricultural Department on microscopic investigation, a scientific laboratory, for which both the young men have special qualifications. If he is successful, his plan is to draw the rest of the family after him. — But I will not look nor plan ahead. All is in

God's own gracious hands. This only I pray, that the years still left me for activity I may be enabled to so spend that the glory of God & the good of my fellows are best promoted. When opportunities lessen & time grows short, they admonish to increase of more earnest effort & a jealous use of what remains, be it much or little.

X

Jan. 23d. 1893.
Monday P.M.
Lima, Pa.

Who would have thought only a few short months ago, when the Ph. Bp. matter still agitated the Church & the cry was that God Himself would soon lay it, so far as the living presence of the man was concerned, & pronounce the decision, "Thus far thou shalt come, & no farther!" — The cut inserted tells its own story. Like a giant lightning blow must it fall on the hearts of many, friends & opponents alike. Certainly the event is strange, — has in it an element of awe & mystery. Suddenly the "bright luminary" has gone out; the "brilliant orator" is silent for ever, — silent by fatal disease attacking those very organs that were the instruments of his renown & popularity.

His influence in the last Gen. Convention was "non est". He exerted no influence, & none of his measures & those of his party succeeded. But his teaching remained the same as Bishop that it was before the Church, by time-serving men, clothed him with supreme authority. He took her vows upon him, & yet dared to injure her by promulgating the false tenets of "Broad Churchism" for he was not a Low Churchman, when a man like Bp. White of Virginia voted "non placet" at the time of his election.

Now he has gone to his account. The Lord have mercy on his soul! He has done the Church & Christianity much harm. He was a test-stone to the secrets of many hearts.

[*By wire to The Evening News.*]

BOSTON, Mass., Jan. 23.—Bishop Phillip Brooks died here at 6:30 o'clock this morning of pneumonia and diphtheria.

The bishop became ill a few days ago, but he supposed that it was nothing more than a severe sore throat, and although he stayed at home, there was nothing alarming in his illness until yesterday.

At that time, as the disease began to develop, Dr. H. H. A. Beach was called in, and after some hours he decided that he had better call in Dr. Fitz. Both are eminent physicians. Dr. Fitz was called in for a consultation.

Even last night the case was not considered serious, but at about 3 o'clock this morning the bishop had a slight spasm, and after that was over the heart beats became fainter and fainter. Meanwhile he became unconscious. About 6:30 he died.

Left No Message.

He had said very little during his illness. He had apparently no idea his end was near, and he did not leave any last message.

On account of the contagious character of his disease it is not improbable that the funeral will be private. His brothers have been sent for, and on their arrival this afternoon the matter will be settled.

Phillips Brooks was born in Boston, Mass., in 1855; studied theology in the seminary at Alexandria, Va.; was ordained in 1859, and became rector of Protestant Episcopal Church of the Advent, Philadelphia, Pa., a comparatively obscure charge.

Three years later he became rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity, one of the largest and most fashionable churches in Philadelphia.

Some of His Works.

He remained there seven years, in 1869 becoming rector of Trinity Church, Boston. About a year ago he was consecrated bishop of the diocese of Massachusetts, succeeding the late Benjamin Henry Paddock.

Bishop Brooks was one of the most brilliant pulpit orators of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and had a more rapid delivery probably than any clergyman in the country. He was noted for his low church views, and preached in the churches of other denominations than his own.

Bishop Brooks published "Lectures on Preaching," delivered before the Yale Divinity School (New York, 1877); "Sermons" (1878 and 1881); "The Influence of Jesus," lectures delivered in Philadelphia in 1879, and "Baptism and Confirmation" (1880).

Reed and Edward Crane and wife, Ne
York; Eugene Cowles, "Bostonians;" W.
Taylor, Massachusetts; T. M. Edward
New York; Ray Tompkins, Elmira, N. Y
Henry Veeder and wife, Chicago; W. V
Whittlesey and wife, Pittsfield, Mass.; E.
Wheeler, Sault Ste. Marie; Mr. and Mr
Andrew F. Kerr, New York; T. E. Wa
dell, H. C. Barnebee and wife, W. H. M
Donald and wife, Mrs. Jessie Bartlet
Davis, and S. L. Studley and wife, Bosto
Tom Karl and D. M. Dewey, Boston; V
R. Wilson, Elizabeth, N. J.; Gov. N.
Murphy, Phœnix, Ariz.; C. J. Buell a
wife, Rapid City, Iowa; Mrs. James Reil
and Miss Reilly, Stevens Point, Wis; Mr
W. B. Asten and F. Hendricks, New York;
H. Carpenter, Reading, Pa.; R. V
Hawkesworth and Walter D. E
monds, New York; Miss Nash, Jackso
Ohio; C. E. Linin and wife, Paducak, K
W. A. McConnell, New York; Dr. T.
Ryder, New York; Miss J. L. Ryder, Ne
York; Miss Grace Ryder, New York; Al
M. Fiske, New York; Garland Pollard, S
Louis, Mo.; C. B. Alexander, New Yor
H. A. Alexander, New York; J. B. Train
New York, and Thomas Patterson, Pit
burg.

BELVEDERE.—C. W. Thomas and W.
Bangs and wife, New York; Charles Laml
city; W. B. Madden and wife, Baltimo
Robert Hudson and wife, Australia;
Smalword, Lincoln, Nebr.; J. L. S. Trav
Mobile, Ala.; J. Hart Brutam and Mrs.
McNeil, Philadelphia; C. E. Drake, N
York; J. H. Sweet and wife, Baltimore;
H. Broughton, New York; R. Gray, Phi
ladelphia; J. Jonz, Denver, Col.; A. B
Indianapolis; J. W. Rogers, Chicago, a
F. Maguire and wife and Mrs. H. Lyo
Philadelphia.

CHAMBERLIN — W. S. Chance a
Thomas V. Croker, Philadelphia, Pa., a
John M. Mitchell, New York.

COBBS—Miss Philiss A. Hew, W. T. B
ant and wife, H. A. Devens and wife, M
George Drake, Florence Drake and Char
A. Smily, New York; George Drake, Cle
land, Ohio; Charles F. Dodge and wife a
J. Hirskell and wife, Boston, Mass.; V
oint Seavalle, David W. Lynch and Mrs.
Scott, Philadelphia, Pa.

COCHRAN—Elton T. Beckwith Westcl
Colorado; B. A. Weathers and Niel
Weathers, Olola, Fla.; Gen. M. Nau
and Charles E. Coon, New York; M.
Walton and Mrs. Walton, city; Frank
Potter, Providence, R. I., and John
Clarke, Webster, Mass.

EBBITT—F. H. Clarke and wife, Spri
field, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Bril
Birmingham, Ala.; Wm. Reith and wife,
P. Sweetzer and wife, Mrs. J. W. Hasw
J. V. Prichard, G. W. Powell, Dee
Reeves, Chas. E. Phipps and wife, Hen
Billings, Dr. and Mrs. Edw. O. Fla
and Thomas C. Curtis, Boston; Ca

Febr. 26th 1893. 2d S. in Lent. Vienna. Va.

A change again, in this world of change. The "Reredos" is gone from here, is in place at the Church; I have given a lecture, as Dr. Townsend desired me, on "Christian Symbolism in relation to Church Decoration", on Wednesday 7.30 P.M., Febr. 22d; — and moreover, I have hired a room & am making ready to move my things & myself into it. — So then it will be City life again, — & that life all alone, keeping "Bachelors Hall" in full sense. — This change has long ago loomed up on my horizon. What else can I do? — Every single circumstance seems to dictate it; Space to work in; possibility, by some means or other, to make a living; neighborhood of Church services; more stimulating companionship, — all & more have called for a shifting of base. — For the present my room is a barnlike place, not in light, but on ground floor, in a rather dilapidated house at G & 8th. cor. 17½. Both the rent is cheap, only $8.00 per month, — the tenure insecure, for it is offered for sale, & I cannot be certain to occupy it for a great length of time. There are other great inconveniences with which I must take up for the cheapness of rent. The main point now appears to be to get into the City & look about for what will bring some money for a decent living. My career at Vienna, Va. has drawn to a close, — indeed I am not sorry, because the place has never recommended itself to me as fit for our permanent residence. Well I know how we are taught by the Church to pray for "minds always conformed with our present condition". If literally understood & carried out, such a disposition would result in stagnation of endeavor & enterprise. In fact, the providence of God often forces

a man out & away from his surroundings & compells struggle under new conditions for the developing of greater strength & manyfold usefulness. — Such seems to be my case now. — Personally I am restive in the very restricted sphere of life here in this barren village. Society is like my room: narrow of scope, & entirely unsuited: All is little, no chance for expansion. The men are office clerks oscillating on the R. Road daily, like my son. There is not among them one man for company. And in truth I must have more elbow room, every way.

Honor, a trace to analysis! — I hate dissection, physical or mental. There remains work to be done. There is but limited time to do it in. Whether I consider that my 70th year is upon me, — or whether the speedy coming of the Lord may cut short my term on earth, — time is becoming precious & must be improved to best advantage, — & the good Lord help me to acquit myself with faithfulness. —

March 12th 1893. 4th G. in Lent, Washington D. C.

I am in my new room since Tuesday last. It is a large place, like a riding school on the floor. It lacks light, but gives more than enough extent for all purposes save the painting of high Church pictures. Much fitting up is to be done, for the house was long deserted & greatly abused by vandal hands, & expense is the consequence. Yet what I buy is no fixture & can be taken away in case removal becomes necessary. Otherwise I am united, & hope to do a power of work in this new place, God granting me strength.

As usual when away from home, I sleep in my studio & provide for my own meals. For this I have

an excellent oil-cooking stove, a most convenient article for expeditious & clean kitchen business. This mode of living gives me a coveted independence & saves both time & money, — either of these being not superfluous with me. Every moments must be utilized, for there is anyhow in a city inavoidable consumption of time, given to ser persons & to travel distances.

It will be my endeavor to create in my room an atmosphere congenial to thought & imagination, & in which to be is a pleasure & a stimulus. Such I have not enjoyed, indeed, for a very long time. Ever since I left Savoonee the circumstances were against it. What is lacking in the dark, steep, & now dirty entrance & stairs, I must neutralize & supplement in my workroom. Being a real "sky-parlor", as near heaven as in this house one can get (in fact right in the mansard roof), shall it not breathe forth a spirit of exaltation & aspiring faith, speaking of the things unseen, but suggested by images & symbols that rise above the lower world & bring the soul nearer to angels, to saints, to God eternal.

April 24th 1893.
Monday night.
Wash. D. C.

This day marks a stage, not only in my own life and experience, but in that of my whole family, especially my youngest son, Theodore Eugene. Last year he graduated from College as M.D., to day I married him in St. Pauls Church to Marie Cecilia Rollings, to whom he has been engaged for several years. He is now 29 years old, his wife 25, — both one year older than his father and mother when they married. The wedding was a very beautiful one

the Sesame chapel, with the choir robed in Eugene so long sang & played (cornet), & the altar profuse with flowers, for his wife had for long the office of directing the ornamentation of the Church. The building was crowded to the doors.

Now the pair are far on their way to Chicago, Ill. There, during the World's Fair they will remain, for Eugene is, on a good salary, in charge of the Exhibit of scientific optical instruments of a large firm in Rochester, N.Y. for whom he has worked since he took his M.D. degree. — The richest blessing of God go with them!

Indeed I can not be thankful enough for the favor of God shown me in my family relations & circumstances. We are in moderate state of means. All, however, my sons & self, earn a competent living. The Lord takes care of us. Abundance of worldly goods is not essential to happiness.

As for myself I am fairly established in work here in this my city den. One painting at least is done. It embodies the legend of Charlemagne asleep under the Untersberg in Salzburg, with crown on head & sword ready, waiting the trumpet of the Archangel to rouse & do battle against the Antichrist. — The picture is a gift to our Society of Washington Artists, who wish to start a fund by the sale of this & other pictures given for the erection of an Art-building, with exhibition rooms & studios suitably arranged.

June 17th 1893.
Saturday. A.M.
Washington, D.C.

Not much time is left me in my busy life to attend to this book. My work is partly given, partly self-imposed, at least in the sense of being crowded. I want to do much in short time. And to a degree I accomplish this. Canvasses are being covered rapidly, & I am persuaded, well. Four of the mural frames for the Church (St. Mary's) of Dr. Brant, are quite done, & this after two of-

THE GRAPHOPHONE PHONOGRAPH.

A few years ago the world was presented with an invention called the telephone, which has become such an adjunct to the transaction of business that we wonder how we ever managed to get through life without its aid. Inventive minds are never at rest, and one of the most remarkable results of their ingenuity is the production of what has been called the graphophone phonograph. It consists of a wax cylinder about one inch in diameter and six inches long, hollow, and weighing about three ounces, which is rapidly revolved by a very simple apparatus. It is thus described: "Resting on the waxen cylinder is a disk of steel, in which is a diaphragm of mica, having in its centre a steel point; to the disk is attached a rubber tube with a mouthpiece like that used for an ordinary speaking-trumpet. Sounds of any description thrown into the mouthpiece are recorded by the steel point upon the cylinder.

"By an extremely simple process, another rubber pipe, with a tube at one end and two ear-tubes at the other, is then attached and the ear-tubes placed in the ears. Every sound, no matter how insignificant, is clearly and faithfully repeated in a perfectly distinct tone, having all the qualities and inflections of the sounds originally thrown into the mouthpiece. The entire apparatus is placed upon a stand precisely like that of an ordinary sewing machine."

This wonderful little instrument bids fair to completely revolutionize existing business and social conditions. The old-time method of correspondence and even the more modern use of the typewriter must give way to the obvious advantages of this little machine. No experience is necessary to operate it. The merest novice has but to pick up the recorder, talk as long as he pleases, remove the cylinder, place it in a box provided for the purpose, put a 2-cent stamp on it and mail it. When it reaches its destination the receiver removes it from the box, places the reproducer to his ear, and every word, tone and even the inflection is reproduced with wonderful fidelity.

The effect of the introduction of this new invention can hardly be foreseen. It will serve as a substitute for the services of the pretty typewriter girl who is found in such large numbers doing the work of amanuenses in extensive business houses. The man of business, instead of dictating to her, can now repeat his words to the graphaphone and have it reproduced exactly as uttered, without the possibility of errors in transcribing, and, of course, with much more dispatch.

This is but one of the many uses to which this ingenious contrivance may be put. The practicality of it will be shown in many ways after its introduction.

wife, in pencil, stated that his
business troubles had made hi
of life.

INDICTED FOR ARSON

**Geo. M. Bradt Charged With Sett
to the Caldwell-Griffis Block at
nooga.**

Special to The American.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN., Oct.
sensation of the hour is the
ment late this afternoon of G
Bradt for arson. Mr. Bradt is
of setting fire to his printing o
the night of Aug. 9, which res
the destruction of the Caldwell
block and the loss of several
The fire broke out in the print
fice, which was located in the
story of the block, and sprea
such rapidity that nearly half a
dollars worth of property was
stroyed. The indictment is a s
to Mr. Bradt's many friends. T
will not come to trial until th
term of the Circuit Court.

SHOT THRICE AND KILL

A Ter... Shooting Affray on the Streets

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shown in many ways after its intro-
be put. The practicality of it will be
which this ingenious contrivance may
This is but one of the many uses to
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bility of errors in transcribing, and, of
exactly as uttered, without the possi-
graphphone and have it reproduced
can now repeat his words to the
business, instead of dictating to her,
tensive business houses. The man of
who is found in such large numbers
doing the work of amanuenses in ex-
services of the pretty typewriter girl
It will serve as a substitute for the
new invention can hardly be foreseen.
The effect of the introduction of this
fidelity.

out to pick up the recorder, talk as
long as he pleases, remove the cylin-
der, place it in a box provided for the
purpose, put a 2-cent stamp on it and
mail it. When it reaches its destina-
tion the receiver removes it from the
box, places the reproducer to his ear,
and every word, tone and even the in-
flection is reproduced with wonderful

these "Prophets" — Ezekiel & David — were painted in tint, & I had to change my mind respecting the treatment & return to the original conception. Also a smaller monotint, "Jonah under his gourd before Nineveh", which is to go to my friend the artist, Tate Heyer, in New-York, is painted, & two panels carved, wheat & grapes, for an Altar to Fernandina, Fla. — There is no chance for idleness.

My summers work must be a large one, for it is doubtful to me whether the room I occupy can be made habitable in Winter; it is so old and dilapidated, & I feel not justified to spend more money on it. — But what puts this almost feverish haste in me to crowd work & result into small space of time? Why not go on with commendable patience, & perhaps achieve as much? — Two reasons there are: The uncertain cramped condition of my family, and the evident shortness of my own opportunity. To describe either of these would take many words, & I have to forbear & trust to developments. Evidently, our circumstances are formative, not stationary. Fred ought to be married soon. Susan would be a very helpful element in the house. She has been so already to himself. My poor wife would be relieved of part of her care — & she needs the relief. — Outside our family affairs the world is whirling on. The Chicago Fair is in full swing, with all its complicated interests & bewildering results. The world of mind is rushing headless of restraint. The great apostasy is in progress & threatening full development soon. Marvellous inventions are multiplying, like the one pasted between these pages, & revolutionizing mode of thought & intercourse & manners; & in Europe all conditions are in fine commotion, & no one can tell what to-morrow may bring forth. — "Even so, come, Lord Jesus." —

July 18th 1893.
Tuesday. P.M.
Washington, D.C

Not much can I write into this journal, nor record circumstantially. On the last page I have mentioned my rather hurried condition. Instead of diminishing, it threatens to be on the increase. I know that hurry is said to be the sign of a small mind. At least it is the sign of an imperfect, a finite one, — & this I am. — Let that be so!

Within the last week the entire plan for my summers work had to be changed again. Since writing in June, Dr. Brand was touched with paralysis in the pulpit, & I was summoned to take a service for him on the third Sunday of the month. Since then I have been at Emmorton again for two Sundays, & during the time of my stay, being guest at Mr. Fernandis' house, arrangement had to be entered into for my taking virtually charge of the Parish until October, because the Rectors recovery is very slow, owing to his advanced age. — In order to get from my room some more needed things I came to Washington, especially as another clergyman, a Rev. Mr. Lightner, of Newcastle, was to take the service on Sunday last. Meanwhile a letter from a Rev. George Glaab (Rom. Cath.) to Dr. Townsend enquired for my address. This was sent to me, & I answered it myself. On going to the Church of St. Mary's, on 5th St., I found the gentleman, who had been trying already to find me at my room that morning, & learned that he wished three paintings for his Church, which is now being decorated, & at once we entered into plans & negotiations. These are already perfected, & I have begun on the work by compositions & studies for them. — The paintings measure 5.09" x 11'03", & I purpose to execute them on canvas back in fresco colors, not in oil. I asked the small sum of $250.00 per each, — & it is no wonder Father Glaab accepted

the offer very readily & with thankfulness for what he called my "generousity." It is hardly that. To confess the truth, I feared to ask perhaps too much, & so lose the commission. Then again I am so accustomed to receive small amounts for Church work, that almost habitually I resign myself to give the greater portion of my labor. And again there was a little sly policy in my offer, for this work for a Rom. Catholic Church may become an entering wedge to open other commissions & of better remmeration.

In any event, I shall not be the loser. The paintings go high up in the chancel, & the mode of painting will admit of very rapid execution after my preperation is made. — Moreover Father Glaab, who is a very open & big hearted man, met me with the counter-proposition to paint four monochromes in addition for the lower panels on both sides, for the round sum of $1000. no., & I accepted.

Here, then, is work work yet. A part of this I shall do in the country; the large paintings themselves in the sacristy of the Church. It has come unsought, — & so have other of my commissions — God has sent them. "For so He giveth His beloved sleep." — Verily He plans & cares for His children.

On Thursday morning I am to go to Harford County again.

Aug. 3? 1893.
Wednesday P.M.
Bel-Air, Md.

Is there not something almost funny in it? I am going to paint three pictures for a Roman Catholic Church in the Jury-room of a Court-House! — I have preached in a Court-house, administered H. Baptism in a Court-house, but I never dreamed I would paint in a Court-house. True, "the improbable always happens." And moreover I account myself very lucky for having permission to use this same Jury-room for this purpose, because I certainly

felt like the man who got the elephant & had only a goat-pen to stable him in. To paint pictures almost twelve feet high in rooms scarce nine feet of ceiling was a problem I had been exerting a good deal of ingenuity to compass. But now, behold, all my obstacles are overcome. Am I not fortunate?

At first there was the project that I should paint in the Sacristy of St. Mary's Church, & in fresco-colors. Then, while preparing the color-studies, I became convinced a safer course would be to paint in oil, & so I wrote to Father Glaab. As soon the first he only thought of oil-paintings, he was not disappointed and readily aquiesced. Then, however, came the difficulty of a suitable room. Now this also is obtained. For some months to come the Court will remain occupied, & through Mr. Bakers intervention I have permission from the Judge. — To morrow I shall move into my new & strange studio. Stables & barns have been utilized for aesthetic purposes, & prisons for churches, & why not a prosaic Jury-room for the painting of sacred subjects? —

Being established here in this Maryland town with its narrow-guage Rail-road, its countrified air & stores & streets & pavements & population, I have practically charge of St. Mary's parish so far as the Services are concerned. Dr. Brand continuing quite feeble & nervous, & moreover expecting soon to go away for change & possible rest. There is only a Morning Service on Sundays, the congregation living for the most part miles off, & unable to come to Church twice on the same day. The duties are therefore almost nominal, but the people are sensible of the importance to continue the regular ministrations, & the Vestry are very Kind to me & anxious that I shall be made comfortable.

There are most excellent cultured people here, & they love their Rector, & themselves deserve to be loved.

Aug. 13th 1893. 11th S. after Trin. midnight. Bel Air, Md.

Rev. Dr. Brand has gone last Friday on a vacation, if so an enforced absence by reason of sickness can be called. He is to remain away for three weeks, longer, if desirable or necessary. — I am thus practically in charge of the Parish: A light labor, compared to what I have been accustomed to do.

But this seems a place ✱ which, by plain duty, my Master has called me unto. Strong attachments, like of "home-folks", have woven themselves about me, & the thought of at the end of September leaving all seems very repugnant & as against the course of nature. —What will God's providence shape out of this new relation for me?

Sept. 14th 1893. Thursday P. M. Bel-Air, Md.

What creatures of habit we can, in a short time, become. Scarcely more than a month ago I began to go regularly each working day over to the Courthouse for painting those three pictures, & now that they are thus far done, rolled up & boxed, ready to go to Washington, & there is no more necessity for taking this daily exercise, I have almost the blues from loneliness & want of definite occupation. This has been my feeling all the afternoon, & it was irresistable. It will be advisable, even for the two days that remain of the current week, to settle on something I must do. — Opposites & incongruities touch like extremes. And yet, when examined below the surface, all are found to be conditions of life modified as to outward character, both proceeding from the same principles often. And such opposites I have been subjected to here in my work. How whether one is actually helped by what in spirit seems antagonistic, is another question. And regarding this I confess myself to be a weak vessel, having a disposition foolishly subject to influence of surroundings.

I doubt not that my mind can work better, more feelingly & direct, in a congenial atmosphere, the beautiful & artistic. Of this I have here the very opposite: Barrenness, meagerness, matter-of-fact, commonplace to vulgarity, are all about. In the midst of these I must think & operate. Whether the effort to resist does, perhaps, continue to counteract sufficiently at least the vulgar atmosphere, I find it hard to decide. Anyhow, those three paintings were done as well as under the circumstances I could accomplish, — & maybe under any other I would have done them no better, — never mind now! They have gone, & I am relieved of their presence, & in another week shall also be of the care they have been. — What more can a poor mortal expect then, after honest labor & struggle, all should be consigned to the great sum total of human endeavor which awaits adjudication at last by the supreme Judge concerning its worth, or worthlessness, the insignificant widows mite will then find favor; & many a glittering sumptuous contribution may be rejected. — Wherefore may the merciful Arbiter pardon the infirmity of my gifts, & supplement their small value by the superabundant merits of my Saviour & Lord.

Sept. 24th 1893.
Sunday, P. M.
Bel-Air, Md.

Only a few words, to say that those three paintings are in place. On Tuesday last I began revising them in the Sacristy of the Church, with Father Glaab most of the time as a looker on, & on Thursday they were lifted into their respective niches, properly fastened, & the large scaffolding removed. During those three days I was the guest of Father Glaab in the Rectory adjoining, & had a very pleasant time with him, & much profitable conversation. He was highly pleased, & of his own accord handed me the

check of $750.00 in payment, — which indeed is the largest sum of money that has come to me from my work for many a long year. — So then this transaction is so far satisfactorily completed, — thank to my gracious God who has helped me through under many difficulties. The manuscripts yet to be done will be easy labor in comparison, — & there I shall take in hand at once.

I have also seen my family again, finding them in better health, & talked over the plans to establish my dear Fred here in an independent position & away from the Government office of which he is now the unwilling occupant. We have arrived at as much of a conclusion as the present circumstances permit. No decided move can be made until next Spring, & meanwhile it is only possible to prepare the way, under Gods holy guiding.

Oct. 9th 1893.
Monday, midnight,
Bel Air, Md.

Dear the stairs, methodical, staunch Dr. Townsend has gone to the World's Fair! — A mere scrap from him tells me so. — Just now I finished a letter to him, addressed to the Western whirlpool on Lake Michigan. — How people are rushing into the vortex! From all quarters they are drawn into the stream, as one sees chips & straws spun gradually out from nooks & corners of the shore, & faster & faster forced into the central current. There is but one idea; to go & see that fair. My dear Fred & Jas. & Hunters have just been there; & from here Ps. Baker & his sisters in law have gone, & next week others are to follow. — A remarkable spectacle!

But I am not in the stream. I stand on shore, looking & wondering. — What is it that makes me hold my breath at the strange spectacle? — This monstrosity of the 19th Century. — I see it typified in the scene many centuries ago, when the great

King & Conqueror stood on the roof of his palace, & in self-exaltation cried out, "Is not this great Babylon, that I have built for the house of the Kingdom by the might of my power, & for the honor of my majesty?" — and then came the voice of the Watcher from Heaven, & declared the awful judgment.

This is emphatically "the age of Man." — He is grown self confident & worships Man. — The Divine visitation must be very near.

Oct. 23d 1893.
Monday Evening.
Bel-Air, Md.

Perhaps the misty, murky, damp weather affects my spirits, the fast falling leaves, the sadness that attends Autumn like the prophesy of near dissolution, — but I feel lonely & longing outward, & this poor bachelor den seems very empty & desolate, as if I were companionless & friendless. And yet the latter is not the case, only the former. — This kind of life is becoming oppressive. I am not made for it; — yet my strange fate has been in this very line of living. — When will it end? — I long for settledness, for rest from wandering, for a Canaan of repose, now that the "threescore years & ten" are upon me. — I have written home to my good wife, asking her help for a decision, laying before her all the circumstances & chances of possible moves. There are twelve days more to my seventieth birthday, & before that arrives, if a conclusion could be reached, I should be extremely thankful, & take courage.

On Sunday more, & my engagement with Dr. Brand terminates. What will then follow, I know not. "Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you," — "My father, lead Thou me on!"

+

In God's most Holy Name. Amen.

Nov. 3d 1893.
Friday 10 A.M.
Bel-Air. Nf.
$325.00

The decisive step is taken: On my seventieth birthday, I have signed the agreement for a land purchase from Mrs. Heald, on the edge of this town, for the sum of three hundred & twenty five dollars, comprising one & $\frac{44}{100}$ acres (150 × 417 feet), whereon, God being my helper, to build me a suitable studio — the last, being the seventh — & a home for my family, to abide in the remainder of our days.

After much consultation & visiting, pro & con, it became necessary to take the initiative. Waiting for my son Fred would leave me in an unsettled state for indefinite time, & considering that I have been compelled to all manner of shifts ever since, in 1883, I left my studio & property at Morgantown, N.C., it is high time I should come, in this particular, to rest.

From a merely human point of view, probably many objections might be urged against planting myself in this quiet little town, without art-education & facilities of any kind. But these would have held good against Westerly R.I. & Morgantown N.C., with still greater force. In truth, it makes no odds where I work. What I do, or what is given me to do, derives little help from modern galleries or artists. The Lord has placed me alone, & I must accomplish my destiny by His help only. The object is to get good light, space, & a home-feeling, an atmosphere that is congenial & reposeful, in quiet surroundings.

But another consideration enters into the matter, namely that of expense. I have determined to keep within my means & this, with plenty of ground gotten so cheap, I shall be able to do. Were it not that the owner of the property

an old, blind lady, is sorely in need of money, she would not offer the land at so low a figure, since prices are generally double & triple, up to $1000.- per acre. I shall now be able to do, what in all former instances of my building studies I never was, namely to keep free of debt, & have even a surplus. — Is this not remarkable, & a cause for deepest thankfulness? — My seventieth year truely sets in a different order of things.

My life hitherto has been a strange one. It was from the very beginning a wandering life. My parents owned no home, & in my native city moved from house to house, to my thirteenth year, when I left their abode to study with Rev. Wm. Lake for a Missionary. From that time there has been no rest to my feet — & now they are tired & weary worn. So is my heart; — I have been uprooted so often. A coincidence has now taken place exhibitant my planning, — & it impresses me as marking a new era. Seventy years, in the Old Dispensation, was the grand Jubilee ~~year~~ period. It is the scripture duration of human life. By God's unmerited grace I have there arrived, after much toil & travel. And now, on the very day, an abiding place has been provided, under circumstances unique in even my varied experience. — Can I not see the hand of God's good providence in it? —

With the future I am not concerned; I can only take the present. "I do not want to see the distant scene;

One step's enough for me.

What my family will say I can anticipate. Yet that also can not altogether be my guide. The Lord has called

me to this place by an urgent duty I dared not disobey. Of course, some sacrifice of convenience & personal denial had to be made, in order to fulfil what the call required. My whole summers plan had to be changed. But with this necessity came unsought work that has given me the very means at last to obtain what for long I had been struggling to reach in vain. — And so also this day I have begun the fourth of those monotonous which end this work for St. Mary's Church, Washington D.C. — Altogether it is a singular concurrence, — & there is very much hope for me in it all.

"Praise the Lord, O my soul; & all that is within me praise His holy Name. Praise the Lord, O my soul, & forget not all His benefits."

Addition, from a letter to Rev. J. L. Townsend, S. T. D. written in reply to one, after he had been at Chicago.

And so you are back again from that "wonderful Exhibition". — I do not doubt its wonderfulness: — indeed, pictures & other matter of information have made me passably well acquainted with its scope & character. Neither do I dispute the fact that "The Author of all Wisdom" is fundamentally to be credited with the great achievements of man, who of himself, unendowed & unaided by divine enlightening, would be a helpless creature indeed. I know that "all good gifts, & all perfect gifts, come from above". We Christian folk need not be assured of that.

But here my admiration meets its limit. — All praise must be to God! But when man uses His great gifts in a spirit of self-aggrandisement & boastfulness, the gifts, & the achievements truely remain the same, but the man, or set of men, or the age, have perverted the gifts of God to their own judgment.

From the very first this spirit of self-exaltation has been

governing that Chicago enterprise.

They want to sell everything to everybody; — & doubtless they have done it. Man — & the Chicago man in particular — has shown himself surpassingly great. He has overtopped all previous records. He has mounted to the pinnacle of human possibilities. And he has not been silent or modest about the matter, but has trumpeted it through earth & heaven. No one will ever attempt to outdo that "World's Fair", not even Chicago herself. The acme has been reached, & the 19th Century has celebrated its triumph.

Now to this task attach some sober thoughts.

If these things be so, we have reached a summit; — & having reached a summit, a crisis is at hand. — Like in all history, so now. This great fair is itself one of "the Signs of the times," unmistakably so. It has contributed to mans deification in an eminent degree, & so fitly prepared for the Age of Man, & the head of that age, the Antichrist.

As to the "Parliament of Religions" having been merely a "Barnacle on the ship", fastened upon the fair by some "Cranks", & comparatively a harmless burlesque, it was rather a legitimate outgrowth, a fungus of self-confident, self-sufficient individuality, lawless & proud & impatient of all authority, impossible in any previous age of the world, & a performance bringing revealed Religion into contempt by placing it into competition, & comparison even, with other religions, or no religion at all. Dr. H. Dix has expressed my belief respecting it, namely that it "was a masterpiece of Satanic ingenuity, the baneful influence of which cannot be overestimated."

And now the "fair" has terminated: It opened with

splendid festivities & great glorification; It closed in silence & with a black pall thrown over it.

No circumstance but has its significance. — We are living in times that hang out very legible signs which he who runs may read. They are well described in the article on "Lt. Totten & the Deluge" by S.W. Mullock, (Church Eclectic, Nov. 1893.); "Things are so splendid, there can be no danger; & so the world goes madly on. But as the day of the Flood was appointed, so that of the Coming of the Son of Man is; — suddenly, as the lightening, will it shine forth."

Dec. 2d 1893.
Saturday near midnight.
Bel Air, Md.

At Home again.

I came back this evening at 7.30 from Washington, & there I had been over a fourth night, packing my studio belongings & to day sending all off to be carried to this place. I also visited my family three times, helping Fred to finish that Altar for Pomaerdina, Pa.

So now the important move is made. Once more I departed from Washington, — the third, & I trust the last, time. Of course, the tearing up & packing was weary business. It always is. But the hope cheered me that it has not to be done again. "Das walten Gott!"

I am footsore from wandering, & long for rest. Any place, where God appoints, would be welcome; — & at last, perhaps, it has been found. — Very restless & noisy did the city, even Washington, appear. The drive of all large places is there, & the contrast here, especially at night, is most refreshing. Within this atmosphere of repose one gets inclination for introversion, & the hard rushing world is farther off.

There is a Winter before me of lonely absence from my family, & often the longing comes for the home folks. Yet in the prospect of building up a home here I take comfort, — & God giving His blessing, the prospect may ere long become a fact.

Dec. 12th 1893.
Tuesday P.M.
Bel-Air, Md.

There is not much to be said. Not that I have worn a groove here already, the less so because the new studio can be looked forward to, & must be prepared for. This fact alone precludes a settled feeling. But all my goods are here, a jam & confusion, especially in the war room, & true order is not possible here, for boxes have still to be kept & soon utilized again. The gain, however, is mine, of having cast anchor, though my vessels sink & cargo are still showing a stormtossed voyage.

The carpenter, Mr. J. Bull, has my studio plans for estimate, & it is promised in a few days. After the cost is ascertained, I hope expect can be made in the building, & possible with the beginning of New Year I can move into port, to my pier of unloading.

There is a large amount of work to be done, & I shall need an uncommon amount of strength & spirit to dispatch in required time the several things to be done.

My dear wife gave me as a birthday present (Nov. 3d) the late book by Gen. Lew Wallace, the author of the famous "Ben Hur." This is entitled "The Prince of India", or "Why Constantinople fell."

To compare the two works as to relative merit would be partly an unjust proceeding: They are very unlike. The subjects are very different, although both have a religious cast. Ben Hur is one of those rare productions that have nestled in the popular heart. Perhaps no man can expect to make two such hits. Myself could never get hold of another "Rock of Ages", although indisputably I have painted what by intrinsic merit is equal, or superior. For the public is a strange institution. It defies calculation beforehand, even with those who believe themselves fortified by experience.

But a man must have a nobler motive than to please or captivate the public. To my mind Gen. Wallace had that motive. "The

Prince of India" evinces a most serious, almost prophetic design. It deals with an epoch in Church & secular history of wide-outreaching importance, & the consequences of that period are still operative like a mighty undercurrent of political & religious events that will some time to come, — not far distant — sweep to a crisis.

The book has made a strong impression on me by what I believe the authors deep-laid purpose. He meant more than an interesting story of past occurrence. True, the story has its attractions, its brilliant points & developments; there are characters forcibly drawn, & the chain of plot on plot works up well to the climax. There is much poetic feeling, masterly descriptions, well-chosen language & sentences of uncommon expression. The very wording declares thought, precise ideas, accurate information, & abundance of resource. — But beyond all, the locality where the scene is principally laid; the period of the age; the religious conditions then prevalent; their fierce contest & disastrous outcome, are to me the fascinating interest. — This great city, so extraordinary in its origin & history; so conspicuous as a pivot of power; as a political bone of contention, still is there occupying a place among the nations of the Old World altogether unique & having in it the possibilities — nay the probabilities — of diplomatic jealousy & scheming, fruitful of war as to who shall finally possess it, when "the unspeakable Turk" has accomplished his certain decay, & from sheer imbecility gives up the ghost. At present, & with peace still preserved, none could hold it but the Turk. Others want it, — notably Russia & England, — but neither dare touch without a blaze of conflagration enveloping all Europe. — Yet the Turk is doomed; the "wandering Jew" is on the move; the Powers sit watching their opportunities like hungry beasts of prey.

What brought the Byzantine empire to its fall is also threatening the Turkish rule in Europe. "The sick old man" is kept alive only by English money, & suffered to remain on the north shore of the Bosphorus only by the jealousy of the "great Powers". Let a war come, & none of them can keep out of it, — & then the Turk must go over to Asia, & Constantinople pass into other hands, Christian hands again.

January 1st 1894.
Monday. A.M.
Bel Air, Md

In the Most Holy Name, I begin another year.

The old one, 93. has gone. With even-straked roing, irresistably & relentless, heeding not what or whom it crushes, Time moves along. During the past year I began to write 70 as my span of life. How much more lies ahead, I know not. — During that year also I broke away from my dear family, to live by myself, & carve out, if possible, a new path of usefulness in my profession as an artist. The new has come, but through the ministry as an initiative, not through art. This paved the road by practical results in providing means, but the other gave direction: And so far the development has gone & is now for the new year to carry further.

Although by reason of human individuality I also, like everybody else, must look upon the universe around from my little point as the center, I get nevertheless somewhat tired of the necessity that has an egotistical coloring. The constant revolving ones own experiences, feelings, & opinions, is not altogether healthy, unless lifted by an aim of moral purpose: & it is difficult always to seize such a one & without guile use the same. And yet the world is mirrored in the human soul, that strange unfathomable microcosm, & according to the character & state of the mirror the universe, & all things in it must present themselves. Herein

consists the personality of each human being. Hence the varied judgments as to what the world is. Generically the same, it is to each one a different world in shading & grouping & hue.

To me, this past year, these have been quite mixed. But the Divine Artist above has made the arrangement, & if it represents His will, what business have I to criticise?

As to the aspect of the world during the last year, I know not that a definite result has been reached. The "World's Fair" has been held at Chicago, & has come to an end. There are those who regard that as one of the focal events of this 19th Century, & in many respects both as to material, social, & moral conditions the estimate is correct. Only this century could produce such a monstrous medley, nor could it be repeated within another fifty years. Perhaps it can never be spelled as an exposition of modern progressiveness & accumulation, including good & bad, honest endeavor & overweening self-glorification.

Europe has gone through another year without war — strange to say. A mystery holds it back, for the existing causes have multiplied & are at this present moment more potent & fermenting than ever.

The battle about "higher criticism" & Broad churchism is in lively progress, the unbelieving & misbelieving side making the greater noise & flaunting the most defiant banner. Of course we know what all means & the prophesy of the 4th! Antichristian inside & outside. Daring & assertion increase visibly, & spread over the wide earth. — When the forces of the enemy are massing in front, a decisive battle cannot be far off. — It must be true that "The Lord is at hand."

My younger son, Eugene, has been transferred by Bausch & Lomb from Chicago to New York, where he is in charge of their branch house of optical instruments. He & Fred, last Tuesday, paid me a visit.

234a

✠

Jesu Mercy.

✠

Maria Theresa Townsend,

Entered into Life eternal
January 4th, A. D. 1894,
at 2.35 P. M.

Grant her eternal rest, O Lord, and may perpetual light shine upon her. Amen.

✠

Born in the City of New York,
December 29th, 1828.

Married in the Church of the Holy Communion,
New York, August 20th, 1850.

✠

Jan. 30th 1894.
Tuesday, P.M.
Bel Air, Md.

toms of Ancient Times," by Lady Cook (nee Tennessee Claflin) which represents a vast amount of observant reading and industrious compilation, and, so far as it is trustworthy, valuable to the general reader. Also a suggestive article on "The Decline of Romance," "Phases of Human Development," by Mona Caird, who rings the old dirge over women's wrongs and disabilities, personal and political, with a brief but bright study of "The Humor of Herodotus," by Edward Manson. "The House of Lords" receives another broadside, this time from the pen of B. D. MacKenzie, who doubtless reflects the growing hostility of the Radicals against this constitutional body in the political system of Great Britain.

The Portfolio, an artistic periodical edited by Philip Gilbert Hamerton, (December) London, and Macmillan & Co., New York, has a spirited etching as the frontispiece, after Mr. Dannat, "The Spanish Smuggler;" a remarkably fine illustration of Cazin's method and work, lately seen in New York, in a full-paged mezzotint, "Hagar and Ishmael," with a third full-paged study in colors of "Old English Fruit Trenchers." The editor continues his valuable series on "Parisian Architecture since the Empire," with apposite illustrations, and also contributes a paper on "Modern Painting," a subject lying particularly within his sphere of study. The paper on "English Enamels" will develop much interest for those who have studied the Anglican antiquities with reference to the construction and ornament of the bishop's crozier, valuable figurings of which may be found on p. 251. There is also a brief, illustrated account of a forthcoming edition of George Herbert's Poems, which should provoke the enthusiasm of collectors.

Febr. 5th 1894.
Monday P.M.
Bel Air, Md.

The Architectural Record, quarterly, ending Dec. 31st New York, is richly furnished with papers, mostly of permanent value, contributed as they are, chiefly by the strongest writers on architectural topics. We note "The Problem of National American Architecture," by Robert Kerr, "The Lotiform Origin of the Ionic Capital," by Prof. Wm. H. Goodyear, whose discovery and successful identification of this long-hidden symbolism has been the æsthetic event of the last decade, here illustrated afresh and with new insistence, from many points of research and personal observation; also a bright paper, with illustrations, "Architect's Houses" (or the homes architects have built for themselves) by John Beverly Robinson.

Werner's Magazine, New York, devoted to the interests of oratory and the culture of the voice, opens with an exceptionally important article on "Elocutionary Principles as Applied to Music," by George Lansing Raymond, professor of æsthetics at Princeton; a paper which requires study, and which all choirmasters and singers ought to

Jan. 30th 1894.
Tuesday, P.M.
Bel Air, Md.

The first month of this year has gone by, & my own affairs remain very much the same. As yet I have refrained from a forward move concerning the building of my studio. In any event I must seek to diminish the cost, & by some means may be able to do it. — I am making progress with the monochrome compositions for St. Mary's Church. Two are done, — two more remain. The days are again lengthening, & I can effect a greater amount of work now.

Friend Townsend has met with a most severe loss, to him of great consequence, namely the death of his wife, on the 4th Jan., by La Grippe. She was a most excellent character & of fine culture, an invalid for a long time, but she has kept a home for the Dantos, both of whose daughters are married at a great distance, & the son away from Washington. I can not imagine what in his bereavement he will do. — May the Lord provide him with help & comfort.

My own wife has been seriously ill, but thanks to God is now recovering.

The following article appeared in the last number of the "Living Church", & it is of a significance making it worth of preservation among my records.

Article inserted.

"This, then, is the outcome of the vaunted progress of modern French Art, followed like rotten-tipped spaniels by those disciples of "impressionism": moral & intellectual decay! — To be sure it could all be foreseen from the start on this mad race on the inclined plane: The principles followed contained the seed of death in them, & in due time that would develop. There has been a steady decline ever since the French fashion became the rage & no one had an art-education unless gotten in Paris. So debauched Paris was transplanted to these shores, & the disciples

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f Design has just closed its brief, uneventful season. es on the walls where more nd place. The season was apse by a generous supple- ceramics, bronzes, and rare lections of private owners, aces through all the rooms. onstituted the *raison d'etre* or most of the paintings no ly be advanced. Granting at poverty and distress very nobody is buying pictures or ed not follow that art, too, is too much reason to fear that York has reached an unprece- covery seems well-nigh im- epidemic has run its course pirations have taken flight, legiac fervor, or ideal aspir- ters have been sedulously ting maxim that art means, ld attempt to say, nothing. nost part, have filled the role plenty of dexterous technic, a dearth of invention and a Very melancholy, too, it was that illustrious landscapist, d and foot under the imperi- es the hour. Here and there y studied group of genre, a a flock of straggling sheep, on. Once Miss Macomber lealism in "Love's Lament," teworthy effort of Miss Mc- s, or Miss Matilda Brown, itute a veritable artistic at- athering of 312 mainly incon- course, the pictures for the . It is hardly just or gener- ne harvest landscape, and a each by Thomas Moran and the most exquisite dream- But as for most of the rest,

thought it not shame to outdo their masters. It is deplorable indeed.

Now what hope is there in the future? Has earnest, thoughtful, & above all, religious, decent Art any prospect of acceptance among such almost universal nonentity in subject? — I doubt seriously. — The "Committees of selection", the "Hanging Committees", & the whole clique together, are all composed of men of this very stamp. They reject, or treat with disdain & neglect anything testifying with decision against the prevailing spirit, & from their action there is positively no appeal. One is completely at their mercy.

I have been urged, & myself deem it a duty, to send to Newyork this Spring my "Legend of Charlemagne". I shall try. Of course the expense of a frame is involved, & other outlay, but here the picture, after exerting to me an amount of failure of that scheme by the Washington Artists lies practically useless, while it seems a solemn obligation for me to appear once more in the Exhibitions & bear my testimony against the pernicious tendency & for decent Art. If I find no clearing, I must bear the sacrifice, little able as I am to spend money on frames of which I have already on hand too great a cumbersome stock. — To testify in Prophet fashion may be my only mission; — for many years I dare not look.

March 7th 1894. Wednesday. Bel Air. Md.

And now I can note the result: My two paintings, "The Legend of Charlemagne asleep", and "Falling Stars" have been rejected by the Committee of Selection of the S. A. Artists. — So I have been advised a few days ago. — Have I not rightly anticipated? —

Now what is more to be said on the subject? I have done what seemed a duty, & perhaps it becomes a duty to make other trials, — that is to say if I can afford the costly experiment. For the present I am without plans, & can only wait.

Copy of letter to Hon. J. H. Mills. 236a
Febr. 16. / 94.

Dear Sir.

You have with me, acted a true friendly part, & generously repair my trust, for I knew that I had been asking of you a delicate question. I thank you very heartily for the frank manner of meeting my request, & the wise counsel you have given. I am not unaware of the divergence of aim in the modern schools, & have had opportunity to study the several directions. The man would be narrowly prejudiced who denied the good & true in the practice of even the most extreme, & so far as method is concerned I am in spite of my age in the position of a learner. But I conceive the difference between us lies mainly in the idea of the ~~Art~~ object & purpose of Art, rather than in the mere treatment. With me, Art must be a persian, a religious, condition, a teacher, not a sensation. The expression of a thought is to a certain degree separate & independent of the thought in the abstract. While the best & fullest mode of expression is to be desired, & the artist should assiduously study the language of his profession with scientific accuracy, it is yet second of importance, if, as I must hold in common with the creed of all the centuries & of all countries, art is a teaching power, one of the foremost agencies for educating & refining a people. Where I part company with some modern theories is that they regard thought as of no or little moment, & sensuous gratification

by skilled technique the primary object of Art,
This is a recent discovery & can claim no respect from
an earnest man.

To be sure, this view is in conflict with much
now lauded with much persistence. But the wheel of
time turns irresistably, & what is uppermost to day,
To morrow will be Down. & not very short life has
taught me the rapidity of revolutions in all kinds of
theories, especially when founded on half-truths. To
paint for a prevailing taste for the sake of easier sale,
I cannot, but rather I trust that there are still alive
a number of such very old-fashioned folks as myself,
who will hold fast, even under neglect or ridicule, to
the fundamental fact that, what has moved the world
thus far, moulded society & manners, & prevailed in
the moral domain, was great thoughts, noble ideas,
exalted convictions, — not the ephemeral fancies of
outward dress & tinsel, however glittering & valued
for a time, as a savage would admire & prefer
glass beads & brass trinkets to the loftiest imagination
of Dante or Milton.

Pardon, my dear Sir, this effusion; but perhaps
if in the future we have closer business connection, you
may like from the start to know in what direction
my practice runs, & I sincerely hope to have during
coming Spring the great pleasure of a personal acquaintance

with the gentleman who has awarded me such considerate, kind treatment.

During the early part of next week I shall send also the "Falling Stars" to your address. That you express yourself favorably in regard to the "Charlemagne" is an encouragement to me of no mean order, since my life generally is one of retirement & seclusion from the world of Art. The picture was well thought of by the artists of Washington D.C, but it is Newyork, after all, that furnishes the standard & accords the place of merit.

When ready, please & send me your bill, & I will promptly meet it by check.

I have no circulars from the Academy, but am not in condition, this Spring, to send anything there. By next Fall I hope to be.

With considerations of respect
Yours sincerely
Johannes A. Oertel,

March 31th 1894.
Saturday P. M.
Bel Air, Md.

Work on my new studio building has been begun a few days ago, & the stone foundation is progressing. In another month I may be able to occupy, — & I shall be rejoiced to get away from this noisy nigger hunted thoroughfare.

On the 3d of this month took place the Jubilee of Dr. Brand's consecration to the Priesthood, & it was celebrated by early H. Communion, & 11 o'clock service, with the Bishop as preacher. Nine clergy were present, & the occasion was one of impressiveness. The aged Priest quite broke down when all was over, & the brethren had departed from his house where we took dinner.

A few days previous I put into place above the chancel walls the four single figures, the greater Prophets, & the four symbolic Old Testament designs in monochrome, which I had painted for the Church of St. Mary. — They help the chancel wonderfully.

My son Ned has again occupation, — this time in U. States Express, where there is a chance to rise, & of permanency. — As yet there is not even a remote prospect that my family can join me here, — nor would our union be accomplished by my going back to Washington. — What will the Lord bring out of these strange & puzzling circumstances? — They are a mystery.

April 5th 1894.
Thursday P. M.
Bel Air, Md.

My wife sends me quite a number of Art-items, cut from newspapers, since myself am very little of a reader of the daily Press, & she thinks rightly these matters would be of interest to me. — So of course they are; I desire to keep informed of what is doing in the big world outside my remote town where I am almost an exile, & professionally stand in a literal sense alone. And so I study the bearing of these scraps of art-news, which from many inherent indications can very well be done, almost better than by seeing

the pictures themselves, for they might, by their technical & other features, engage my reflection so as to turn it from underlying principles. Both in print, almost all concur in giving the same portrait of current tendencies: It is a fight for methods.

Scarcely a mention is ever made of any more than realistic subjects, only models of figures, sometimes, — of landscape most frequently — & these variously handled. Ideal conceptions, lofty thoughts, instructive themes, even from history, have it seems departed, — receded back into the past, leaving the field to a motley crowd of harlequin trivialities, or at best mere materialistic notions with no higher aim than pleasurable sensation. The art of the day has become eminently subjective, that is, a mere reflex of the individual artists feelings, preferences, & theories. He has no higher motive, outside of himself. —

Nor is there a hopeful glimpse ~~of~~ in the distant future. A conflict there is, manifestly, between the ultra-sensationalists & the more sober minded, — but aims are in a chaotic state, entirely individualistic, & lacking all possible prospect of unity. The condition in art-practice, & that of the countless rival sects, is any mark of the same style, without a remote sign of finding their true center to start from.

April 19th 1894. Friday P. M. Old Air, Nut.

With real joy & thankfulness I record two events: The recovery of my son Fred from Congestion of the brain, an utter break-down from the night work on the N. S. Express; & the going up under the hands of the carpenters, of my Studio. For several days I had been kept in much anxiety by the reports from home, relieved only to day in consequence of Fred's actual recovery, though he keeps still in bed. — Of course he must not go back to the same kind of work. The Doctor also forbids, & a promise seems to guaranty him a better position.

As to my new rooms, they delight my anticipations. What a luxury

to be again in very fact, after twelve years of drifting from place to place with chance accommodations for a work room, in suitable quarters, & all my own without rent to pay! How good & comforting it will feel, how secure & peaceful & blessed!

And it is the seventh studio of my own building. The first in Madison, N.J. on my father-in-laws place; the second at Westerly, R.I. which I occupied seven years; the third at Lenoir, N.C., seven years more; the fourth Morgantown N.C., for two years; the fifth, never finished & built almost entirely with my own single hands, then left to go to pieces, at Orange Spring, Fla.; the sixth at Sewanee, Tenn. from my designs by the Vice Chancellor Dr. T. Hodgson & rented from him for an exorbitant figure; & now the seventh in this old Maryland town as property of my own earning, all paid for, & the money owed for the completion. — It is much too good to think of, for one of my singular shifting experience these many years.

And it is the seventh studio, & therefore the last. The numbers five & six do not rule in my life, — & so I knew the seven must be the completing effort, — & the last. At seventy I would hardly desire to move & build again. A settled rest now, a finishing of the work the Lord has given me to do, must be the rule, — & may the God of all grace & peace speak "Amen" to my effort for Christ's sake.

May 10th 1894.
Thursday P.M.
Bel Air. Md.

To day was laid the corner-stone of the new Corcoran Art Gallery at Washington, D.C. & I had an official invitation to be present on the platform. To my regret I could not go, on account of expense. Just now I must save my dollars. — So much at least of an advance there is in Art interest there: but how far its will affect the general prospect of Art & artists in the Capital, remains to be seen. Society there cares more for display & circumstance than for the genuine Art-spirit.

That I believe to be very shallow & on the surface. Considering the character of the population, not denying culture of a certain kind, a great, fundamental change will have to be brought about before real enthusiasm of a healthy nature can be manifested. As yet "Art goes a begging."

After about six months of absence I recently — last week — paid a short visit to my family. That such a seperation is afflictive, cannot be denied. All of us feel it so to be, & how much longer it has to be endured, none can tell. Yet my whole endeavor is to bring it to a close speedily, if possible. This can only be done by providing a home for my folks, & to earn enough for the venture of their support, until my sons can find occupation. He is back again at the night-work, & I fear to his certain hurt.

Returning from Vienna on Ascension Day I was met at the depot by Mrs. J. K. Cowen, who had sent me a most kind invitation to her house, & my old & hitherto ideal friend Mrs. J. F. Mayhew, because though corresponding with her for many years, we had never met in person. And such a cordial reception as I received from these two, both to me ideal friends, now looking at each other for the first time. There certainly was a touch of quite pathetic romance. And as the first meeting was, so were the three days of my abiding with them: It seemed as if we had always known one another. Mr. J. K. Cowen is a lawyer, a man of eminence & wealth, Attorney for the Baltimore & Ohio Rail Road Co., of superior ability, & his wife, great whole-souled creature, is as magnificent & true as himself. They treated me like belonging to them, & bade me remember that, wherever I came to the city, this house was to be my home. — Quite extraordinary!

And my friend "Christie", what a gentle, cultured, high-toned little body she is, tried hard in the furnace of affliction, & of poetic tenderness & fine fibered feeling. — Of course the Cowens are people of influence & Baltimore may through them give me something to do. Already I

have an order for a young boys portrait, & need full am to paint several others. — A strange array of circumstances has brought about these aquaintances, & since I believe all things governed by God's special providence, these cannot be without purpose & meaning.

May 22d = 1894.
Tuesday 10.30 P.M.
Bel Air, Md.
In the Most Holy Name, amen.

Only a few words to state that I am with all my goods in the new studio: Moved to day. No negro hoarse laughter & whistling; no boisterous talk in the street; no clatter of horse hoofs & rumbling of vehicles now. Natures soothing noises are about: Insect-chirp; a distant bark — no more. Does it feel lonely? — No indeed. — Loneliness comes sometimes over me from other causes than solitude. For a good while I shall have to be too busy, allowing no time for desiring company, for to achieve anything like true order with my belongings that have been tossed about from place to place these twelve years or more, will take hard work. — And blessed be God for helping me to such a fine place, & all my own, & in which to derive help for my work, & not hindrance as so often I have experienced it. —

June 26th 1894.
Tuesday, midnight.
Bel Air, Md.

Aye, aye! Over a month has gone — it seems much longer since my move: indeed it seems I must have been here over three months, — so much do we measure time by what has compressed into it. I have worked so hard to get into working order, & kept hammer & saw & plane so busy, & also my brush, — & now when things are in passable condition I have no real inspiration for work. Indeed I have of late felt dispirited & lonely, tired of my strange unnatural batchelors life, having a family & living as a hermit. — And is it to be wondered at? Over a year & a quarter this life has lasted, until what at first appeared easy from novelty & necessity

has become a monotonous burden. And why? — Do I not know that economy is my only means of making headway in business affairs? With very limited & uncertain income, & my duties laid here, how else could I live & prosper? — But that is not all. There is a cause back of this mere circumstance, namely the frustration of my repeated efforts to get my son & family here. Every of my proposals is met by a negative, — & now I have made the last proposal: I shall endure & go my own way, grit my teeth, & keep counsel with myself. — Evidently this course is the only one left open. — I have written Lonie & offered to take upon myself the expense of moving & living here until some avenue could open for her; I have proposed in addition he should teach violin, guitare, & instrument Bands in the County & so make money from the start. He declines, My wife thinks he is right, — & there the matter ends. — So it shall: I shall not come again with plans & offers of sacrifice such as I would willingly make, for the sake of bringing the family together. No further proposition, but stern endurance.

Knowing now my lot, that hope of re-union is fruitless & I must toil by myself — so let it be! — Perhaps I may be begged yet by themselves to make good my own plans. I see it coming.

Very singular things do happen. — I had scarcely dared to prophesy that, what I said in the closing sentence above, would happen only one month later. But it has come to pass. The position of my son became unsupportable & absolutely without hope of improved change, & so, encouraged by my proposal, he has resigned, & already the household goods are mostly packed & ready for delivery to the R. Road, & the Key to the house I had thought available for occupation is in my possession. The house is small, inconveniently arranged, & not what I could wish to give to my family, but it is the best to be had, & we

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July 30th 1894.
Monday P. M.
Bel Air, Md.

must bend to the inevitable. for a temporary accommodation the place & situation can be accepted, close to the Church, to friends, & the main street of the town.

So one more move for my poor dragged-around family. May it be in God's mercy the last. Of course it is a sore thing for my hard-working son to give up the little property he aquired & looked upon as a permanent home for himself & his parents, & I can not say to him as Joseph did to Jacob, "Regard not your stuff, for the whole land of Egypt is yours;" — & yet, my folks are not bidden to come into a place where we have no possession, nor is their property sacrificed & lost. It retains its value for him, & if sold, he can use the money. I have here a still unencumbered land & house, & in time all will be his own — for what reason have I to keep property except for use during the few years that may be left me for activity & life? — It can only be my desire to crowd as much usefulness into this remainder as possible — not to accumulate earthly possessions.

And my people will here have a Church to go to, & the children a good school, — blessing denied them at Vienna, — certainly these must be felt as benefits. — God be thanked, the move is to be made — is in progress — & the most valued consolation remains to me that I have the consciousness of not having it sinfully brought about. What I could say in going from St. Louis, I can say now; — & it comforts me not a little. The same is also true of Fred's condition, for circumstances drove him, against his will & purpose. — A week hence they may be here, — — & then, once more united, we will leave the future where it strictly belongs, — in God's gracious hands. —

Aug. 11th 1894.
Saturday, P. M.
Bel Air, Md.

God be praised, they are all here; the 5 P. M. train brought them, dust-stained & tired, but safe & well.

So then a new life has begun for me, — & for them. We have taken possession of the house, put their trunks into it, & possibly the furniture may come next Monday. I have lodged Addie, the children, & Carrie the servant, comfortably at Mrs. Hannah's boarding house, & did rooms with me, sleeping now soundly on my cot, for he is tired out by the hard work of packing.

I feel the whole atmosphere about me changed. I have gotten back into the rightful place; and as now the Lord has brought us together, be the future committed into His gracious, almighty hands, for

" Dar Harrun, Malkun, Mindun
Cayriyant ifen Cafn,
Dar wint and Mayn findun
Mo dim fus yufun kann."

My Time of need.

When is, O Lord, for me that time of need?
Do I not know it's always there for me:
My watchful care must e'er be over me, or evil overwhelm;
My strong defense must shield, or Satan snare and Kill;
My love must still console, or conscience drown me in despair;
My mercy must forgive, or sin within prevail;
My prayers must intercede, or judgment dire befall;
My wisdom chose a path for me that I can go;
My hand must lead me on the path, and Keep;
My strength my utter weakness every hour supply;
My all-sufficient merit substitute my guilt:
Myself must be my all, my Saviour, hope, and crown;
For, truely, every hour of life, with me, is time of need.

May 14th 1892.

Transcribed
Oct. 5th 1894.

Oct. 17th 1894.
Wednesday P.M.
Bel Air, Md.

It is true, I have nothing to write into this book that is decisive, no positive development, no turn of affairs indicating the future. Yet it is with life as with picture making: the middle tints, not the focal points, compose the body. The delicate gradation of tones, more than opposition, give value & character. And so small events, episodes & intermediate occurrences, lead on & prepare the way to definite results.

One such is worth noting as a special provision of God's infinite goodness towards me poor sinner, for truly I had no hand in the matter, more than acting on the demand. — A gentleman in Chicago, Mr. J. A. Edwards, of whose existence I did not know, wrote to me some months ago whether the man who painted the "Rock of Ages", a picture in his possession which he bought from Mrs. Jos. E. Paine of Brooklyn, his father in law, is the same person. He values the painting highly, refused for it $1400. on (I painted it for $600 —), & was gratified to have found my whereabouts. In course of our correspondence he suggested that I should paint & send to him for disposal six sheep pictures, since he learned I could do these so well, & when these reached him he sold three & remitted the price, & gave the remainder into the hands of the principal Art-dealer in Chicago. His verdict of this character is that they are not equalled by any artist in this country, & equalled by very few in Europe. The paintings are small (9" x 12"), but thus far the three sold have brought me $187. 50/100.

To be sure, the transaction is not a brilliant fortune — it is a modest little sum for modest little products. But it must be remembered that I now have my entire family to

support, & I had positively no means for it before they came, but had to borrow $200.— from the Bank, & these are already paid all but $50.—. And so we have been able to live up to this hour, entirely by God's merciful providing from a source I knew not of.

Dec. 3rd 1894. Monday P.M. Bel Air, Md.

The last month of this year has begun, and during the entire year I have recorded very little in this book. — Why? — because no noteworthy events transpired? — Not so. All in the life of an immortal being is worthy of record, nay, is recorded, & in books of far more awful importance than this poor Journal. — But some how I am less inclined to gazetteering, regarding the events of the present as mere stepping-stones up to the light where the heart & eye are fixed: necessary, to be sure, but only mediate stations, not ultimate & longed-for results. The traveller counts not his steps, nor takes more than passing notice of the hard places in the road, or even the fair prospects & pleasant spots of rest: He presses on to reach his journeys end, & thither stretches forward his ardent desire.

Four months have gone since my family have come. — They all feel comfortably at home; my wife & son get acquainted & there is a settled feeling in our household. And strange to say, the very occupation I first suggested that my son should take up as a means of living with a reasonable promise, he has now prepared to follow. At the time of first proposition he positively declined on the plea of unfitness by inexperience & knowledge, but now has bravely undertaken, & I believe he will make a success so far as the capacity of this town & county admit. This profession is photography. For years he has been a good amateur practitioner, but disclaimed ability sufficient for gallery work. All arrangements are now made, the gallery in town fitted up, & in a few days

he hopes to open business. — God speed the enterprise!

My own affairs are just now at a standstill. Chicago is silent about further sales, & so is Philadelphia, whither I have sent the "Sands o' Dee" & "Sunny Pathways." For the portrait of a little boy I have not yet received pay, & another for the Bank in town I discarded in disgust because it gives no satisfaction & the man in the photograph has not inspired me from the first. The working up these dead people is thankless business. I certainly want no more of it.

My relation to St. Mary's Church & Dr. Brand continues the same. He cannot get along without help. Last Sunday — the first in Advent — I had to take the entire Service with Celebration because he had no voice & so took his seat in the pews. The Lord has given me here a singular work to do. Of course it is none on my part gratuitous, but the people are sensible of this needed help & have, by the impetus given through Mrs. F. Baker & her good sister Miss Gilberta Whittle, a niece of the Bishop of Virginia, remembered me & my family very handsomely on Thanksgiving Day. We were almost turned out of our little house by the multifarious gifts that were poured in by "The ladies of St. Mary's Congregation." At this juncture of our affairs we are very thankful for the assistance it is to our living. Indeed I do not know how to pray in a literal sense for "our daily bread" — for we have some 700 pounds of flour ahead. — God be praised for His goodness, — for His care is manifest. While I have on one side losses, & generally want of income, & even many heavy debts unpaid, we are yet kept along from day to day, & can live in comfort by frugal management.

In the Most Holy Name. Amen.

January 1th
1895.

Tuesday, P.M.
Bd Air, Md.

Another year gone. A new one begun.
We may review the past: We can not Know the future, —

I need not recapitulate, for the pages of this book present at least an outline, often meagre & sketchy, it is true, but still sufficient to tell what directions my life has taken. I am not gifted for a voluminous gazetteer. Much detail, often explanatory, has to be left out. But I am not writing a minute history, but indications only: And who would care to read more, myself included?

The changes effected during 94 have been vital, & may be called revolutionary concerning my family. After more than twelve years I have once more a suitable studio; my folks have come to me from Vienna, Va., and my Son has undertaken a new pursuit for the making of a livelihood. In a monitary point I have been left very sparsely blest. Indeed, some debts had to be made for the sake of meeting the expenses of the move & living. The times are hard, & I have felt seriously the general depression. The exercise of faith is still eminently called for. It is a lesson God is teaching me still, for by many years of training I have yet to confess an inapt & sometimes rebellious pupil, questioning my Master's course, & wondering at the mystery of His dealing. — Will I ever learn fully the childlike trust? Will I ever make good the fine theories I Know, & undertake to teach others? Alas! for my frailty & blindness, that my Knowledge makes a more promising appearance on paper as by words, than it does by inwardly being enacted before the face of the Searcher of hearts.

Another year of grace, & discipline, has begun, a period to grow in the "Stature of the fulness of Christ", & may His mercy & H. Spirit be with me to make better progress than in the past.

Feb. 21th 1895.
Thursday P.M.
Bell Air. Md.

The involved conditions of experience make it very difficult, sometimes, to express in a small compass what the mind under those circumstances has thought & felt. This is the case at present. — Two months of the new year are gone bye, & they have been fruitful of what called for no small amount of endurance & exercise of patient faith.

There was the old lesson of waiting to study over again. There was the hedged-in position which peremptorily forbade a move for action in any direction. There was a most unlooked-for & therefore the more painful disappointment by a "friend" — and an explanation of the reason is yet to be given, if it ever comes. — Joined to these was a cruel & prolonged spell of storm & cold that drove me from occupying my studio & seek refuge in our small home where of course only little work could be done under the confinement of space & the noise of children & the household. All the country, & Europe as well, has terribly suffered; & especially Florida was almost ruined.

Now the worst is over — at least so it seems — the piled-up snow is flowing away, & with the rise of thermometer has also come a little relief to me by a money-gift from my dear friend Bella Holmes in Londonderry, Ireland, & better prospect of business to my sons in the photograph gallery. Meanwhile we have been fed, like sparrows, literally from day to day, — without actual want, some payments, like the house-rent, in arrears, but otherwise by Manna that fell from heaven as it was needed. — Yes, the situation called for faith, & for much self-restraint. Implicit trust

alone can steady the nerves when an unseen Hand leads forward into the pitchy blakness.

So then I sat at home for three four weeks in our small dining room, where also the family sit, & at the corner of the table nearest the window busied myself with experiments in Tempora colors according to the DePereira method. These were best made on a small scale, calling for no great distance & space, for the use of water color is to me comparatively new, especially with these peculiar pigments. — Whatever experienced hands may achieve with them, in my hands they are an awkward medium, possessing in a large degree that most misleading characteristic of opaque water colors that they dry up so much lighter than when moist. The fixatif in a measure restores their former tone, but the chalky tone when dry renders the painting uncertain & difficult excepting to one of great experience & consequent boldness in the selection of tint. — Yet the method has decided advantages, not the least being solidity of texture, & the production of a painting on paper with water colors that has all the depth & richness of oil after the resin varnish is applied. — Half a dozen trials have made me somewhat familiar with the possibilities of this material. But they were all on papers, as the ordinary none absorbent canvass makes these paints run together & so can not be used, but on canvass specially prepared.

However, there was sent to me some time ago a circular of a Newyork firm, "Sartorious & Co.", advertising what they call "Oleo Colors", & so highly recommended by several Newyork Artists that naturally my desire to try them was excited. These

colors posess a most singular chemical property, being applicable on the usual canvass & almost every other kind of surface, soluble in water & yet capable of being mixed with oil. They are easy to manipulate, yield to any treatment, whether opague, transparent, or scumbling, & dry but little lighter than when first put on. Their similarity of handling to oil colors makes it very easy for me to at once & without long experimenting to use them instead of the sticky unyielding oil colors, & the fact of their rapid drying gives at any stage of the painting a hard surface to work upon, thus insuring the possibility of finishing at once & without waiting for days, & with some colors for weeks, before the next process can be applied.

I determined to send for at least a few primitives & by these acquaint myself with this wonderful material, and yesterday the package came to hand. Of course, like a curious child, I had without delay to test the new treasure, & there stands now before me a quite finished painting on canvass, two ideal heads, exhibiting in a water colors picture all the solid strength & depth of oil, with perhaps greater atmospheric quality & harmony of tone. Yet the greater portion of the picture was painted by the simple means of but three colors, namely Raw Sienna, Vermillion, & Prussian Blue, with White. — The indications are that I have found a vehicle that promises wonderfully increased facility in treatment, quicker & surer results, & in consequence preservation of the original freshness of conception & spirit of execution.

March 5th 1895.
Tuesday P. M.
Old Mis. 2nd.
Studio.

Yesterday there was great commotion in our family. First, my wife came out with letters that let in a ray of light through a rift in the heavy clouds of our long waiting for news from Mr. Cocoon. Her private secretary wrote by her direction, & soon the matter between us is to be settled, entirely in amity, I sincerely hope.

But also my son received an unexpected telegram from Dr. Smith, the chief of the U. S. Fish Commission in Washington, desiring him to come on at once to employment in that line. — This call he, on the spur of the moment, & knowing it meant at least $60. — per month & expenses paid, in the affirmative, stating he would be at the office this morning, — However, reflection, & talking the case over in family council, taking into consideration all circumstances, he afterwards declined, & sent a letter giving explanations. — For the past three months he struggled hard to establish himself in the photograph gallery here, made many experiments to perfect his knowledge, began to have customers & is now in a way of becoming known to the public, & now, of a sudden, he would have had to close up for probably three months, & check progress & careers together under danger of entire loss of what has been gained. The employment from Washington was only temporary; it would take him from home & family a stranger on the road; it would break up his business here, not probably to be recovered again, & the money earned for a short season could hardly be considered a compensation for the serious disturbance & loss. — Though feeling it a duty to earn money, he hated, naturally, to go. — It is true, my own profession has for a considerable time yielded no income whatever, & the visible prospect is far from encouraging. If we look to what can be seen, we search in vain. — On the other hand, such periods have been frequents in my experience of many years, & they passed by to give place to more prosperity

Transcript.
Given a letter to Miss Mary A. Bryant,
as reflecting some of my own experience.

Jan. 6th 1895.

My Dear Friend:

Various circumstances combine in my present situation to make regularity a matter of difficult practice, & that is the reason why you have not before this an answer to your letter, for after reading I had resolved to write at once. But inasmuch there is a great deal in my mind I wished to say, & writing with me is not a rapid process, I must go to work deliberately as opportunity offers. So you have met a great disappointment in your favorite life plan! For many years you cherished a pet idea, all locked up within yourself, kept down like seed-pressed wine to ferment & work into clearness & spicy flavor, to ~~reveal~~ [illegible] the very ideal of mental result, & superlative in the quintessence of longed-for attainment. And the longer you maintained this secret desire, the more it bloomed into beauty & grace & possibility of development, until, the years passing without fulfilment, yourself, as is inevitable, changing mental position, shading life & the world from other, perhaps very different stand point, & the ardor of youthful desire maturing as does the wood of a tree, i.e. losing flexibility while gaining in strength & resistance what before was a fair-colored dream, to be realized ~~by~~

per saltum with apparent ease, has changed into more methodical, intellectual conception, achieved only by toil, & ephibiting the toil, with corresponding dissatisfaction, amounting to disappointment. —

Now if I have stated the case correctly, as I believe, long & oft repeated experience in the same line has enabled me to get a true estimate.

Well, my dear, yours case has been that of thousands. It has been mine, with such modifications as are natural to difference of pursuit, disposition, & surrounding circumstances. I therefore can fully appreciate yours case, & give you dearly sympathy. I might write a book on the subject: but the philosophy — I might better say, the anatomy, — of your experience is easily explained. By the necessity of physical, mental, & spiritual growth, if we grow at all, our early conceptions & plans must come out very much as you feel yours have done, provided they can be in any wise accomplished, & have not been knocked flat & crumbled to pieces long before a realization of them was possible, or permitted. And then, if perchance they have survived in essence, they have been stripped of their fairy garb, & resolved into more ordinary work-a-day shapes, devoid of much of their attractiveness, & very

commonplace in the final result.

But has there really been a loss? Have we failed of obtaining a true benefit? —

After all, on the answers to these questions hinges the essence of the matter.

Let us first of all always remember that the present earth-life is only our babyhood. — Now the child is the preparation for the man or woman. Childhood in itself is not the ultimatum; for this reason we do not expect of the boy performances such as only the man is able to accomplish. But we give, by schooling & discipline, the boy a preparation for the future man. The direct results of his studies must often be like unripe fruit during this time of preparation, & in any event partake of the nature of partial efforts. The ripe fruit of these do not yet appear, nor can the cumulative result ripen until he has reached the period of active life in the business of the world with its more ardent duties & responsibilities. — This much is sufficient as an illustration of my argument. Again I say, the whole of our earth-life is only our babyhood, — merely an elementary preparation for the true life to come. What that future life will be, we are not

informed excepting that in its character it is to exhibit that completeness which the present life most evidently & conspicuously is wanting. "We see in part, & we know in part; but then we shall know even as we ourselves are known."

Here is the revelation of the secret. — I draw only a rough outline, but you have skill to fill it up. — Supposing we miss, or fall short of, the realization of our mental conceptions. Of course, there is disappointment. As things are ordered here below, we can always see farther than we can go. Mark this fact! It contains valuable conclusions. Our eyes & mind can penetrate to the stars, — but can our bodies go there? — So with our conceptions. If the soul is aspiring, the wings of the spirit govern our flight, mentally, may be high, — but inasmuch for the embodiment of these in any event we must employ material means, the embodiment can never reach where the spirit has soared. The material means themselves have not the capacity to adequately embody the spirits ideas. At best by our earthly condition, sinful moreover as it is, we can not use the material means with that consummate knowledge

to make them obedient to the delicate shades of the spiritual concept. First our capacity has limitations, & then the instrument for expression has also limitations. And often they antagonize & confuse, interfering with homogeneous & just utterance.

Under these conditions, what can we expect? We are human & imperfect. God alone, by almighty power & infinite wisdom can take the material embodiment of His thoughts, & say of it in truth, "Behold, it is very good." But these our childhood doings are seed to ripen in eternity. - On yonder shore they must come to perfection, not here. - How? In what manner? - that is God's care. - Our part is, to wait, & to trust. Let us do our little seed-sowing faithfully, & be content. Success by the approval of men, - even by our own approval, determines very little concerning the real issue of our work. At best it is bungling, a mere beginning of excellence. Our thoughts are as the psyche to the worm, that mysterious airy wonder, the butterfly. Words, & forms, are oftener the pins that kill, than the air that floats them. We rough-handle & mar them in the catching, poor things! It is the fate of our imperfection.

I could rehearse a long tale of my own hoisted, thwarted strivings: How forced through cracked ways, aside from the chosen & imagined; narrow, rough passages to bend in law; muddy byways; held back from pursuit of lofty lights to which the eye did strain; waiting long at barren waystations; loaded down with care & frailties; dissipated by multiplicity of attempts. All my career marked by incompleteness.

But was it of my own contriving? — Who directed my way, O so often unrecognized by myself. The prophet Jeremiah (X, 23.) tells us the strange, puzzling secret.

So then we are but clay in the hands of the Potter? — Yes, despite our self-sufficiency. — And what then remains to be said but this: "It is the Lords hand: let Him do whatsoever seemeth good to Him!"

But we labor not in vain, though our seed be hidden in the earth, & in sorrow sown. The great Day of Jubilee will bring it to light, please God a rich harvest of rejoicing.

This also will pass by. With our Spartans combined we may hope to make a living for the modest wants of our family. To have us torn apart again when the first rays of promise of some steadiness in our relation, seemed very cruel, & with reason we asked: "Must every offer that comes be one that scatters & sends us flying over the world?"

So then we remain for a while longer in the track, & hope for a more gracious sunshine after the stormy days we have experienced. Spring succeeds winter, the blossoms & leaves the barren earth & trees, — & these unfailing alternations strengthen courage & faith & enable one to escape despair in prolonged adversity. —

March 6th 1895. Wednesday. P.M. Bel Air, Md.

The news has come to me only second hand: it lacks positive confirmation, but it is probably true, for poor old Charlie was several years my senior, & of late years has exhibited an appearance that was far from healthy.

Charles Lanman, the last of my 'intimate friends of many years.' I am told he has departed. — Thank God I have some newer friends, men of sterling worth, & trusty, — but the old set, dating back to thirty & forty years, are all gone: Engelmüller, Rankin, Middleton, Wheat, Pauline Davis, Emma Seligman, Chs Lanman.

The list is not lengthy, therefore all the more is every one missed. Alas! how empty the world seems to be getting. — And how Paradise is filling up! —

Lanman was a faithful, affectionate man. We have been firm friends ever since in 1857 he came to my room at Mrs. Lendy's on Louisianna Ave. in Washington, & met me with those large, blue, clear eyes & bland smile that was peculiarly his. Many most pleasant evenings did I spend in the cozy rooms of the man of letters & quick refinement, rooms furnished with abundance of what could give instruction & delight. Not only a lover of

Death of Charles Lanman.

Charles Lanman, the well-known author, artist and librarian, is dead. His death was the result of heart disease, from which he had long been a sufferer. He was born in Michigan in 1813. As stated in THE SUN he was at one time private secretary to Daniel Webster, and later associate editor of the Cincinnati Chronicle. In 1849 he was librarian of the War Department. In 1866 he was appointed librarian of the House of Representatives, and from 1871 to 1882 acted as secretary of the Japanese legation in this city. The latter years of his life were devoted to writing and [illegible]

LANMAN. At Georgetown, D. C., March 4, 1895, CHARLES, son of the late Charles James Lanman of Norwich, Conn.
Funeral services at Oak Hill Chapel Thursday, March 7, at 4 o'clock p.m. Interment private. 2*

Washington Evening Star
March 6th 1895.

AFFAIRS IN GEORGETOWN

Dangerous Illness of an Author and Artist.

Funeral Services in West Washington —Church Notes and Other Affairs of Local Interest.

Mr. Charles Lanman, the artist, traveler and writer, is dangerously ill at his home, 3035 P street. For some days his condition has been alarming.

Mr. Lanman was Webster's private secretary during the statesman's last years, and wrote the private history of that great man. He was also secretary of the Japanese legation for twelve years. So capable a man was he, and so valuable were deemed his services, that on his retirement the Mikado of Japan, in acknowledgement thereof, presented him with $5,000.

As a landscape artist Mr. Lanman has won recognition. There are over a thousand of his artistic works in valued collections. He is said to have painted scenes from almost every state in the Union.

Mr. Lanman has been a great traveler, and has engaged in many dangerous and lonely explorations. Many wild places were brought by him to the attention of the public. He was the first civilized man to explore and make known the region of the Saguenay. He went up the river for several hundred miles in a canoe, made soundings and described in magazine articles the magnificence of the scenery. The trip was attended with much danger. Cliffs border the Saguenay river for miles to a sheer height of 1,000 feet, while the water at various points is half a mile deep. The country was then particularly wild, and provisions for many days had to be carried up.

All Mr. Lanman's explorations have been carefully and graphically described in his literary works, which number twenty-five. He has been called by writers "the picturesque explorer."

Since his retirement from the secretaryship of the Japanese legation Mr. Lanman has lived closely at his home, writing and painting. His literary and artistic collections are rare, embracing creations of famous painters and works of old literary masters.

sembly. It is charged that the ... council has bartered valuable fr... to individuals and corporations wit... least regard to the public welfare, ... the police department is corrupt and ... immunities to criminals and shields ... lawful element.

READING COAL FREIGHTS

Jersey Central and Lehigh Valley Must Pay More Money.

PHILADELPHIA, March 5.—The Philadel... Reliable Ingrain Carpet, 35c. per yard.
Made and laid free of cost.
Solid Oak Extension Table, $3.50.
40-pound Hair Mattress, $7.

ALEXANDRIA AFFAIRS

A Beautiful and Quiet Sunday, With No Arrests.

Yesterday was a beautiful spring Sunday, and in consequence the churches all had larger congregations than usual. Interesting sermons were preached by the resident rectors.

During the week the regular Lenten services will be held at the Episcopal churches. At the Presbyterian Church today at noon there was a special prayer service, and every night this week there will be a revival service, to which all are invited to attend. Tomorrow night Rt. Rev. Henry C. Potter of New York will deliver an address before the Brotherhood of St. Andrew of this city at Christ Church, and it is expected that a large congregation will greet him. On Wednesday night at Grace Church there will be a special service for the Brotherhood of St. Andrew. The regular weekly meeting of the Railroad Brotherhood will be held on Tuesday night, after the prayer meeting, at the Railroad Reading Rooms. Yesterday was quiet throughout the day, and no arrests were made by the police. During the afternoon the streets were swarmed with people, among whom were many strangers, who had come to visit the many points of historical interest.

Death of Charles S. Taylor.

Mr. Charles Sinclair Taylor, a prominent and much-beloved citizen, died at the residence of his son-in-law, Mr. Julian T. Burke, at an early hour yesterday morning, in the seventy-sixth year of his age. He had not been feeling well for several days past, though his death was not anticipated. When his daughter went into his room yesterday morning it was found that he had passed off in his sleep. Mr. Taylor was among the best known of Alexandria's old citizens, and the entire community mourn his death. He was born at Berryville, Va., on January 25, 1820, and was a graduate of the University of Virginia. He was a farmer until 1855. At the beginning of the late war he was made a captain in the commissary department, and served until the end of the war, having charge of the post at Charlottesville. In 1869 he, with Mr. John S. Blackburn, who still conducts it, opened the Potomac Academy in this city for boys. From 1882 to '86 he served as private secretary to Gov. Fred. Holliday of Virginia, since which time he has been in private life. His funeral will take place from the residence of Mr. Burke, on the corner of Columbus and Prince ... at 11 o'clock.

art, extensively aquainted with the older artists, those of the old school, but a practical painter whose brush was frequently busy in all the nooks & corners of the land, from Canada to Florida, from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, for he was a great traveller & fisherman, he was ready intelligently to sympathise with me professionally, & the trend & character of Art were often discussed between us with the liveliest interest. A christian of unaffected piety, he had a high standard of moral integrity & a keen eye to detect sham, to denounce it with unsparing word & pen. During the many years of his residence in Washington he had come in more or less intimate connection with most of our prominent men, literary & political, & by his methodical genius for collecting material has piled up a very large amount of information, correspondence, & anecdote, of considerable historical value.

He compiled many volumes: Most of what he wrote being not treatises, researches, or argument, but of the nature of descriptions of scenery, accounts of travel, personal & general reminiscences, & graceful compilations on various subjects. At one time he acted as private Secretary to Daniel Webster, & for years was connected with the Japanese Legation, doing valuable service that earned the recognition of that foreign government. During the several times I lived in Washington I was accustomed regularly every few days to look for a visit from Charles in my studio. He most always brought with him an atmosphere of breezy naturalness, kindness, & affectionate interest, & never would obtrude his trials & grievances, though I knew he often carried them. His family, & that of his bright wife, was a very large one, — but one by one they dropped away, leaving him almost alone, — until now himself has joined them in the realms of Paradise.

The peace & grace & reward of the Lord be with him!

Amen.

March 30th 1895.
Saturday P. M.
Studio, Bd Air. Md.

For very nearly a month my dear Fred has quite suddenly left us for Washington. He received an unexpected call from the Chief of the U. S. Fish Commission, offering advantageous terms, & since until Summer the Photo. Gallery would yield but a small & precarious income, & my own is speedingly uncertain & limited, he thought best to accept, although at the cost of separation from his family. His absence is a trial, the more so because the children, one after the other, were taken ill with what appears that dreadful scourge going over the world "La Grippe", & though the elder has quite recovered, we have still a sort of hospital in the house including my wife, the servant, & even myself, who have for so long a time had the blessing of uniform good health & strength.

Fred's separation is thought to be temporary, — but really we can not tell in the uncertain state of our affairs. The picture market, for me, is "dead as a door-nail", & without prospect of improvement. Since last October we have lived, literally from day to day, for what from three quarters is owing me, I could not get, nor can now. "Pensioners of the Lord!" for my part I am contented to go with the birds of the air. What matters it, whether He lays into our hands big store for many days, or none at all, so we are assured of His infinite riches & equally infinite faithfulness.

May 30th 1895.
Thursday, P. M.
Studio.

What I wrote just one month ago holds good to this day, & within a slight break has occurred of the monotony of scarcity. A remittance of $30.00 has come from Baltimore, with promise of a check for balance ($60.00) by June 10th, & Eugene has sent his mother a handsome present from Newyork. —

When after a protracted calm are a glassy sea, & an oft-en folding up the moistened finger to test the air for a slight breeze by the captain of a vessel, a ripple appears on the distant

horizon & travels fast towards the ship, the command at once is issued to trim the sails in order that advantage might be taken of this happy token for motion ahead, & once more all becomes life & activity on the vessel — & she speeds on her way.

We are in a frame of mind to fervently thank God for every lift of dark clouds, as an assurance that we are His care & will not be forsaken in the hour of need.

In two weeks more Fred is expected home again. — Myself am persistently, though somewhat slowly, keeping at work with the brush. It is perhaps of minor importance what particular work I do. Not much stress is to be laid on that, seeing there is nothing engaged, nor what I can hope at once to put on the market; only I have made some flower studies, & finish forward unfinished pictures; All accumulations, added to those on hand, and, so far as immediate, or perhaps even prospective, utility is concerned, of very questionable value. Yet, painting is my profession, my God-appointed work, — & I must do it, & consign the results to His care. Happily & in truth, beyond the doing I have no business or responsibility.

But anyhow, I have of late made a new move: In fact created a "firm", a business house of partners, wherein the several members have each their respective duties, with joint interest. — Funny, is'nt it? — Still, funny things take place, even in my sober career. Now why should I have two smart sons, each with a capital training in business ways & methods, & a shrewd knowledge of men without the fear of them, & not avail myself, — stupid, visionary, timid dunce in matters of money — of their skill & interested energy? — So therefore I have advanced this proposition: I am to be the producer: my two sons assignees, stock-

holders, & salesmen with the public. I withdraw from public transactions, & let them take the front. — This is the plan! — perfect in its elements & construction & faultless in the ideal future!! — But why work also practical? — Has there ever been among artists, not famous generally for business capacity, any more utterly unfitted for money dealings than my unfortunate self? — Certainly, I have not proved a success. I have made money for others, & others have made money out of me & my works, but for me there was to this day only struggle & poverty. — So then it is high time to change the program & I keep to my appropriate character in the play. — Whatever comes of the new arrangement, concerning temporal benefits to myself, I am wholly indifferent, nor less so about fame in mens mouths.

Aug. 7th 1895. Wednesday. Bel Air, Md.

Time is moving, & the world with it. Nor do they care for my recording. If I never write a line, facts go on just the same. Only it is useful to have a guide to memory for the reviewing of the way we have trod, & the dealings of God with us, — & so I write down leading features of what transpires.

Yet to a degree it is a wearisome theme writing about self. Man is a creature gifted with introspection; — can therefore not help the propensity. Self-love alone is not the impulse, but the necessity to view the universe from the center of his own individuality: for after all, to him, as a personality, it is of immense consequence how all outside matters stand in relation to him. — And moreover, the Christian knows them to be divinely guided, despite the million wills of men & devils who do their utmost to interfere & confuse. — It is a most complicated machinery, even when considered on one line only of a single persons experience. Such ever shifting combinations;

such unforseen turns; such new features in agencies long prepared beforehand & unexpectedly brought into operation when ripe; old parts used for new activities, new ingredients giving impetus. It puzzles the brain to account for the maze, — & as no human mind can see the ultimate design, to comprehend the wonderful intricacy of that web, weaving by divine skill ~~this~~ strange thy human life.

And so I am puzzled. Looking back, & tracing my way since boyhood, — how singular & strange! A combination of irresistable strivings & equally irresistable retardations. A pushing forward, & a being held back. Aspiration for high & noble endeavor: & difficulties insurmountable on the road. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." How much I have tasted this bitterness! Ideal conceptions, ideal harmonies, ideal longings, have as their companions low-browed care & disappointment: for the true Ideal lies beyond the boundary of this world. At best our performance is only fragments. Their complement is not in this life of sense.

In the year 1852 I saw in a vision, & made the Cartoon of, the first of that series of four designs including the whole of Gods Plan for the Redemption of mankind. A few years afterwards followed the others in succession. As a pencil drawing, about 8 feet high, this first design hung upon my studio walls until the poor modern paper literally dropped to pieces. The second composition made, leading in the series, I carried out by an elaborate drawing in crayon, which, fortunately, has been photographed on a large enough scale, — for it also has been much injured & is called up now, to preserve it at all. The third as a consecutive thought & design I worked out during one week while in Florida, & it remains as that original sketch. The fourth is merely planned in general

features, but as yet lacking individual development, except in the lowest position. — So then for full forty three years this series has been waiting. Repeated variations have been my struggles to give adequate expression even to one of the four, the unseen Power always interposed by obstacles. I had made, in mind, these compositions my life problems. Their importance as opposites of the redemptive Plan to actual sight impressed me with the duty to try the utmost for giving them adequate expression. I argued that God, giving eyes & hands & faculties, gives them for use; & since good thoughts also are His gifts, He means they shall find utterance. — But no. The many years went by — & all prospect vanished of carrying out what so long ago had been planned. Evidently the Angel of the Lord stood in my way.

I was not blind to his presence, — but sadly wondered why he was there. The mystery bowed me down in anguish. There was but one course open, that was submission. This much I understood, — but it was hard. for a long time. — Moreover, in this barring of my way the entire of my professional career became involved. More & more monitary success departed from me, until now, since January of this year, all my income from work done during these nearly eight months is summed up in the magnificient sum of five dollars. — Has the Lord not reduced this once so ambitious & aspiring fellow, until he has cause to be very humble & quiet & retiring, asking for nothing more than to be tolerated, — hardly counted any more among the active generation of artists, & honorable only for what in the dim past he may have been privileged to accomplish!

So certainly it appeared. The outside world had forgotten me,

I was shelved among antique curiosities — a specimen for the Museum.

All at once, during a visit from my son Eugene from New York he asked me, "Father, on how small a canvas would you be willing to paint the "Dispensations of Promise & the Law"? I will get it for you".

Dear fellow, — he said this in all faithfulness.

Because well he knew the position. Practically I had become a "boarder" with my sons. It is even a matter of nice calculation whether during this year I have paid full board for wife & self. Fred supplies the table — from the photograph gallery — Eugene pays the servants wages, & so far I have paid the rent of house with work made last year. There is now absolutely nothing in prospect from my side of the house. So then, being a dependent, the Lord has put me at the foot of the ladder, — & I would be a fool to disguise the bare fact. Whatever the cause, it stands before me stark-naked. That I have full strength of mind & body, counts for nothing in dealing with the circumstances. They call simply for unresisting, humble resignation. I must say with David, "It is the Lords hand; let Him do whatsoever seemeth good to Him."

And under such conditions I am to begin working out the big series of compositions that has been the anxious endeavor for many years of my past life! I labored for independence sufficient, by my own resolutions through animal painting, war pictures, & other efforts in a half dozen directions, to justify the undertaking of so extensive a work, — & when done give it to some public Institution as a means of relig. education. And now the work is to be taken in hand while I am absolutely dependent, & the very canvas & other material has to be furnished me, & also my living, by my two sons! — Such is the contrast.

Truely I stand before the mute Sphinx that with mysterious gaze looks out of the past into the future, — a question.

I count now 72 years, — the age when the great Michael began the construction of St. Peters dome, to labor on it for near twenty years "for the glory of God;" — The same God has entrusted to me another work, a message of great & glorious import, which He revealed to me in visions wherein I had no share of preparing. They came to me from the skys without my seeking, without intellectual laboring out, — yea, without the slightest previous Knowledge or intention. They were, in an absolute sense, visions, prophesyings of truth, expositions of the divine scheme for the salvation of man, such as past art history has not to show even in distant resemblance for comprehensiveness & fullness of scope. —

Because they were purely gifts, I may boldly say so - The Lord has condescended to use me, even me defiled sinner that I am, as an instrument, & has humbled me through many years of sad & hard experience "under His mighty hand", — and what can I say if, at last, & by any means, He lays upon me the solemn duty to be His apostle in sacred Art, than submissively bow down into the dust, & in reliance on the gracious strength of His Holy Spirit for body & mind, go to work with all my energies to do His will.

The Canvas, 106 x 150 inches, eight times the size of the re-arranged sketch, has been ordered & is making, & may now arrive any day. It will have a reddish ground, upon which I can lay out the figures in white chalk, previous to the use of oil color. -

Sept. 20th 1895.
Friday A.M.
Bel Air, Md.

Another change in our family affairs has come to pass. My son Fred left this morning at 4 o-clock for Newyork, having received an appointment in the U.S. Appraisors office at $100.- per month. The Photograph gallery paid but poorly, though his work was the best, & at the most favorable season of the year. During the winter there would not be a living in it, even at the economical rate of our expenses, counting out household & servants wages, which latter Eugene has taken upon himself. So one more undertaking is broken up, to swell the already vaster number of those in the past that have taken a similar course. — A strange life of unsettledness is ours, with hidden reasons for so singular a providence.

Fred went with a heavy heart, & with a heavy heart we let him go. He seems destined, poor boy, to earn support seperated from the family he loves, & away from his motherless children. We cannot help a wondering sadness. — Yet God is very good to provide a place with regular income, when here the utmost exertions could not secure a meagre, precarious one. And it came all about as by miracle, in a rapid well-paved way, without knowledge beforehand, a visitable Dew from the sky. "Marvellous are Thy works; & that my soul knoweth right well." —

In another hour or so Fred will arrive in Newyork, & at once report at the office. He left in the dark night with the man who carries the mail down to Edgewood on the Pennsylvania R. Road, twelve miles from Bel Air. — The darkness always makes such occasions of sad parting so much more dreary. — There was little sleep for us last night.

As I believe the Lords gracious hand in this change, so I trust He will lead us out into a safe place. We need His help.

I began on my large canvass weeks ago, & have already

made considerable advance. So many figures — it is, of course, a work of time & patience. Still I hope not to have to spend a great while before completing. The whole has to be re-arranged, & those changes cause delay & anxiety; but if successfully accomplished they will materially improve the composition. — Two portraits had to be painted between — interruptions, not agreeable, but necessary for the money. — However, even this is coming in the most tardy manner.

Nov. 5th 1895. Tuesday. P.M. 13d Ker. rd.

This was voting day, & I have been, with my son Fred, at the polls. He came expressly from Newyork on Saturday, & left again this P.M.

He & I also celebrated our birthdays together, on Sunday last, Nov. 3d, he is 39½, I my 52½. — Years pile up fast, — the sands of time run quick, — how many more are left.?

I know not. Yet I hope the work my Lord has given me to day may be carried to the end, even as Klopstock grew praise after twenty years of interruption of his "Messiah". The copy of a letter to my former pupil Edw. L. Hyde tells my feelings on the matter. He is an impulsive fellow, to flightiness. Hatchings schemes that prove "china eggs": They produce no chicks. So after one of my recent letters to him, he proposes a scheme for me to come to Newyork, at his expense, with a lot of sketches, to see a certain rich lady who might be bamboozled into coming out with the "spondulix" — as friend Payne used to say — & help forward the great but poor, struggling artist. — I had seen such promising eggs before, — & decline the labor of sitting on them. — When I was at Sewanee, Edward had a similar scheme, & proposed

it with great flourish of trumpet. Of course, it soon came down a burnt stick, — nothing more. — Now he has my answer. —

Dec. 21th 1895.
Saturday 11 A.M.
Bel Air. Md.

Half an hour ago I came from our house, now tenantless & shut up — for how long I know not. Wife & two grandchildren have just started for the Van Bibber's R. Road Station on the B & O. Road, to go to Newyork. The eyes of Eugenia have been for a long time troublesome, & now symptoms make a skillful treatment necessary, to be had in the city by intervention of my son the Doctor. So it was thought best they should all go. As my wife has not seen her relatives & friends North for many years, this visit will be to her a boon, & to the children an instruction. My two sons being in the City, they can all celebrate Christmas together, & no doubt will have a very fine time.

As for myself — I am trained to loneliness & self-help. My studio is now my workshop, living & boarding place, & home.

A few days ago, I sent off four unframed paintings to the address of "Blooming dale, Bros., 3d Ave. & 59th St. Newyork", who, having a gallery & Art Department connected with their immense establishment, my sons have made an arrangement for the exhibition & possible sale of a collection of my works, such as are in my own possession. It was done on the reputation of "The Rock of Ages", which recently received a new puff in an illustrated magazine. So their business has passed into more able hands than mine, & the result will show by & by whether the change is of greater monitary benefit. — They cannot do worse than myself.

In the big world storm clouds gather all about the horizon. Even our own country has received a shadow. The dispute of boundary line between England & Venezuela, & President Cleavelands

Bel Air. Md. Nov. 5th 1895. 264a

Rev. Edward L. Hyde. Newyork.

My dear Friend,

Your sympathising letter of Oct. 30th inst. came as a kind of surprise. The surprise was of a character not unknown in my experience. Repeatedly before this, interested friends have undertaken the advocacy of my claims to recognition, if not by the art-loving public at large, certainly by special Maecenas or Institutions. In a very signal manner all those well-meant efforts have proved utterly futile, going up into air like the puff of wet powder, and leaving behind no effect but a little blue sulphurous smoke.

So it came to pass that my suspicions are awake, & dread a repetition of the not encouraging or complimentary experience. No one cares to be either argued, or cajoled, or belabored into enthusiasm over my productions. They might be welcomed in priestly assay: but they are scorned & despised as mendicants.

Myself, their owner, instinctively shrink from having them presented in a garb utterly unbecoming their royal birth. They shall not, in any voice,

sue for as a favor, what they can demand as their inalienable right. David persecuted & an exile, was still the anointed King of Israel & the choice of Jehovah. — The thoughts I am now by the grace of God enabled to carry out & give permanent shape, are gifts from Him, shown in actual vision, & shall never be beggars for popular recognition. The Kindness of my friends mistakes their nature, & while personally I appreciate that Kindness, & am grateful for the same, I am constrained to decline its acceptance.

It is now forty three years since the first of that series appeared to my mental eyes. The others soon followed. I know there is in all art history nothing to match their comprehensiveness & completeness in outlining the quintessence of the redemptive plan of God. I have known it these many years. — And naturally my desire was to give adequate expression to what the Lord had vouchsafed as a revelation. But in God's wisdom the right time had not come. I needed better artistic preparation, more insight of the work, — & above all, the discipline of submission to the evident divine Will. — So He sent an Angel with a drawn sword into my way —

& neither I, nor any friendly interference, could pass.

And now I need no outside helps. The completion of the work is sufficiently assured. I am confident of life, & strength, & necessary means, to carry me to the end. Somehow an inward voice tells me so. The first of the series will, I trust, be framed under my brush by Spring of next year, & the others can soon follow. — Laus Deo!

To be sure, I would be glad of the sight, after so long a time, of good pictures. They might prove a help & a stimulus. But I have learned the value of higher, better helps, when by circumstances this is denied. What God withholds of ordinary means of study, He can well supply by His own Spirit of grace, from Whom, directly or indirectly, is all Knowledge & skill & success. — As a Christian man you can appreciate these sentiments.

Bear with your cranky old master: He finds it uncomfortable to walk in any but his own well-worn shoes; — but always believe him yours

affectionate friend

Johannes A. Oertel.

Sept. 4th 1896. Bel Air, Md.

Reflections.

I have been reading a long, most laudatory article on Watts, the English Painter, sent to me by my friend Rev. Edward L. Hyde.

Ah! — Mr. Watts is, I was, rich. God has seen fit to keep me poor, all my life.

Mr. Watts was always in most cultivated society, is acknowledged "a great man", "the greatest painter living", by men of highest culture & refinement. My lot has been cast among common folk, for the most part; ordinary minds, uncultured in art, not over-poetical or high strung. —

Well, he may be called fortunate. His position is what the world acknowledges, what looks great in the eyes of men.

But what have I to do with thoughts of regret? — How dare I measure my experience with his, or with that of any other humanly successful man? — What business have I with worldly success, or with being called "great" in the mouths of the multitude? — "No man liveth unto himself." Who is the Director of my life? — Surely, with shame I am willing to confess, I have spoiled much of His leading, neglected much, mistaken much, gone astray in timid uncertainty after side issues, into by paths & tangles of morass, driven by care & necessity more than by inclination

losing time & wasting strength & dissipating effort.

That was my weakness. For much, no doubt, I am responsible. Much I have to lament. More concentration of aim, more firmness in resisting irrelevant pursuits, more directness & singleness of study, clearer apprehension of the truely essential, would have given better results, & carried me farther.

Alas! a man can see his mistakes when it is too late to correct.

And yet, after all, we come into life with certain faculties & dispositions & characteristics. We start with them as our capital. — That itself may be defective. It needs training, needs given circumstances, experiences, mistakes even, to bring it out and develop. — Perhaps if we knew it, our failures are a needful part of our education, part of the difficulties on which we must be exercised. Who can tell accurately?! — "My times are in Thy hand," is probably true all round. Therefore the marvellous individuality of each human life, distinct from every other. — Mine has been an uneasy, turn-up, unsettled life, beset with change, fretted with care, goaded by want, pinched & frozen by unsympathetic neglect & obscurity. — I do not complain. I merely state. These were the conditions, my environments: They

are among the tools that carve our character out of such material as we happen to have brought with us into the world. — I see therefore it is more the question, "How do I now stand? What have these tools fashioned?" Then what were the tools?

And here again I have to face a dark problem, of which only a part is revealed. The ultimate is hidden, to be known the other side Jordan. One truth is plain, — has come up with distinctness once & again in my past, namely that God has charged me with the delivery of a message. — It may be Mr. Watts message to paint allegories that few understand. The story of the Cross is my mission, — of Incarnation, of Redemption, of sacrifice, of faith, of eternal Hope, of struggle, & the great reward, of Judgement and the Kingdom to come.

A very partial delivery of this message only, have I been allowed in the past to make. The Lord held me back by hindrances manifold. I have now reached beyond the three score years and ten, and only now all side issues & minor work can be laid aside to follow, to the end my principal vocation in art. — And is that not the highest I can desire? What nobler work for a sinful man? What more urgent call to most conscientious, strenuous exertion? — I do not know how much time remains to me to deliver my message. A goodly share of strength

is left me, - health, ability for work. It is being done in almost utter seclusion. The great world knows nothing of me, and cares less. But there are Books Kept above: — Nothing is omitted there, nor mistakes made. - That is enough! — I am shut out from human facilities, helps, encouragement, criticism, and must work alone, emphatically. I am an artist Bezaleel in strictest sense. But not as to Divine help. The Giver of all wisdom can come here, as He came to Bezaleel in the wilderness. There is no limit to His power to carry out the work He has designed for any of His tools to perform. "My power, my strength is made perfect in weakness."

So be it! Amen.

manly unflinching message to Congress on this matter. Has raised anxious thoughts whether self-respect & necessity may not involve us into another struggle with "the mother Country".

In Europe the Armenian question is fraught with threatening of perhaps a general conflict. The measure of iniquity of Turkish misrule seems to be quite full. It is getting past tolerance, & a settlement by summary expulsion from European soil appears to be close at hand for Mahommedanism. — Woe to the nations when the hour for the death struggle comes!

Febr. 7th 1896. Friday P. M. Bel Air, Md.

Still another prospect of mine has gone up in smoke. The Manager of Bloomingdales Art Gallery has left them, & they have concluded to shut up that concern, & send all pictures home. My son now has to make other arrangements: What they can be I do not know. — But the Lord knows.

A continued rainstorm, very violent, has made leaks in the roofing of my studio & brought mischief which makes necessary to put a shingle covering at least on the shop & small room above me. I have not the money, & shall have to borrow on mortgage. So losses & misfortunes always come in company.

My family still leave me alone. They report in good health & enjoying themselves. There is beginning just a faint talk of coming home.

March 12th 1896. Thursday. Bel Air. Md.

I have this evening taken out of the Post office a letter from my son Eugene, dated Newyork, saying that he had just returned from Milledgeville, Go., & has secured there the position of Pathologist on the State Hospital over some ten other applicants.

This may be again a turning point in our family

history. — He is to report there by the first of May next.

Pat will then be left alone in Newyork, & he has already declared that, if Eugene goes South, he would go also. — So to all appearance the ball has started to roll again. —

But I make no conjectures. None of us know what a day may bring forth. Our ways are in God's marking out. This much only is sure, Eugene got a good position, one in which he can make his mark & be of professional influence. Moreover it gives him a handsome living, for he will have board & lodging expenses paid, & a salary of $1500.00 annually, — & as the State is paymaster, the amount is guaranteed.

By patient waiting in a pursuit not altogether congenial nor advancing him in professional knowledge he has at last attained the possibility of laying down the mere business for Bausch & Lomb as salesman of optical instruments, without injury to his future maintenance. As his father I rejoice most heartily over his success, & devoutly thank the Giver of all good gifts for His favor to my son. "Praise the Lord for all His benefits."

Next week by this time I hope also that my Earthly life will come to a close. Wife & children are getting really homesick. I think they have a little over-stayed the time when their lengthy visit was a pleasure. Earthly engagements often turn to satiety & drive us back upon more substantial & superior gratifications, — the essences of life, not its ornaments.

May 28th 1896.
Wednesday P.M.
Bel Air, Md,

For over a week I have been at home again from a visit of five weeks in Newyork & vicinity. — For twelve years I had not seen the city, nor my two brothers, — Then I was a very sick man: this time, thank God, I came as a well & strong one. — Of course I was the guest of my brother Fritz, & for three days with brother George in Newark, N.J. — I also spent a few days with my friends the Price family at Desoris, Glen Cove, L.I. — As Eugene was for the first part of my visit still in the city, I could be repeatedly with my sons, & after the Reunion of Artists in the Academy of Design, where once more I met many familiar faces belonging to the older generation, a call at the studios of some (Thomas Moran, Mr. Wood, President of the Academy, Perry, Guy, Ryder, J.G. Brown,) gave me an opportunity to talk over some matters concerning art in its present relation to the public & the prospects of artists, — These are not cheering. The former relations are all reversed. Business with the public is in the hands of dealers, almost exclusively. Sales are few, the times hard, artists driven to all sorts of by-ways for a living. One of them declared their manner & fault of living to be "a perpetual miracle." Taste, & even passion, are subject to change; photographic & mechanical processes have cheapened art, & while disseminating pictures widely, have crowded the painter by reason of lowering the standard of art as an intellectual product. The high regard for it has quite disappeared among the people, the few loving & instructed only forming the true sympathisers, — & these at a distance from the studios they of old were in the habit of visiting. — The consequence is a want of high spirited aspiration,

New York City. April 9th 1896.
404 West 22nd St.

The artists of the Nat. Academy of Design yesterday evening held a "Re-union", to which I had an invitation & attended in the hope of meeting there again a number of my former old acquaintances & associates.

I was not disappointed. The exact present was considerable, mostly, however, young men. A new generation has indeed grown up, among whom I am an utter stranger. Among these, under existing conditions as they have shaped during the many years of my absence from New York art-life, would be found representatives of all the bizarre notions of the day, half-formed, immature, & in underlying motive sometimes of destructive tendency.

Of course, even if I lived still among them, I would not care to have fellowship. They & their fraudulations will float by on the stream of time, & be eventually among the things remembered as one does measles or scarlet fever.

But I met men of more sober stamp, all older men, who have not foreseworn laborious conscientiousness, nor imagine that they are the inventors of true art, & that all the past centuries were pitifully mistaken. Of course, these men are grey-headed. Seeing them again carried me back thirty & forty years, conjuring up days of less feverish unrest & experimental uncertainties. After all the turmoil of the present there is still an element of some stability

a seriousness, a ballast to the lightheaded youngsters who wildly run after every species of novelty, no matter how extravagant.

By the President of the Academy, Mr. Woad. a fine dignified man, I was introduced to an artist whose works I had often studied with interest & pleasure, but I had never met the man. This is Mr. Thomas Thorax. He is a painter of landscape, speaking generally. — However, a visit to his studio, this morning, showed me the fact that he has a wide range. The sea, the west of Arizona, the quiet nooks of home-country, the glowing, pure-colored idylls of Venice, even the icebergs of the North, are all by him represented. He is a painter of broad, vivid light, & again of sober shadows; of reposeful "bits"; & of life & motion in cloud & water.

But what pleased me most is his rational mode of talking on art, & what is meant by art. — It did me good to meet a man whose words & views assured me that the ideas I had for many years regarded as fundamentally true principles concerning the difference of mere studies, & the result of such studies, that is pictures, were correct, & designate the difference between material for work, & the accomplished work; of preparation, & finished result.

This view is in conflict with much of modern practice. Training schools of art inaugurate what

becomes a habit with them & fourth rate minds that afterwards they have no ability to forsake or correct. The exclusive education of the perceptive & imitative faculties at the expense of the ideal, leads to dependence on a visible object of study in order to paint at all, & the consequence is a substitution of what should be preparation for what should be pure inventive brain-work.

In truth, there is now such a war waging between factions who have watch words & party signs which they parade as their palladium, that the abundant noise & confusion disturb the inexperienced student, & the public. Out of this experimental era there may be & by evolve comparative order by a return to common sense & calm judgment. At present the air is full of dust & smoke, — bewildering to the uninitiated, & often exasperating because of the arrogant nature of the vital advocates. Indeed, when looking at some of the pictures exhibited, & considering the aims that evidently have actuated the authors of these fanciful, almost farcical productions, it is hard to credit them with unperverted common sense, & ability of seeing truth. Its is fanatical sectarianism in art. If nature in reality appears to them like their pictures, & they seriously believe theirs to be the interpretation of nature according to sound Art, then the world these many centuries has been

unaccountably mistaken, perception was awry, & reasoning faculty in the iron fetters of custom; — or else these moderns have run mad with conceit, & idiotic in believing they can persuade the rational public ones to this mode of thinking.

Ours is emphatically a transition period. All things are in flux. Change is dominant, & nothing is stable. What is to day, may be superseded to morrow.

Art partakes of this experimental craze. These novelties are mere experiments, clever sometimes, but still experiments. They signify no serious, abiding conviction. They are wild, uncertain, feelings out after indefinite ideals that dance like ignes fatui over treacherous marsh. They will certainly vanish, not without doing mischief to their followers. The sober & cautious avoid their fatal lure, well knowing that safety is on the firm soil of established truth, which the generations of our forefathers had sense enough to perceive quite as clearly as ourselves, & often much better. — The world is turning; — what to day is up, to morrow may be low down & out of sight, remembered only as a relic, or a ruin, of the past; — if remembered at all.

& the Academy exhibition gives evidence.

Not only so, but fads, novelties, experiments abound, especially with the younger majority. In this art keeps pace with the age, & follows its shifting character. Coming to Newyork from my secluded life, these things were painfully apparent to me, & confirmed my suspicions & what I already knew. I visited the Academy twice, all alone, & attentively studied the exhibit. It gave me no lofty encouragement to carry away with me. The impression was that of a dead level, barring the experiments. Life & growth are wanting, enthusiasm has departed, seriousness is displaced by novelty. The comparatively few who in seriousness struggle in the stream amidst the floating wreckage, have hard work to preserve honest convictions. The times are against them.

I did not repeat my visits to the studios: one was enough.

On the 2d of May the Metropolitan Museum of Art opened, & to this I went with more hope not to be disappointed. One noticable feature in the huge collection was, among the paintings, an entire absence of modern experiments. This by itself was satisfactory. A disturbing element was excluded. During my repeated visits I spent much time with the antiques, always full of instruction; with grand Michael Angelo; Peter Vischer & the Master builders of the inspired Middle Ages; & then upstairs with such of the old painters there represented; & the modern, mostly in the Wolfe collection. — A recollection at least I could carry off. Perhaps, coming hungry from years of fasting, I could take in more, & was in better condition to digest & assimilate, after I begin work again, in the seclusion of my studio, no doubt much will come back to me & be correction & stimulus.

Six weeks now without studio work, for the family has moved across the street to a more convenient house, & I had to lend a helping hand. — But after seeing other art, & mentally comparing, I find no reason to be dismayed. I see things I can not do, & some I would not if I could. Yet I am possessed a sphere of my own is assigned me, which, by God's help, I may successfully cultivate, & not fall very much to the rear even in technical qualities, while in subject my efforts may rank with those most aspiring. — This thought nerves & strengthens, — for where mere elegance of expression, the language of art, vanishes in the presence of the overwhelming importance of what is attempted to be said, the artist may be consoled if as an earnest man charged to deliver a message he may have lisped here & there & timidly stammered on account of distrust in his own powers, or insufficiency of knowledge, or hesitancy what phrases to employ. Not the heresy "Art for arts sake", but God's everlasting Truth first, & mans feeble interpretation afterwards.

Of intercourse with many minds I had not so very much. Newyork is a whirlpool, a commercial vortex, a seething caldron, where much time is spent on merely going. The forced activity has the shew of consequence, without reward of great results. The same acts in the country are accomplished with less friction, & less expenditure of nerve-force. — Only as a change absolutely opposite from my habitual mode of life was the visit truely beneficial. To think back on it, dream over it, idealize it, & so incorporate into new forms of action, may now constitute my true recompense.

X

Sept. 2d 1896.
Wednesday.
Bel Air. Md.

Nearly a years ago, in this same month, I began the painting, on a larger scale, of "The Dispensations of Promise & the Law", of which very back in 1863 I elaborated a drawing in crayon that at the time was photographed & a few copies sold. — And now I am completing this same painting.

Of all the labors of my strange career this has been, & is still attended by the most singular circumstances, for I have been poorer than ever before respecting actual income from my profession; literally dependent on my sons, especially Ford, & without the most shadowy prospect of improvement on that line. — Again, although the compositions of this series were made in the prime of my life, they were remodelled (two of them) much later, & the painting effected after I had past seventy. The first was made in 1852, the next in 1854, & thus for the final complete shape I had to struggle & wait full forty two years.

— My new efforts were constantly negatived, my plans foiled, my hopes disappointed. When at last I had despaired of ever giving shape to any of these works, had resigned myself, though with bleeding heart, to the inevitable, and reasoned, "The Lord does not want my testimony of His Truth; He has no need of me; I am too unworthy an instrument for that service; I am not prepared for so arduous & difficult an undertaking"; — Then of a sudden, without any effort of mine, the way opened, in loneliness & dependence, it is true, but it opened & without hesitation I went forward, & am now at the goal with the first, successfully, I believe, & trusting that at least two more will follow in due time & by Gods help! — for it has been in very deed His grace that carried me thus far, & that same grace will carry me to the end. ———

Barton. May 20th 1896.

STORMS AND DISASTERS.

The spring of 1896 will go down to history as a most remarkable one in many respects. First, April gave us a succession of hot days that would have done credit to July and August in their most fervent moods. While May has not thus far presented us with weather quite so torrid, it has introduced, much out of season, cyclones and tornadoes in the West, and thunderstorms and forest fires in the East. While we have partly grown accustomed to violent atmospheric disturbances in midsummer or in the early fall, we are hardly prepared to start the summer at least two months ahead of the schedule time, and therefore it is to be hoped that the present spring is altogether exceptional and does not presage a permanent change in weather conditions. The storms in the far West were followed by great destruction of property and loss of life, and were as severe as the disturbances which may be expected several months hence, while the death rate was almost without precedent. In this section the frequency of thunderstorms so early in the season is something out of the common. The fire in Washington Monday night, and the loss of life which followed, was directly due to lightning. A storm of even greater severity swept over the national capital yesterday, but fortunately was not followed by disaster, and it is hoped that such a calamity as that of Monday may never again befall the city.

TO CHANGE THE TUNE.

In olden times the poets, who, in common with other good people, love trees and forests, were accustomed to write verses conjuring the woodman with his axe to spare the trees. The axe was then considered the great implement of destruction, but with the advance of civilization over prostrated forests the axe is left as far behind by the progressive woodman as the ox-cart has been left by the electric rail-car. The present implement of destruction seems to be the saw, by means of which it is stated two champion sawyers in a bark peeling camp of Grant county, W. Va., are enabled to fell four hundred trees in half a day. This pair of sawyers, it is also said, can saw down trees as fast as thirty-four men can peel the bark from them. The poets, therefore, will have to change their tune, and sing now to the sawyer to spare the trees, and permit us to have a little rest in the sunshine of the denuded forests.

Sept. 4th 1896.
Friday.
B. Ays. Mid.

I have been reading a lengthy, most laudatory article on Geo. F. Watts, R.A., the English painter, sent to me by my friend & former pupil Edward L. Hyde, from Boston, Mass.

It stirred up lively reflections. Why?

Ah! – Mr. Watts was rich. – God has seen fit to keep me poor, all my life.

Mr. Watts moves in most cultivated society, among the great, is acknowledged himself a great man, "the greatest painter living" (the article has it) by men of highest culture & refinement. My lot has been cast among ordinary folk, for the most part, – ordinary minds, uncultured in art, of the mould of the common people, the undistinguished & plain.

No doubt he may be called fortunate. His position is what popular judgment bows to, what looks great in the eyes of men. – Mine, – has opposite! – But, what have I to do with thoughts of regret, or the shade of envy of his elevated state? – How dare I measure my experience with his, or with that of any other humanly unexcepted man? – What business have I with worldly success at all, or with being called great in the matters of the multitude? "No man liveth unto himself, & no man dieth unto himself." – Who is the Director of my life? – Surely, with shame I am willing to confess, I have spoiled much of His leading, neglected much, mistaken much, gone astray in blind uncertainty after side issues, into by-paths & tangles & onwards, driven by care & necessity more than by inclination, losing time & wasting strength & dissipating effort. – That was my weakness, for much, no doubt, I am responsible. Much I have to

lament. More concentration of aim, more firmness in resisting irrelevant pursuits, more directness & singleness of study, clearer apprehension of the truely essential, would have given better, more uniform, results, & carried me farther. — Alas! a man can see his mistakes when it is too late to correct. — And yet, after all, we come into life with certain faculties & dispositions & characteristics. We start with them as our capital. That itself may be defective. It needs training, needs suitable circumstances, experiences, mistakes even, to bring it out & develop. Perhaps, if we knew it, our failures are a needful part of our education, part of the difficulties over which we must be exercised. — Who can accurately tell? — "My times are in Thy hand" is probably true all round. Therefore the marvellous individuality of each human life, distinct from every other.

— Mine has been an uneasy, torn-up, unsettled life, beset with change, fretted with care, goaded by want, pinched & frozen by unsympathetic neglect & obscurity. — I do not complain! I merely state. But these were the conditions, my "environment", — less under control than they themselves do control. They are among the tools that carve our character out of such material as we happen to have brought with us into the world. — Not therefore it is more the question "How do I now stand, what have these tools fashioned?" — than what were the tools.

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Rev. John S. Davenport 232a

Rev. & Dear Brother, Hartford, Conn.

I must shake hands with you across the distance between us after reading your article on "Broad Church ~~Doctrine~~ Theology and the Sacramental System" printed in "The Living Church." There sound in the faith owe you a great debt for setting forth in so clear & concise a manner the pernicious Antichristian heresy which in these sad days is by most subtle Satanic device undermining the Truth & leading astray many unwary souls, unable to discriminate between the crafty error & the divine verity. An exposure therefore, like your article, can not fail to be of service, & may also be a warning voice to those who though not ~~Thereby~~ harboring falsehood, are yet unaware of the ~~this~~ dangerous enemy abroad ~~in his~~ & his deadly malignity. There is not of the literal cry of the ancient prophets in these latter days of apostasy, that ~~which~~ comes in more & popular shapes; — & even thus it may be as in the days times of Jeremiah that there is no ear to hear & no heart to believe; for "the falling away" of Apostolic prediction is manifestly upon us.

The portentous struggle about the election to the Bishopric of Phillips Brooks was brought up again to any point & on occasion permitted by Divine Justice to try

many souls of what Kind they were, & indeed "the secrets of many hearts were there revealed". He is still the idol of not a few; a man whose passions, like that of Arius, was a pitfall & a snare, with Christ, constantly on his lips, yet (how contending His truth in the most life-giving, essential parts, an enemy to His Church, & a deceiver & snare of souls. — If I use strong language I mean it, for I get convinced of the fact at the time. He has sown broadcast evil words, & they are bearing abundant destructive fruit of destruction. His election & consecration was a crime against the Church; his sudden exciting off a divine judgment.

It is the fashion now to stretch the sweet grace of charity like one of those India rubber faces, made for the amusement of children, until it is an unsightly distortion, & use honeyed words in dealing with the devils lies. Wilfull error is not held in abhorrance, & the offender against God, & lately truth claims the forbearance & toleration of an innocent. Indignation & rebuke are bad manners, & those in authority have for the most part dumb lips & palsied hands (hearts). We are evidently moving to a crisis, but there is prevalent a strange blindness & a fear of acknowledging the fact & its certain sequence.

"There shall be signs in the sun, & in the moon, & stars; — distress of nations with perplexity; men's hearts failing

them for fear, & looking for those things that are coming to pass. — St. Luke XXI, 25.
But those of God's children who are awake & watching, ought to keep close ranks & support one another in the hour of trial that is to come.

It is years since we had some correspondence. You perceive I have since then changed my place of abode, for the past three years helping my aged friend Dr. Wm. F. Brand, since he was touched by paralysis. Besides I am sedulously engaged with Christian art, the message given me to deliver, having during the past year nearly completed a large painting, one of a series of four, embracing the entire plan of Revelation.

Let me thank you again for your bold defense of the sound Theology against the lee cunning lies of the adversary, & may the dear Lord bless you for it.

of Jesus Christ
Yours in the faith and ~~companion in~~ tribulation very sincerely
Johannes A. Oertel.

(Rulers)

And there shall be signs in the sun, & in the moon, & (Church) & in the stars (teachers); & upon the earth distress of nations, with perplexity; the sea & the waves (kingdoms, peoples) roaring; - men's hearts failing them for fear, & for looking after those things which are coming on the earth: for the powers of heaven shall be shaken:

St. Luke XXI, 25.

God has charged me with the delivery of a message. —
It may be Mr. Watts' message to paint allegories that few
understand. The story of the Cross is my mission — of
redemption, of sacrifice, of faith, of eternal hope, of
struggle & the great reward, of judgment & the Kingdom
to come. —. A very partial delivery of this message only
have I been allowed in the past to make. — I speak as the artist.
The Lord held me back by hindrances manifold. I have now
reached beyond the threescore years & ten, & only now all
side-issues & minor work can be laid aside to follow to the
end my principal vocation in art.

Is that not the highest I can desire? What nobler work for
a sinful man? What more urgent call to most conscientious,
strenuous exertion?

I do not know how much time remains to me to deliver
my message. A goodly share of strength is left me, health,
ability for work. It is being done in almost utter seclusion.
The great world knows nothing of me, & cares less. But there
are Books kept above, — & nothing is omitted there, nor mistakes
made. That is enough! — I am shut out from human facilities,
help, encouragement, criticism, & must work alone, emphatically, —
an artist-hermit in the strictest sense. — But not as to Divine
help. The Giver of all wisdom can come here, as He came to Bezaleel
in the wilderness. There is no limit to His power to carry out the
work He has designed for any of His tools to perform." "My
power is made perfect in weakness."

So be it! Amen.

Nov. 8th 1896
Sunday night
Bel Air, Md.

MR. BRYAN'S MANIFESTO.

He Has Not Given Up the Silver Cause.

FIGHT IS ONLY BEGUN.

Regards Defeat As a Virtual Triumph.

NOT IN A BITTER MOOD.

His Letter to the Thousands Who Supported Him Reviews the History of the Campaign and Advises a Continuance of the Struggle Against the Gold Standard, Trusts and Monopolies.

Lincoln, Neb., Nov. 6.—Mr. Bryan today gave out the following:

To the Bimetallists of the United States:

Conscious that millions of loyal hearts are saddened by temporary defeat, I beg to offer a word of hope and encouragement. No cause ever had supporters more brave, earnest and devoted than those who have espoused the cause of bimetallism.

They have fought from conviction, and have fought with all the zeal which conviction inspires.

Events will prove whether they are right or wrong. Having done their duty as they saw it, they have nothing to regret.

The Republican candidate has been heralded as the advance agent of prosperity. If his policies bring real prosperity to the American people, those who oppose bimetallism emerges from the contest stronger than it was four months ago.

Thanks to the Committees.

I desire to commend the work of the three national committees which have joined in the management of this campaign. Co-operation between the members of distinct political organizations is always difficult, but it has been less so this year than usual.

Interest in a common cause of great importance has reduced friction to a minimum. I hereby express my personal gratitude to the individual members, as well as the executive officers of the national committee of the Democratic, Populist and Silver parties for their efficient, untiring and unselfish labors. They have laid the foundation for future success, and will be remembered as pioneers when victory is at last secured.

No personal or political friend need grieve because of my defeat. My ambition has been to secure immediate legislation rather than to enjoy the honors of office. Therefore, defeat brings to me no feeling of personal loss. Speaking for the wife who has shared my labors, as well as for myself, I desire to say that we have been amply repaid for all that we have done.

In the love of millions of our fellow citizens, so kindly expressed; in the knowledge gained by personal contact with the people, and in broadened sympathies we find full compensation for whatever efforts we have put forth. Our hearts have been touched by the devotion of friends and our lives shall prove our appreciation of the affection which we prize as the richest reward which this campaign has brought.

To Continue the Fight.

In the face of an enemy, rejoicing in its victory, let the roll be called for the engagement, and urge all friends of bimetallism to renew their allegiance to the cause.

If we are right, as I believe we are, we shall yet triumph. Until convinced of his error, let each advocate of bimetallism continue the work. Let all silver clubs retain their organization, hold regular meetings and circulate literature.

Our opponents have succeeded in this campaign and must now put their theories to the test. Instead of talking mysteriously about "sound money" and "an honest dollar," they must now elaborate and defend a financial system. Every step taken by them should be publicly

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The friends of bimetallism have not been vanquished; they have simply been overcome. They believe that the gold standard is a conspiracy of the money-changers against the welfare of the human race, and, until convinced of their error, they will continue the warfare against it.

Against Great Odds.

The contest has been waged this year under great embarrassments and against great odds. For the first time during this generation public attention has been centred upon the money question as the paramount issue, and this has been done in spite of all attempts upon the part of our opponents to prevent it. The Republican convention held out the delusive hope of international bimetallism, while Republican leaders labored secretly for gold monometallism.

Gold-standard Democrats have publicly advocated the election of the Indianapolis ticket, while they labored secretly for the election of the Republican ticket.

The trusts and corporations have tried to excite a fear of lawlessness, while they have been defying the law, and American financiers have boasted that they were the custodians of national honor, while they were secretly bartering away the nation's financial independence.

But in spite of the efforts of the Administration and its supporters; in spite of the threats of money-loaners at home and abroad; in spite of the coercion practiced by corporations and employers; in spite of trusts and syndicates; in spite of an enormous Republican campaign fund; and in spite of the influence of the hostile daily press, bimetallism has almost triumphed in its first great fight. The loss of a few states, and that, too, by a very small plurality, has defeated bimetallism for the present; but in the face of an enemy, rejoicing in its victory, let the roll be called for the engagement, and urge all friends of bimetallism to renew their allegiance to the cause.

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Our opponents have succeeded in this campaign and must now put their theories to the test. Instead of talking mysteriously about "sound money" and "an honest dollar," they must now elaborate and defend a financial system. Every step taken by them should be publicly considered by the silver clubs. Our cause has prospered most where the money question has been longest discussed among the people.

During the next four years it will be studied all over this nation, even more than it has been studied in the past.

The year 1900 is not far away. Before that year arrives international bimetallism will cease to deceive; before that year arrives those who have called themselves gold-standard Democrats will become bimetallists and be with us, or they will become Republicans and thus open enemies; before that year arrives trusts will have convinced still more people that a trust is a menace to private welfare and to public safety; before that year arrives the evils of a gold standard will be even more evident than they are now, and the people will then be ready to demand an American financial policy for the American people and will join with us in the immediate restoration of the free and unlimited coinage of gold and silver at the present legal ratio of 16 to 1, without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation.

W.J. BRYAN.

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W.J. BRYAN.

Among the number are the mills of Thomas Dolan & Co., the Keystone Dye Works and the big cordage works of Edwin H. Filler. William Allen's mills, which shut down 15 weeks ago, will also open Monday. The carpet mills of Robert Foulke started up today, and Maryland's mill will be in operation in a few days. A number of Smyrna rug ... will

Wyoming as still doubtful, McKinley has 264 electoral votes.

	Electoral Vote.	Pluralities.
For McKinley.		
California	9	6,000
Connecticut	6	53,839
Delaware	3	2,600
Illinois	24	144,131
Indiana	15	22,179
Iowa	13	72,000
Maine	6	47,000
Maryland	8	30,[illegible]
Massachusetts	15	168,7[illegible]
Michigan	14	55,[illegible]
Minnesota	9	48,8
New Hampshire	4	35,0
New Jersey	10	87,8
New York	36	272,4
North Dakota	3	5,0
Ohio	23	53,7
Oregon	4	2,5[illegible]
Pennsylvania	32	304,0[illegible]
Rhode Island	4	23,7[illegible]
South Dakota	4	6[illegible]
Vermont	4	41,0[illegible]
West Virginia	6	12,0[illegible]
Wisconsin	12	100,00
Total	264	
For Bryan.		1,289,66
Alabama	11	30,00
Arkansas	8	50,00
Colorado	4	72,00
Florida	4	9,00
Georgia	13	25,00
Idaho	3	10,00
Kansas	10	8,00[illegible]
Louisiana	8	35,00[illegible]
Mississippi	9	35,00[illegible]
Missouri	17	50,000
Montana	3	15,000
Nebraska	8	6,000
Nevada	3	5,000
North Carolina	11	17,000
South Carolina	9	35,000
Tennessee	12	10,000

Counting Kentucky and

Nov. 8th 1896.
Sunday night,
Bel Air, Md.

The paper here inserted contains many thoughts on the present state of the country. Every thinking good citizen must be moved to seriousness, age, to fears of the consequences to which we are evidently hastening. If all the age is in commotion, in a ferment of speeding uneasy, ill compounded material, this our boasted land partakes of it in an uncommon degree. We have cause to look into the future with apprehension.

The Presidential election has just past, & the result is known. The 3d of November (mine & Fred's birthday) was the day of decision. A significantly small majority gave for the next four years the power to the money-ring, & their candidate. Victory was bought by the money of the Bankers. Like water it flowed on its errand of corruption; — but never mind of principle with that class of contestants! — Yet there is a moral to it: What blessing will come to the country from the unscrupulous use of means of unrighteousness, hypocrisy, & deception? — Will it prosper in the end? — Of course, no one thinks of a blessing which is God's reward of well-doing. The notion is absurd! — If more wealth can be gotten, more power secured, more freedom to screw & press & rob, — who cares for right, or principle, or law, or love of humanity or country? "Corporations have no souls"; — & the larger the corporation, the less soul there is.

But time will prove what there is in it. —

The campaign just passed — but yet only begun — has brought to the surface, never again to be covered or forgotten, one very ugly & ominous fact, hitherto timidly mentioned, as of too dangerous a character for open proclamation, & that fact is the hostile array of two parties: Plutocracy, & the people.

To page 274.
of my journal

Reflections
on the conditions of this country & age.

July 1896.

Every age has its own individual features like every human being. While all ages wear the same general characteristics of humanity, just as all human beings partake of the same general features; each century, or period of time, is distinguished from others by special marks, prominent above others, & giving the century or period a character distinctly its own.

The charge has not infrequently been made, that this country in particular has for its national sin the greed for gold, for riches, the "love of money", as the master passion governing pre-eminently & tarnishing to an alarming degree the guage of worth, that of men only, but of everything, — the main object to strive for, the most desirable to obtain. "Saxy Golden Draugh. Am Golden Saugh, — Saxy allas".

It supplies notably the basis of talk between man & man, in the street, the R. Road car, the boat, the mart, the office. Same transaction in business for which money is the basis, makes up the staple of subject, Occupations, enterprises, politics, have all the same background of interest. Success in getting money has become the aim & motive of all human action. Unselfish labor is less understood & appreciated as it is

rare, & with many the unselfish man is next door to a fanatical fool.

For accumulation of money, wherever there is the chance, has become the rule. Millionaires have "alarmingly multiplied". The rich man of fifty years ago would now be a poor man, — for what is $100,000 to a hundred millions?! A large part of the country's wealth has passed, — say within the last thirty years, — into the hands of the few. And not only this, but it has so passed through unrighteous means.

What do I mean by this assertion? — I will explain.

The utter impossibility must be plain to the most superficial understanding, that a man who rapidly rolls up millions cannot do it by following the God-appointed rule of giving value for value; an equivalent for every acquisition. He must employ other means, not God-appointed. — "In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat bread"; was the fiat ~~[illegible]~~ for the whole human race, & every human effort, ever since the fall. It is God's law, — an immutable law, as generally applicable to human transaction, to labor given by one party, & the price of labor as reward by the other. The principle holds good concerning all business-intercourse of man with man. It was intended for universal

(21)

practice, & has always been acted on among all sorts of peoples, including the savage, in public & in private. According to the conceded valuation of any article or service has always been the price affixed to that article or service. The higher in the scale the value, like brain labor over hand labor, or superior skill over inferior, the higher the price paid for the same. Modifications of this principle according to attending circumstances, has been regarded as permissable, perhaps, — but a violent infraction as unjust & criminal. Human law took hold on such an infraction, & God's law condemns it as a punishable offense.

Of course I now argue on the broad basis of generally applicable principle as the standard of right. All such principles are traceable to divine origin, not subject to human alteration or change. They derive their importance & power from the eternal fitness of absolute Right. Man as an accountable moral being is forever bound by them.

But men became transgressors. By subtlety or force they invade the absolute Right. They create artificial standards of action. They invent cunning means for attaining selfish ends. By various pretexts, & under various names, they circumvent justice.

I have said that the means for getting large fortunes are unrighteous means, opposed to God's law of "value for value". Two methods are of this character: The one that of the burglar & highwayman, the other that of the gambler. — The burglar & highwayman take by force; the gambler by craft or chance. Neither of these give an equivalent. Both are robbers. They appropriate, by different means, what is their neighbors, to which they have no just right; for which they give no equivalent.

The burglar, when caught, society puts behind strong walls & bars, for protection to itself. There are laws against certain forms of gambling as pestiferous to morals & the safety of a community. Society makes a show, at least, of defending itself against the evildoer. I pronounce it a most hypocritical show, — the basest attempt at virtue in illustration of the old proverb that "the little thieves are hanged; the big thieves are allowed to go free". It is a crime to steal a loaf when hungry, but it is applauded as smartness to rob millions by craft. The big thief is honored in proportion to the amount he can steal.

What is called "speculation", ventures on values, on stocks of same kind, or on the price of commodities,

– in hopes, or by pre-arranged, rise of their value, – is made the means of agnirsing many rapidly & easily: a mode of agnirstion legalized by common consent, & practiced well-nigh universally. A man in such a transaction employs his wits, his knowledge of probabilities, his experience of attending circumstances, to forecast the change in the market for his advantage. – The thought, or idea, of giving an equivalent, never enters into the transaction. An equivalent is ruled out as excluded by the very nature of it. There is no pretense of giving value for value. Often not one cent is paid, as the commodity seen which is "purchased!", – there is simply a stake on venture, a chance game, or, if the man have the money influence, a skillful manipulation of market price. – Such an act has all the features of gambling. That it is believed to be legitimate, a form of business transaction, does not take from it a single feature of its malevalent hideousness as a breach of God's universal, immutable law. All the customs of society & sophistries of lax moralists can not whitewash the gambler to escape detection & condemnation before the judgment seat of God. For this matter, like all human conduct from first to last, must be tried by the law of God, altogether irrespective of the

notions & doings of men. They do not come into account.

Now at a time when "speculation", as I am credibly informed, extends to positively every article of consumption & commerce needed daily by the great mass of people, most of these being the poor, the chances of successful gambling are immensely multiplied. They therefore touch society at every point. With the increase of opportunity comes increase of temptation. With fatal ease, though at the risk every gambler takes, large sums may be gained, & fortunes speedily accumulated. By this means the millions may be piled up, where by the righteous giving value for value not even hundreds can be gained, & to the vast majority there remains only the life of toil, the literal realization of the verdict, "In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat bread."

Another means for rapid growth of wealth, & acting as an auxiliary, is Combination.

It is the order of the day, even the necessity of the day. By consolidation force is concentrated. Combined effort can achieve what is impossible for individual effort, or scattered effort. Therefore the syndicates, trusts, monopolies on the one hand, & labor & agricultural

associations, on the other. And the one makes the other a necessity.

But the greater power will always be with capital, not with the producing class. And for capital to combine, (by means of the creation of irresistable monopolies) and join those with the spirit of greedy, fickle speculation, & you have the force that now rules the country. All its interests are influenced & affected by the money power. It has the death grip on the nations life: its agricultural mechanical, commercial, legislative, political, & moral life. Not a single interest can free itself.

Of course there is a struggle. As the grip tightens from year to year, the struggle becomes more fierce. A violent effort for freedom must be made. The people feel the dire calamity, without always going to the bottom of reasoning on the ulterior cause. Hence now the wide-spread anxiety for remedies. These may not be wise. They may be merely superficial & temporary. I believe they are. But they are determined. They may become revolutionary & destructive. History has lessons of this kind of appalling character. Already neither side inclines to give up. Especially the money holders

are a unit, & therefore an incalculable power.

Moreover they have on this side for protection the shaw of statute law.

In the first place, although there are prohibitions against monopolies, they are mere dead letters. The combinations which result in monopolies, & do, in reality that object so far as attainable, are formed in a manner that no law can forbid them without trenching on the liberties of the people. Speculation, not opposed by law, has become universal & is considered legitimate. Therefore law does not, & cannot, interfere. And as the greed for wealth is the all compelling motive; & this is best promoted by the schemes of speculation, which is to say gambling, the practise of combining with others likeminded is very natural. The greater the extent to which this can be profitably pushed, the more certain is the exclusive control in any given direction, & the power of the respective operators. The "trust" or "syndicate" becomes thus a monopoly which no law can forbid, & a sure means of amassing millions in the hands of the few at the expense of the many. The men of small means are driven to the wall; the isolated ones are insolent, crowded, & ruined.

The case is true in every department, in manufacture, in commerce, & even in agriculture.

This movement has been in steady cumulative powers for more than twenty years. Since then Millionaires have alarmingly multiplied, And these, practically, control all the interests of the country. — It stands to reason. "Money is power". The adage is forcibly true. This power concentrated to the amount of thousands of millions, hundreds often with a single individual, can lay rules interdict any branch of business or commodity at pleasure, regulate the scale of price, prescribe the conditions of the market, of transportation, of labor, influence & buy up legislatures, bribe or intimidate the judiciary, defy the laws, & bias politics. The power is almost unlimited.

For a series of years a sometimes bitter strife has been waging between "capital & labor." In this the laborer has almost unitersally been the losing party, even when demands have been complied with. For capital can fall back on its own resources, while the laborer is dependent on his daily earning. If that stops, of course he must suffer.

The farmer also finds his profit absorbed by

the railroad & commercial combines. He can raise enough for his family to eat; but he cannot prosper. His land tenure is becoming yearly more uncertain, as he falls behind with his taxes by depression of prices & expense of transportation. As in manufacture, so also in agriculture, conditions of production have radically changed by the introduction of machinery & the discoveries of synthetic chemistry, & threatens the [illegible] profits are constantly on the increase, & threatens the excess of supply over demand & cheapen wages for all.

Now the economic question seems to have worked up to a focal point. For a series of years there have been complaints of stagnation in business; general distrust; locked-up markets; depreciation of values, a general distress. Every succeeding year witnesses aggravation. In this country the seasons of ferment & excitement naturally culminate at the time of Presidential elections, because these offer a change of policy supposed to be beneficial. A crisis in the political life of the nation, amounting possibly to an industrial revolution, may by means of the ballot be settled. Such a crisis took place at the election of Abe Lincoln, which precipitated the Rebellion & ended in the abolition of slavery. Another was the re-election of Gen. Jackson & when "The house-dog was against dishonest money."

Another such crisis is now pending: & no mortal man can yet foretell the possible results. The late Democratic convention at Chicago has brought to the front a man who is a pronounced bimetallist, ranging himself boldly on the side of "the toiling mass" against "the" idle possessors of "idle capital" that is untaxed. In his fiery, able speech he waived every other issue in favor of the money basis, declaring that it takes precedence over all other measures, & must first be settled. If elected next November he is therefore pledged on the side of labor versus plutocracy. — This is the clear cut question.

But will this election really solve the difficulty? I do not believe it will. The cause lies deeper, & cannot be reached. The evil has grown, by long indulgence, to giant proportions, & is now beyond the power of legitimate means of cure. It is a case for the Knife, not for external plasters & salves.

I know it is terrible even to suggest the thought of such a possibility. Revolutions are fearful remedies, & we have experienced what bloodshed & misery mean for the wiping out of a social & moral wrong. But revolutions are the only means when by long continued evil-doing in the State, by one class or another, a crisis has been compelled.

What immediately is before us is a wild struggle by half-blind parties. On the one side some 70,000,000 of the people; on the other side the 6 or 7,000 holders & managers of the greater portion of the nations wealth. — The people I call half-blind because of the belief that a different adjustment of the money question can substantially & permanently relieve the disastrous situation of the present time, never before experienced in the history of this country. — The money-holders are half-blind by believing that a condition of social slavery can safely be prolonged in this 19th century with such certain explosion like dynamite. — Of course, they hold on to their ill-gotten gains like grim death. It is the nature of that class. Money will flow in huge streams during this campaign to obtain victory for them. — But supposing they win, — what will the suffering people do? — Who can predict the final consequences? —

And again, if their opponents come out victorious? — What permanent relief can there be? — The "gold-bugs" still hold their wealth. They control it presidently in their own interest, & under the unchanged conditions of free combinations & free power to gamble. Under these conditions what is now a grasping force, will become

a death grip. Absolute monopoly & money despotism — the most cruel & unsparing despotism that can curse a people — will be the ultimate result. The monster has grown to its present size in less than thirty years of unrestrained license, — what will it be in even ten years more, taking into consideration the inestimable fact of cumulative force in the downward progress of affairs?! The millions must swell to billions, & these to still greater figures to the practical absorption of the peoples wealth. — And what then? —

Twenty five years ago, if the people had been alive to the coming dangers, these monopolies, & these kind of gambling, might have been checked, if not altogether prevented, by salutary laws. — Now it is too late. Money now holds "the balance of power". We still flatter ourselves, — innocent simplicity! — that the peoples ballot & laws rule our country. — The very demonitizing of silver in '73 by colossal bribery through English influence is evidence of what is the real power of government, — the oil that creases despotism-joints, the ointment for rotten consciences. Under the present system millions can be rolled up with ease by shrewd men of daring, & that system, no matter what the people, the (the player? I should say) steered ship, may carefully do, is the product of the Times, of our pe

institutions", free actions, liberty to associate, & so to concentrate effort & centralize aim: precisely the drift we see busy & potent in all kinds of enterprise. The effort to arrest the wheels of rapid advance in this direction will only result in the breaking of bones of him who is daring enough to try.

But I will refrain from progressing. I am content to simply reason on facts as they are plain on the surface. When boils afflict a body, we know that the humors are diseased. Redolent commotions in the body social & political are portentous signs of deep-seated trouble. It is natural for the people to writhe & twist & Risk. We Americans are proverbially long-suffering. Yet there are now words used, & accusations made by the money-power against those who advocate "bimetallism", that have an ominous ring: like thunder heard remote. Storm is in the air, & the words that are freely bandied may be an unconscious prognostication becoming familiar in the ears of the people & inviting thoughts that by & by, when the pressure has become unbearable, find realization in deeds too fearful & calamitous for naming. — Meanwhile it is right, it is a solemn duty, to seek relief by just expedients. Even doubtful experiments are lawful in time of

dire necessity.

The remedy now proposed, free coinage of silver with gold, I doubt not would restore to the country a just, & only a former, standard. It may afford some relief in various directions. It may be, as matters have grown, the only practicable relief. The opposite parties make very opposite assertions. Theoretically I have not learning to decide. But in practice the case is a plain one, namely the money power versus the people.

And herein is contained the desperate condition. The small compact body who hold the money, having a common interest, can neither be deprived of their ill-gotten gains, nor pushed aside as a ruling factor. When the bulk of money is will always be the ruling power.

Law, - I mean human law - is a mere mockery - the most barefaced & shameless hypocrisy. It first stands by & by silence & inaction sanctions the robbery wholesale of him who amasses the millions in violation of the laws of God: And then if the robbed in despair turns upon the oppressor, guards & defends him & his hoard under the shaw of law with cannon, the bayonet, & the jail. - So there is no remedy,

Besides, Moreover, supposing the people undertake to help themselves, how & where is a beginning to be made? — What benefit would the Riches of a thousand Millionaires be? Their wealth, after all, could not be gotten at. The fac is too dispersed; & if all the banks in the country were emptied, the money would melt away like water in the sand.

Beside, such a revolution would mean an utter paralysis & destruction of all producing & commercial interests, together with the social & political. Instead of a remedy it would be an unmitigated curse.

Yet people actually talk of it: and the anarchists the professed, loud mouthed, godless advocates of destruction — but otherwise sober law abiding people. — What fearful portents of evil ahead! Have these things not a significance? — "Straws show which way the wind blows."

But the dial of Time cannot be turned back. If we are nearing a crisis, — whither will it lead? The heat of deadly fever is upon us, the violent symptoms of disorder. Our sin of greed, money-getting, extravagance, rioting in pleasure, wantonness & selfish indulgence, is returning upon us its rotten poisonous fruit. "Thou must now suffer, dust unto dust thou shalt."

Our sin is literally "finding us out", — What next?

In human affairs no adequate solution can be found. A root-difficulty always remains — one that must be reckoned with; an essential factor in the premises, — a that is: sinful human nature. All government at bottom is not a moral question, a question of right & wrong: Right is, what accords with God's will. Wrong is what runs contrary to it, — So long as men are selfish, they will be law-breakers. Only personal, individual, genuine submission of all men to the law of God, (the Law of love), can effect a thorough reformation of society, the state, the government. Anything short of this must so far be a failure.

And therefore we are, in the present stage, still making all sorts of trial against fearful odds; & since law-makers & governments are fallible, often venial, prejudiced, corrupt, the course of society is one through sloughs & morass & over rough breakneck places. Mankind has tried hitherto all forms of government, & the result is not gratifying. We, in this country, were loud — perhaps are still, — in praises of ours. We ought, by this time, to have learned some modesty. Politicians may still for awhile go on patching & changing & making experiments. They are done necessarily under the

same conditions of corrupt human nature. And since by the entire revolution of the social, industrial & political relations of mankind through the agents of steam, electricity, chemistry etc. certain phases of life have developed that are inevitably connected with this age, have grown out of its changed conditions, & can not be seperated from them, — we can hope for no permanent, radical improvement in the state. The moneyed class will eventually wield the motive force. Power has concentrated in their hands, partly by change of circumstances, the distinguishing features of this 19th century; — partly by a generally prevailing spirit in the direction of intense individualism begetting lawlessness, & a consequent moral inability in the people to see the drift when there was yet a possibility to check the swelling current that has now become a raging flood. —
It is now too late to assert that.

A prophet of evil has a mournful duty. — I write this all for myself, as a record of my reflections. And to my mind a true solution is found only in God's Revelation. That predicts the crisis of all human history & the endeavors of human self-help, — & for this crisis the material is being accumulated with fearful celerity & certainty. The relations of society, industrial & economic,

are that material. They involve the social relations & of course the political. Two camps are in opposition. The coming Presidential contest will serve to intensify the already strained relations. Twenty Millions!! are said to be at the disposal of the managers of the campaign in favor of the "Gold-bugs". — What will this vast sum do? — Will it successfully bribe to strengthen their position for a continuation of their game? — Or will it open the eyes of even the blind to see what utter ruin is close at hand to the institutions of this country? — In either event the dynamite may explode, sooner or later. — It ought to be clearly understood that concentration of power means tyranny, — certainly in this Country, — & concentration of wealth by sinister means of speculation means the very worst tyranny that can afflict the Nation. It is upon us now already. If successful in the coming battle, it will establish itself as absolute Master by form of law & dominate public & private interests with increasing energy. Yet defeat cannot crush, but only delay its final triumph over liberty, which under all the rules of logic is a foregone conclusion.

Aug. 24th 1896. The inclosed Look out. is a fair specimen of the issue now before this country. Coming from an English source, it has double significance. — It shows the

true nature of the coalition, namely American money-power is united with English, & between them Mammon will remain supreme King of the world.

I have recently read "Alton Locke" by Chs. Kingsley, a very powerful book & most pathetic story of what the rule of Mammon can bring upon a people of misery, vice, & degradation. The climax of the story is in the memorable year 1848, a year of revolutions & catastrophy all over the civilized world. — Very similar factors are now again pushing matters to the focal point, with modifications such as changed circumstances in industrial, social & political conditions have brought about. The undercurrent is substantially the same, only vastly intensified. These crises — 1793, 1848, 1896 — are stages of development, each one a wider circle than the previous & involving a larger portion of mankind. The movement has now become wellnigh universal. Absolute individualism, self-will, defiance of authority, lawless aggrandisement, contempt of restraint, restless, feverish craving for novelty, wild thirst for pleasure & morbid excessive excitement, — these are the characteristics of the modern mind: described by the Apostles as conditions of the last sad days of this present dispensation, to end with Antichrist & the most fearful calamities the world has ever seen. II Thes. II. 3 & 4, 9—03.
St. Matth. XXIV. 21. St. Mark XIII. 19. St. Luke XXI. 23-24. II Tim. III. 1-8.

SOUTHERN INDUSTRIAL ACTIVITY.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

The increased industrial activity of the South is most gratifying to the progressive element of this part of the Union. The growing tendency to build manufactories near where the raw material is produced is shown particularly in the matter of iron and steel production and in the various branches of the cotton industry. The movement in the latter during the past six months has been so great as to call particular attention to it from the Eastern press. The New York Journal of Commerce, in its issue of June 5, devotes nearly three columns to an enumeration of the cotton mills that have been organized and the extensions provided for during the month of May. The sum total is most impressive, and is far ahead of the record of any preceding month.

The aggregate number of new spindles and looms provided for is over 400,000, and the estimated cost will be $5,000,000. Some of the proposed mills will be very large, and there will be a legion of smaller enterprises. The Olympia cotton mills, at Columbia, S. C., will have 104,000 spindles and 2,600 looms, and will cost complete $1,500,000. This mill will employ 1,200 hands.

A $250,000 cotton factory will be built at Wilmington, N. C., this summer to be known as the Delgado mills. The equipment of machinery will be 10,000 spindles and 500 looms. The Lanett cotton mills, of West Point, Ga., will put in 35,000 spindles and 1,000 looms instead of 26,000 spindles and 750 looms, originally planned for. About 1,000 hands will be employed in the addition, which will cost about $600,000. The Richmond Spinning Company has been incorporated at Chattanooga, and will have 10,000 spindles. The [illegible] mills of Anderson, S. C.,

NE 16, 1899.

THE PROPOSED TAX ON DEPARTMENT STORES.

From the New York Herald.

The proposal to levy special taxes on department stores—$500 on each department—is very foolish, as the committee of the City Council will doubtless learn tomorrow when it gives the public hearing on the measure.

Everybody sympathizes with the small shopkeepers who, unable to compete with these large establishments, are compelled to seek employment in the latter or seek some new line of business; but such displacements have attended every step in the march of industrial and commercial progress.

The old hand weavers fought in vain against the introduction of modern machinery; the drivers and hostlers of the stage coach had to make way for the stoker and locomtive engineer; a myriad of small "merchant tailors" are supplanted by the great factories that turn out incredible quantities of ready-made garments.

But the law of the greatest good to the greatest number prevails, and the masses of mankind have better linen and muslin and more of it than ever before; travel more cheaply and comfortably, and are better clothed. The department store is a result of evolution. The tendency in all directions is to consolidation—many small railways unite into one system; separate States, like those of Italy and of Germany, merge into a nation; in our own land there is a steady unification manifested in the enactment of uniform laws to control interstate traffic, bankruptcies, and so on.

In the struggle of competition in trade producer and consumer are constantly brought closer together, while middlemen and smaller distributers are inevitably eliminated. It is the great sweep of the age, the law of de-

The Orr cotton mills, of [illegible], has applied for a charter, with a capital of $300,000, which may be increased to $400,000. It is intended to install 15,000 to 20,000 spindles and about 700 looms. The Hargrave Cotton Mill Company has been incorporated at Shreveport with a capital stock of $250,000, and will build a 10,000-spindle mill. The Louisiana Cotton Mill Company, of New Orleans, will add 3,000 spindles to its old plant and will put in $30,000 worth of machinery for making duck and awnings.

These are the largest enterprises got under way during the past month, but they are only a few of the numerous factories that have been projected. Not only are cotton spinning mills and print-cloth establishments springing up everywhere, but there is great activity in the building of cottonseed oil mills. Texas had nearly 200 of these mills last year, and is planning to add very largely to them this season. The Continental Oil Company has been organized with a capital of $6,000,000, to erect mills in different parts of the State, and there are any number of individual enterprises. The Oil, Paint and Drug Reporter, in its current issue, publishes data showing that 41 new cottonseed mills have been announced since January 1, with a total estimated capacity of 1,681 tons, and requiring an investment of not less than $1,700,000. These mills have so far proved extremely profitable. The experience of the Louisville mills shows that the manufacture of cottonseed into oil, cake and soap is one of the most remunerative of local industries, and suggests that there ought to be many more.

There seems to be no good reason why some of the capital that is being driven out of banks in Kentucky, should not go into such manufacturing enterprises as these just noted. The returns on such investments would be double or treble what would come from bonds, and the public benefits would be infinitely greater. It is a matter well worth the consideration of local capital.

velopment, and a committee of City Councilmen attempting to arrest it by imposing arbitrray fines upon those who work in harmany with this law are in the position of Mrs. Partington trying to push back the Atlantic tide with a broom. There is no comparison between the department store and the trust. The purpose of the latter is to "hold up" the law of competition and put up prices; the chief grievance of the small shopkeeper against the department store is that it competes too keenly and puts prices down.

The complaints of small dealers against the large ones are not now heard for the first time. When the late A. T. Stewart absorbed a trade that formerly was done by a score of smaller shops, when he built his own mills and abolished the profits of the manufacturer and middleman, a similar outcry was raised. Half a century ago, when the great modern shops had their beginnings in Paris, a demand was made that they should be taxed, and they are taxed today, but that does not prevent their growth. It is only in recent years that such establishments have been founded in Germany, and a great effort is now being made to suppress them by taxation.

In a special report on the subject, Mr. Mason, United States Consul-General at Berlin, tells of the resolutions favoring their taxation which were passed by the legislative assemblies of the several kingdoms and of the recent debate on the subject in the Prussian Diet. The General Director of Direct Taxation thought such a law would be useless, and added: "A tax the object of which is to restrict any business within prescribed limits, would be in any case unlawful and subversive of public interests." Vice-President Von Miguel, Secretary of the Prussian Treasury, and a high authority on questions of taxation, also opposed it; and nothing was done. The proposition to repress and restrict the natural development of business in order that it may be conducted by the less efficient traders at a greater cost to the community is, in a word, absurd—and impossible.

GL TRUSTS METHODS

The two hosts are now marshalled in sight of one another, & the fight is an open, undisguised warfare. — For the time being the people will submit to law. There has been, despite the intense excitement, no serious disturbance or bloodshed, although apprehended in the big cities. This apparent quiet does not argue absence of determination. War material is being piled up, — & the day will come for its use. Only a fool would think that equiescence means peace.

1897.
A.D.
Thursday, Jan. 7th.
Bel Air, Md.

One more mort of a year is closed, & a new year begun. What shall I say of the old? — what hope of the new?

I will not recount in detail. The year has been one of great, quite universal agitation. Dark clouds of fear & trouble hung over the nations, — & my own experience was not free from them. Concerning professional success with me it was an utter failure. The page of income from painting is a total blank; thus far below any experience for all the years since my boyhood. — I may not dwell on or try to account for the fact. My two sons have positions of regular salary, or else what would have been my lot?! — That I have been busy goes without saying. The boon of energy is vouchsafed me, despite outward circumstances, — As to hope & trust? — What did the Martyrs do when shut up in prison, & condemned to the rack, the arena, or the flames? — He who sustained them, has not forsaken me. "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." — Am I better than any of the glorious host who, willingly, were "crucified with Christ?"

But the new year is here. — To day it is eight years since

in Nashville my daughter entered Paradise. The recollection has been very vivid with me these days. — How much more serious life becomes as we grow in years! It gets to appear so many-sided, so comprehensive, so filled in with weighty matter, so loaded down & oppressed with nearing eternity, so set right in the very midst of it. — Is it the power of the Divine Presence, the all-encompassing mystery of the Infinite, that gives to time & world & space & the struggling sea of humanity such might of earnestness & abiding sense of importance?

Or is it only my individual seeing that colors somber the atmosphere? — Yet it is good to be serious. It's the safe side.

For some time my steps have been forced aside once more into wood-working & carving, for in a strange manner it came to pass that I engaged to make a lectern & pulpit for the new Emmanuel Church in this town. The Lectern was in church at the recent visit of the Bishop: as the pulpit, a rather complicated structure, I am still engaged. What for these I receive are the modest sums that would have bought very simple articles in New York: but I am not working for money, though sadly in need of the trash.

March 12th 1897. Friday night, Bel Air. Md.

Well may I mark this article to day with the Cross as a sign of triumph, — for truly it is a memorable day. — The large canvass, covered with such over a hundred figures, & begun a year ago last September, is, after severe struggle with difficulties, & often misgivings & almost despairing moods, not only pronounced completed, & exhibited for several days to the people of this town, but taken off the stretcher, rolled up & boxed, & ready to morrow for taking to Washington D.C. for another public view that has, however, a special object.

SAYINGS OF DEAN SWIFT.

The following aphoristical extracts from the writings of the original and inimitable wit, Dean Swift, are but specimens of the richness of the gems that may be gathered in that Golconda of literary wealth :

We have just enough religion to make us hate, not enough to make us love one another.

How is it possible to expect that mankind will take advice, when they will not so much as take warning ?

Apollo was held the god of physic and sender of diseases. Both were originally the same trade, and still continue.

When a true genius appears in the world you may know him by this sign, that the dunces are all in confederacy against him.

Complaint is the largest tribute Heaven receives and the sincerest part of our devotion.

The stoical scheme of supplying our wants by lopping off our desires, is like cutting off our feet when we want shoes.

The reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.

The latter part of a wise man's life is taken up in curing the follies, prejudices, and false opinions, he had contracted in the former.

Would a writer know how to behave himself with relation to posterity, let him consider in old books what he finds that he is glad to know, and what omission he most laments.

Whatever the poets pictured, it is plain that they give immortality to none but themselves; it is Homer and Virgil we revere and admire, not Achilles or Æneas. With historians it is quite the contrary ; our thoughts are taken up with the actions, persons, and events we read, and we little regard the authors.

God, the Lord of my life & my fathers God, be praised for helping me thus far! — When I was most poor, without income or prospects, then I was given to do what was the most arduous undertaking of all my career, what needed the greatest resources & variety of invention & arrangement, the most firm skill of handling & technical dexterity, away from all facilities affording aid & correction save what the well-room accumulation of my studio could supply; — & with all the end is reached, I trust successfully, & the story told — the wonderful story — of Gods long preparation through near 4000 years of developing Revelation for the promised Messiah since the Fall in Eden.

Many years, indeed, did I have to wait. God's time had not yet come. Myself also was not ready. Perhaps, if I knew all, the circumstances most favorable were not ripe. — In humble submission I accept what the wisdom & goodness of my father in heaven has done.

And now the picture is packed for travel. And here is a strange story.

Repeatedly I had been urged by friends Townsend & Bunk to give consent that they should take steps for having this & the others belonging to the series, secured for the Cathedral Establishment in Washington, D.C. They argued that the nations great Capital was the most fit place for such works of instruction, & claimed the privilege of at least making the attempt to secure sufficient interest in proper quarters in order of the realization of their plan. — With me, these designs being most emphatically a gift from above, the resolution stood firm

of old that eventually they would have to be given away to some theological school of learning. They had thus become a free-will offering to the Lord, consecrated to His service. — Moreover, I had no faith in the owners of this scheme. Pictures of this class are not calculated to become popular. The age is not remarkable for genuine enthusiasm for religious art. Men are cold-blooded, calculating, & expect double value for their cash. — Beside, it appeared as if, by reason of previous dedication, I had no right to think of a sale, — to receive money for what was already given, in heart, to the Lord. — And so I wrote to my good friends. In no event can I name a price. If I am to receive money, the amount will have to be fixed by a third party, — by some artist of knowledge & experience, — never by myself. On the other hand a constraint was put upon my action. The scheme to keep the series in Washington was conceived without my knowing. It was offered to me, — indeed urged upon me. I had no share in the matter. All my friends desired was permission to make a trial. — Ought I to refuse? — Was I, in my condition of a debtor, justified to reject a means by which the obligations oppressing my conscience heavily these many years could at last be honorably cancelled? — My good wife argued both of us were getting old. We are for our support mainly dependent on my son Fred. Eugene also assisting. Why not then thankfully accept what the kind providence of God through others sent to me? — Let them try. If they fail, we are no worse off than now. If they succeed, would it not be a mercy, a the result righteously earned by a life of many years toil & study & striving? —

And so I gave consent. — In due time a letter from Bro. Buck anounced that at the meeting of the "Washington" Clerius" at Bp. Satterlee's house he laid before them the case of this picture; that they expressed interest & a desire to see it, & for this end appointed a committee of three Doctors of Divinity to make arrangement for its exhibition. The Rector of St. John's Church offered the use of the Parish Hall for one week, & three days are named for public view, & invitations sent out to notable people likely to be of service.

So the matter stands. "Deus vult."

The picture & frame — made by myself — are ready to go by Express to morrow. I also must go. What exactly awaits me I know not. — Much talking will be necessary — explanation & statement. I can not speculate on the results. I have laid all, wherein first & last belongs, into God's hands.

The remarkable experience is over.

April 4th 1897.
Sunday.
Bel Air, Md.

Last Tuesday evening I returned home from Washington. I was Dr. Bucks guest for most of my stay, being with him for three Sundays. — The Hall for exhibition I found as favorably constructed as such a building could be; without windows on the sides, light from the roof, ample distance, plenty of floor-space. It was easy to so arrange the picture in position that it could be seen to advantage the moment one entered the door, some fifty eight feet off. — There truely myself saw my work as it were for the first time. The new room, in which to paint it, was a mere box in comparison. The needed distance brought a revelation. I had made no mistake; had not miscalculated either in line or effect & color.

All stood out in complete harmony.

I called on Bp. Satterlee to pay him my respects, & he promised to come. On Wednesday, March 17th the visitors began to troop in. Not that there was at any time a big crowd. The numbers were moderate. But four of the leading artists were conspicuous among them, nearly each day repeating their visits: Brooke, Messer, Miller, Guthrey. Their judgment I had expected somewhat anxiously. As a professional it was to me of supreme importance, first of all, what the competent profession thought & said of my work. In art there is involved an immense amount of scientific, technical, & mechanical knowledge, only a trained mind can adequately rate & appreciate. — But these men did not long leave me in doubt. Their expressions of approbation, to the degree of enthusiasm & wonder, were free & abundant. I was amazed & overcome. Such acknowledgment I would never have dared to anticipate. For many years so used to obscurity & indifference by both artists & public, a feeling of awkward shyness, almost doubting the reality, takes possession of me in presence of such commendations. — The praise must be laid, where it is due, at the feet of the gracious God, who has not regarded my utter unworthiness & weakness, but only His mercy, and made me His instrument to proclaim the great truth of the story of Redemption.

The painting was certainly desired ardently by one party, & that an entirely unsuspected. Informed & stirred up by my good friend and former pupil Rev. Edward L. Hyde, now in Boston, the Vice-Chancellor of the American University (Methodist) made direct efforts for the purchase. Without the slightest objections to the price named, the terms he proposed, however, were of a nature it would have been sheer idiocy to accept. They threw the advantage all on his side, including

copyright, & would have left me with the beggarly pittance of $500. ½a annuity! — which, he said, precluded interest on the unpaid capital of $10.000, ½a. — To his first paper of "agreement" I made certain objections & demands, & these, partially corrected, in a second paper, not removing in any way the original propositions, I threw over & declared my unwillingness to go on with the transaction. — So the matter is put to rest.

On mature reflection I am convinced it is advisable for me to go on as speedily as possible with the next two pictures belonging to the series. Despite the fact that my studio is a mere box for the painting in it two more such large canvasses, I must face the obstacles & difficulties that are only too apparent, & trust God to help me with them to a successful issue as He has graciously done with the first. The full value of these paintings as a grandiose, sublime story will only become evident, when all can be exhibited together & the comprehensiveness of the Redemptive Plan taken in by the eye at a glance, I feel assured that the effect will be overwhelming.

April 14th 1897. Wednesday. Bel Air. Md.

The clipping opposite this leaf is from some New York paper, & was sent by my son Fred. — It is very instructive. But below the causes of the decadence complained of is still another, the real ground evil of the decline of art which has been in progress, slow but sure, for more years than those "Since the" wonderful aesthetic wave has swept over this country, for the mischief has been working insidiously during the greater part of the last fifty years, in Europe as well as here, and that cause is the determined general departure from the true religious motive in art, the almost utter secularization of it & banishment

+ + +

A dear and gifted young friend of the Listener's who has returned from an artistic pilgrimage in Europe, after laying well the foundations of an artist's education in the Museum of Fine Arts School in Boston and the Art League in New York, writes to the Listener a personal letter which contains some observations that are straight from the heart. He talks just as he would in the studio—without any affectation and with a little bit of expressive slang here and there, but honestly and sincerely in every word. He says that the studies he made in the gallery of Madrid more than repaid him for the European trip. "Velasquez," he says, "has hit me right in my tender spot, and is today a talisman that will always keep me on the firm road to the healthy sort of art. This is what a young man needs now-a-days—to be kept in contact with pure art—art that has not joined hands with commerce, and will not. I have studied closely the modern men also, and in Paris had a fine opportunity of 'sizing up,' as it were, all up-to-date works by the different big and little and medium-sized artists. The salons gave me the impression of a lot of pictures, painted by lots of men, each one trying some new trick to knock down the others—all screaming to be heard, and of course smothered by their own din. Is this what they call advancing in art? I have puzzled over this question, and, although I have not yet decided on just what to think of it all, I nevertheless am very glad to say that all this has not disturbed me in the least—I will paint just what I feel, and if it is not up to date and eccentric, why it will be something else—but mine no matter at what cost. A great many fellows take things up now that they have no sympathy for—they do it because it's 'the go.' Why should a young fellow hesitate, start, go ahead, then go back, hesitate again, and so on? You see them doing it in Paris always; one year they have the 'spot craze,' next year the 'criss-cross,' 'pink and blue,' and lots of others that I might put down, but what's the use?"

+ + +

y of Design, like the exhibition of the Society of American Artists, is sufficiently destitute of distinctly creative pictures, and is so flush with pictures of undermined merit, that the annual showing is almist remarkable in the fact that it is so markedly unremarkable. The best artists, or at least those of national reputation, do not exhibit at all, and the names of unknown and unfixed geniuses increase every year. Whatever else may be the result of the wonderful aesthetic wave that has swept over this country within twenty years, it has not improved our annual exhibitions. The decadence of creative or imaginative work is especially noticeable, and the prodigious overflow of bald realism, still life and freaks of color and failures of form—mere grotesques of the idle memory that pass for unique impressions, is almost oppressive. How much the camera has to do with this, and how much the public appetite for the bizarre and startling, cannot be discussed here. But it is just possible that the prodigious stimulation of decorative instincts and the sudden inrush of amateurs of both sexes eager to attract attention by the quickest means have more than anything else to do with the pragmatic and unsatisfactory showing that resident art is just now making.

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juice. Expose to the
the lemon juice dries
and repeat the process
ears.

how to remove the disa-
om new iron cooking uten-

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inflammable, and put
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tylish Chokers.

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et piece turning down
st the choker. Square
but they should be
astened to the choker
to stand out, as here-

Bonnets and Dresses of Glass

The latest line of millinery and d
fabrics is glass. A Venetian firm is t
ing out glass bonnets by the thous
which, while possessing all the shim
and brilliancy of silk, are, when so
restored to their pristine beauty by
homely application of soap and w
The Infanta of Spain has been prese
with a white glass ball dress, and
vitreous filaments are said to yiel
most graceful and charming effect.
glass threads are sufficiently fine to
der the garment as pliable as silk, and
seams are glued.

New Kind of Popcorn

Salted popcorn is a novelty offered
place of the always welcomed salted
monds as some recent dinners. Large
nels of popcorn are taken and lig
browned in hot butter and then sa
This browned corn has been quite favor
received and really deserves favor.

of lofty aim & Christian idealism. Art has been sold to the world-spirit, to the service of the flesh & the devil, & hence the wave of triviality & insincerity, the merely decorative craze, ignoring utterly arts holy mission as a teacher, an instructor in righteousness & goodness & truth. With debasement of aim necessarily follows wild vagaries of fancy, individualistic chasing of baubles or interest, sacrifice of unity of aim & purpose, and the charge of Ruskin, made long ago, becomes true that art now has no more a mission, & the artist is simply the slave of his own degenerate fancy.

Where is this downward hurry to stop? — Will it stop? — Is there no hope of remedy? —

No doubt there is hope, but not in self-regeneration. Cycles of prosperity & decline have before this passed over countries & centuries, — but revival has always come from some vital principle without, as a new soul into the decaying body. Only by a return to that from which we have fallen, the eternal life of Gods truth, the moral power of faith & holiness, can bring back that earnest, purposeful, forceful spirit, without which there never can remain for long in art vitality & advancement & pure, holy aspiration. Man must have the supernatural to look up to, & strive after, to prevent his going down to the sensual & beastly level, lower almost than one a devil can sink.

———

April 17th 1897. Bel Air, Md.

My studio is again cleared for action.

This A. M. another work has gone out of it, of a different character from the large painting: A carved pulpit of oak for Emmanuel Church in this town. The Lectern for the same Church & made by me, has been in use since last Christmas. What labor & time there are in such a piece! The same amount of either, put on canvass, would seem to

count for so much more, at least in expression of thought and certainly would have more artistic value. — I have toiled much on work of this class. The actual labor is great, & the question may be asked whether, when a man can paint what is possible for me to do, strength expended on carving & joiner work, except for recreation, is justifiable. — I had thought my last piece had been finished when the reredos for the Baptistry went into the Church of the Incarnation, Washington D. C.; — but will not these be the last? — yet they may do valuable service as educators. This Congregation is sadly in need of Churchly instruction & training, for many years they have unfortunately been neglected; & it was mostly this consideration that influenced me to undertake these works & so start them on a road of desirable improvement.

Easter Monday
1897.
Bel Air, Md.

The blessed Eastertide has brought trouble to our family. My dear wife was during Holy Week taken down with what the Doctors call the real old-fashioned Grippe; — a significant name, for it has clutched many a victim in the thralls of the grave. She is still a very sick woman; fever, an upset, rebellious stomach, & a constant racking cough, with great weakness & sleeplessness. One time the Doctor despaired; yet I feel now comforted in the belief that the Lord will this time also spare her valuable life, on account of those two motherless children of my dear Ted, who so much need her for bringing up "in the fear and admonition of the Lord." He will do it for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

April 29th 1897.
Thursday P. M.
Bel Air, Md.

Eventful & anxious two weeks are past, — Sickness, to the very gates of the mysterious Beyond, — watching from day to day the uncertain issue, — two Doctors in frequent attendance; both my sons telegraphed for & come here, — & so the struggle went on with varying signs of hope & again

dismay, — until at last the former prevailed & we could take courage that the direct danger was conquered, & a return to a healthier condition would prevail. — We got for Addie a trained nurse from Baltimore, a Miss Hartley, — healthy, strong, capable, and doing her work cheerfully & like a machine, — & so by dint of care, & more by virtue of prayer, she was rescued from the grave, has now increasing appetite, is getting stronger, & may once more move among & work with the living.

My sons left this P.M. (4.30) for Baltimore & thence to Newyork, & have provided a young woman, highly recommended, to come as housekeeper, seamstress, & companion for the dear Mother who perhaps never again would be able to assume the laborious duties she was subjected to for a number of weeks before the break-down came as a consequence of over-exertion & mental strain & worry.

And so the infinite goodness of our heavenly Father has turned away from our door the Destroyer, because prayer & supplication went to His listed & sideposts the Blood of the divine Paschal Lamb as protection, & release from death: Thanks & praise be to His unspeakable mercy! — May our thankfulness be made manifest by a holier living, closer to the heart & image of our blessed Lord & Saviour Jesus Christ against His coming. — I also still need for the work yet before me the informed sympathy of the helpmeet that has witnessed my struggles & strivings these near fifty years for the accomplishment of my lifes principal mission: Without her my roots would have literally been torn up.

Ground lost is recovered with difficulty. It is so with the recovery to strength of my wife. She sits up in her room. Appetite has come back fairly well, she can now bear to read & write

Aug 9 Th 1897.
Sunday night.
Bel Air.
Md.

a little, — but has still to be waited upon, her sewing done by another & housekeeping duties performed. — Yet what a mercy she is spared alive!' And there is the hope at least of more strength ahead by slow degrees.

Concerning work on the Series I am at a compensating halt. The cartoon of the second, made A. D. 1852, long ago from exposure dropped to pieces, only some fragments being left. In consequence I needed a new drawing as guide to enlarge from, & this I made on a scale 2' x 3'ft, giving figures 3½ times less than life size. Using grey paper, charcoal & colored chalk for lights, I have a serviceable effective design which, with a color study, gives a good start. Want of money prevents my getting the canvass. I must wait. But not in idleness, for several pictures have to be finished, the "Perisite sacrifice, Adam & Eve over against Eden, & "The Walk to Gethsemane." Then I propose to push forward detail studies of "The Era of the Holy Spirit". — — I am reading "Sartor Resartus" for the first time. — What a vigorous metaphysical & withal cynical slasher Tom. Carlyle was! There is freshness in his style — a decided style of his own & not after anybody else's pattern. It is with him as the big sign-painter James Walker used to say with a curled-lip emphasis: "I want to stand in my own boots." Sturdy independence of thought & word; a condensed energy & pictorial vividness, illustrating by figure gathered from every quarter of the globe, from common life & from literature, & requiring careful reading; bright flashes of truth & wit; relentless exposures of sham, & deep-sea soundings of moral & spiritual mysteries.

June 4th 1897.
Friday. P. M.
Bel Air, Md.

After a months delay, because I had not the money for the canvas, it has at last arrived to day. Size 7;10" x 12;07". am upright. To morrow I shall stretch it, divide the surface into oblong squares for enlargement of the drawing in charcoal already made, — & then the second of the series will have been begun. In humble confidence I look for the same help divine which so graciously was vouchsafed me for the first.

Of this I have heard not a word since it left Washington. A strange silence, in view of the many missives that passed before. — What meaning can there be in such utter silence?

Since the above, the Rector of Emmanuel Ch. here has been twice at Nashville, & tells me my picture is hung over one of the doors! — Now I have never yet heard that the place of honor in a gallery is over a door, — But ought I have expected more? Have I lived so long in the world & not yet learned its ways! — The premiums given were two: first $700.—; second $400.— They went to a landscape, & a seapiece, respectively. — Of course: for what has religious epic, calling for study & thought, to do with the modern deification of realism & technique.

But have I painted, or do now paint, for the world's admiration, applause, & reward? Why then should I be finding fault with such things, or not take any, even to persecution, with resignation rather than ill-will.

July 25th 1897.
St. James' Day.
Bel Air, Md.

So interferences come! My wife & children had planned a trip North to the old home in New Jersey, now her brothers, when, lo! just when the letter arrived to say the house was ready for their reception, she fell on the boardwalk in the yard, wet & slippery, struck her left elbow & fractured the humerus below the upper joint, & now in consequence is laid up with arm in plaster mould, & of course compelled to wait in patience for another, more favorable, op-

2860

Mark Antocolsky.

From "The Chautauquan"
July 17. 97

"So acute a searching an observer as Eugene Melchior de Vogue, leader of the Neo-Christian movement in France, has styled him a sculptor of ideas, a discovery in his work "one of the emergent manifestations of the new world that is in course of formation in ancient art, in literature, as well as in social phenomena, in the universal paths of the human conscience — one of the rays that rise from the horizon, a gain other rays in forming the new daylight of the future, a daylight, the dawn of which we are looking forward to with a joyous thrill of expectation, but which will be we know not what, & perhaps more severe than we yet venture to anticipate."

What does the new realism? Has it any idea of, or is conversant with, the great Hope of the Christian world, the full realization of the Faith, the expectation of struggling, dimly guessing mankind, that a new era/ a reformation a reclamation of the age, the second coming of Christ, — the Millennium? —

The almost prediction sounds mysterious, but it is prophetic, & will speedily realize. It has its "John the Baptists" in many things.

opportunity for the much needed recreation. The poor pale children also have been transferred into nurses, cooks, & housemaids, instead of enjoying themselves amid other scenes, & gathering up some starving for the winter school term. — Yet the Lord Knows best. "Many are afflictions of the righteous; but the Lord delivereth him out of them all."

Aug. 15th 1897.
9th S. aft. Trin.
Bel Air.

Father Brand is off to Narragansett Pier for a few weeks of vacation, & his Parish committed to my care in the interim.

By dint of hard work I have pushed my picture "Redemption" to very near of what I imagined the finish. But the nearer I have come to that point, the more sly whispers of misgiving make themselves audible. The certain effect I had expected is not realized. The discovery has forced itself upon me that here I have a subject so radically different from the generality of subjects, that another treatment is required than I adopted with success in the first of the series, or can again adopt in the next.

There are five figures only. Of these it would be difficult to say which one is the principle, for all & each are necessary to the subject. None is subordinate, in the sense of having a place of inferior importance for the depicting the idea. None could be left out, or pushed back, or subdued in order of a point on any of the others. To be sure, the figure of Christ, by position in the top center & by doctrinal first place, is probably in the nature of a focus point. But again all five figures occupy the same plane. There is no perspective. They could be rendered as bas-relief or alto-relievo, & all essentials of form represented. The composition is decidedly archaic of character. It does not lend itself readily to realistic treatment in color & effect. — Now my endevor has been to compel it

into that treatment; & I acknowledge a failure. I feel now that the tremendous import of the subject, its impressiveness as a most cogent sermon conveying a fundamental, comprehensive truth, is not enhanced by realistic color & effect, but injured. What is gained on one side, is lost on the other. While it is barely possible I may still succeed in so subduing a large, the lower, part of the painting as to help me over the objections I strongly feel, it may yet become a painful necessity to forego a fine color-scheme & reduce the tints to a very few, a mere suggestion of color, as in some sculpturesque group upon a neutral background, depending more on light & shade than on color, & rather securing a massive monotone impressiveness than the color harmony I had in view.

The picture has been shown to me in 1852 as a vision, emphatically. No part of the composition can be altered; Relative position of figures, action, forms, all belong in strictest manner to the story that is told. But I can see now, that less contrast of colors, greater uniformity & simplicity, a sober gravity of effect in masses, would be in better conformity to the grandeur of the theme, which is the most momentious that, in so compact a form, with such few component parts, has ever been represented. — I shall have to think carefully, & make some experiments.

In my experience of the past few years a commission for a painting is a phenomenon, like also the sale of one. — Yet such a strange thing has really happened: One of the evidences that the Lord provides for & feeds His children. The Rev. Gustavus Finkenauer was a name I had never heard, & yet from him I got a letter of enquiry, some time ago, whether I would undertake an altarpiece for his new Minnian Chapel in St. Louis, Mo. on terms both small

& unchecked, & so have since come to an understanding.
This very week I expect to begin preparations for the work,
the subject being the "Martyrdom of St. Stephen", size 8 x 10 feet.
There are only $500. in view for so large & laborious a painting,
& yet, considering only the question of earning some money, apart
from the purpose of labor for God's Church, the amount will be
so copious a shower on the dried up ground of my circumstances
that I have reason to rejoice over it in profound gratitude.
To the parched traveller even a small cup of cold water is blessing.

Aug. 27th 1897 Friday P. M. Bel Air. Md.

Since the last entry I have fought my battle
to the close, & have come out victor. Much toil, some changes,
& earnest prayer, have carried the work through. It is now
where it may be laid aside for other labor, to receive after
several months a final revision. — Thanks to God who has
helped me thus far. In my lonely struggle, unassisted by work
or advice of man, who else is my constant & faithful help
but the blessed Spirit of God, the Giver of all true wisdom
& all real success? — Praise the Lord, O my soul, and forget
not all His benefits. Amen.

Sept. 9th 1897. Thursday night. B. A.

Richer again, and poorer, I am.
Richer, for the treasures laid up on yonder palm crowned shore,
Poorer, for the losses that come & the companions that drop
on earth's desert highway.

Another one has gone, leaving a large void, even for all
time: Rev. James A. Buck. D.D. The genial, pure-souled, high
toned gentleman, true & steady & noble & sympathetic, &
always helpful & kind & hospitable, the ideal parish priest
& faithful shepherd, the lover of nature & practical husbandman,

whose home was a Home to me always open with a welcome, whose placid company was mental enjoyment & moral benefit, whose friendship was crystalline with truth & sincerity & deep with genuine love, — whom I shall sorely miss & mourn, the more so because the number of those likeminded has dwindled down to a couple only, both grey & on the verge of time, belonging to a generation that is fast passing away. (for me)

I was advised by his granddaughter Mary Delaplane of his rapid decline, & then of his going to rest on Saturday, Sept. 4th at 9 o'clock in the morning.

I meant to be at the funeral, but was misinformed as to day & consequently missed. Miss Olivia B. writes me, her Brother was laid away on Sept. 7th, last Tuesday, at 4 P. M.

Earth is getting empty — Paradise filled. — Blessed be God for the good examples of all those His servants, who, having finished their course in faith, do now rest from their labors."

Another of my "Babylonian Captivities" has come to a close: To morrow, from an about eight weeks absence with the children, my wife will come home. — It was truely a lonely time for me, a desolate house, an imprisonment alone, without other life about than the two cats, — & those Sept. outdoors. Although by experience trained to practical independence, the situation, so long stretched out, has its depressing features, & to see the end of it is an event of rejoicing.

Oct. 29th 1877. Friday. 10. M. B. A.

With that picture for St. Louis I was furnished a proof of the serious hindrance to successful work inferior & ill-adapted material can be. Not Knowing by sample the quality of canvas, I ordered "smooth" instead "single prime" as I

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The Rectory.

My dear Mr. Ratel.

I feel so much
how your prayers in
this dark and sad
hour. Our darling
Father - brother and
Grandfather is
rapidly sinking from
earth away, leaving
only a question for us
each what - Our hearts
are to you and yours -
Strongly,

Mary Schaffner

Sept 11th. 1899

used for the other large surfaces. They sent me a surface slick like a skating pond on which the paint slips & smears but will not spread with ease because there is no tooth to take hold of it. The consequence is most amazing retardation in the handling & getting texture. The canvas has no character.

But a still worse trial is in the subject given to be treated. "There's the rub!" - it was given, not spontaneous. Now there may be plenty of fellows who can work up into decent or even quite spirited shape a subject ordered, - but nature has refused me that capacity. Just about ten times the thinking & trying & toil are needed with me to labor myself into lively interest with an imposed subject, that it takes, generally, to evolve one springing up spontaneously from within, - & at last, I fear, the evidences are there to any judge of discrimination, despite all the effort to eliminate the drag & the spot & experimentation necessary to a good result. It is well outsiders cannot read as well as myself the history of such a product: But to me it gives cause for moans & misgivings, beside the years of time consumed in changes, often quite radical & troublesome, such as I deemed necessary to day, for instance, on the principal figure. - How ought I to undertake what from the start had not the character of an inspiration. - I hate to drudge in Art; from the flight of a petrel or eagle she sinks to the tramping of an ox in the mud.

Nov. 11th 1897.
Thursday P.M.
B.A.

The following was written, on scraps of paper, a year ago, on Sept. 4th /96; but it properly belongs to this Journal & applies as well now as then, & so I transcribe:

Copy.

I have been reading a long most laudatory article on Watts, the English painter, sent to me recently by my friend Edward L. Hyde. —— Ah! Mrs. Watts was rich. — God has seen fit to keep me poor, all my life. —

Mr. Watts was always in most cultivated society, is acknowledged a great man, "the greatest painter living", by men of highest culture & refinement. — My lot has been cast among common folk, for the most part, — ordinary minds, uncultured in Art, not over poetical or aesthetic.

To be sure, he may be called fortunate. His position is what the world appreciates, what looks great in the eyes of men.

But what have I to do with thoughts of regret! — what with even a suspicion of envy of his elevated state? — How dare I measure my experience with his, or with that of any humanly successful man? — What business have I with worldly success, or with being called "great" in the mouths of the multitude? "No man liveth unto himself." — Who is the Director of my life? — Surely, with shame I am willing to confess I have spoiled much of His leading, neglected much, mistaken much, gone astray in timid uncertainty after side issues, into by-paths & tangles & morass, driven by care and necessity more than by inclination, losing time & wasting strength & dissipating effort. — That was my weakness. For much, no doubt, I am responsible. Much I have to lament. More concentration of aim, more firmness in resisting tempting irrelevant pursuits, more directness and singleness of study, clearer apprehension of the truely essential would have given better results, & carried me farther. —

Alas! a man can see his mistakes when too late to correct.

And yet, after all, we come into life with certain faculties & dispositions & characteristics. We start with them as our capital. — That itself may be defective. It needs training, needs certain circumstances, experiences, mistakes even, to bring it out & develop. Perhaps, if we knew it, our failures are a needful part of our education, part of the difficulties on which we must be exercised. — Who can accurately tell? "My times are in Thy hand", is probably true all round; therefore the marvellous individuality of each human life, distinct from every other.

Mine has been an uneasy, torn-up, unsettled life, beset with change, fretted with care, goaded by want, pinched & frozen by unsympathetic neglect & obscurity.

I do not complain: I merely state. These were the conditions, my "environments". They can be controlled less than they do control. They are among the tools that carve our character out of such material as we happen to have brought with us into the world. — Now therefore it is more the question: "How do I now stand, what have these tools fashioned?" — then what were the tools?

And here again I have to face a dark problem, of which only a part is revealed. The ultimate is hidden, to be shown the other side Jordan. — One truth is plain, — has come up with distinctness once & again in my past, namely that God has charged me with the delivery of a Message. — It may be Mr. Watts' to paint allegories that few understand, The story of the Cross is my mission, — of Redemption, of

sacrifice, of faith, of eternal hope, of struggle & the great reward, of Judgment & the Kingdom to come.

A very partial delivery only of this message have I been allowed to make in the past. The Lord held me back by hindrances manifold. I have now reached beyond the "three score years & ten" — & only thus late all side issues & minor work can be laid aside, to follow to the end my principal vocation in Art.

And is that not the highest I can desire? — What nobler work for a sinful man? What more urgent call to most conscientious, strenuous exertion?

I do not know how much time remains to me to deliver my message. A goodly share of strength is left me, health, ability for work. It is being done in almost utter seclusion. The great world knows nothing of me, & cares less. But there are Books, Kept above, & nothing is omitted there, or mistakes made. That is enough! — I am shut out from human facilities, helps, encouragement, criticism, & must work alone, emphatically an artist in hermit, in the strictest sense. — But not as to Divine helps. The Giver of all wisdom can come here, as He came to Bezaleel in the wilderness. There is no limit to His power to carry out the work He has designed for any of His tools to perform. "My strength is made perfect in weakness."

So be it. Amen.

As a sequel to the foregoing a few remarks on Watts, written at the time, are pertinent: (From a letter to E. L. Hyde.)

"The article on Watts is interesting. It has the air of grandiose worthy success, a type of acknowledgment in high quarters, perhaps only possible in England, — the lofty exclusiveness

of aristocracy, the aristocracy of intellect. —
A number of years ago, when a collection of his paintings was in this country, I saw them in Newyork. By means of these I was enabled to form an idea of ~~this~~ character of his art. — No question, he is a thinker, his mind of a high order. Of English artists, perhaps those of the present age in other countries also, the order of his mind is of the highest ~~order~~. It takes a noble range. He is the methaphysician in art. In literature he would have latticed out a new scheme of philosophy, perhaps Hegelian in obscurity.

For he is a painter of allegories. — But allegories, unless dealing in traditional, generally understood & accepted forms, are a sealed book to the multitude. They are therefore for a very limited public. — And here let me note a distinction between allegory proper, & symbolic expression. The latter is the legitimate form of poetry, both in literature & art, — the language of ideas by comparison of images. — If "the description of one thing under the image of another"; be allegory (Webster's Dict.), & symbolism "the resemblance in properties", the latter has a wider scope & relation & addresses a greater number of persons.

Now if, to dive to the bottom of meaning in Watts' allegories ~~it~~ takes such rare culture (as the article says), I am content to leave him the glory of such obscurity. There may be great depth in symbolic language, like in our Lord's parables, or the whole of Old Testament worship & ritual, but there may be an intelligible meaning for even a child. Everybody can get something from them. I would rather tell a

plain story of sublime truth, fit for the closet, the sick room & Church walls, than the most profoundly mysterious oracle for great galleries & private collections of Millionaires. I am reminded of St. Paul, no mean reasoner & linguist, who would rather speak ten words in the assembly in a known tongue, than a hundred in an unknown; & on that matter gives very sound & excellent advise. — One, men are variously gifted, & have to follow their natural bent of faculties; — but yet there is such a thing as a bias against by faulty education or mode of thinking. The men whose fame lives longest, & who have the widest influence, are those who address the multitude on the common ground of general human interest, while handling deep questions of heart & soul & religion. If I am not greatly mistaken, Watts' reputation will last longer on account of his good portraits, than because he painted well difficult allegories."

Nov. 17th 1897. Wednesday P.M. B.A.

"The Saint Louis painting has gone from my studio. I packed & sent it to day. May the Lord preserve it, & bless. One more the "Redemption" is on the easel. It is now to be revised thoroughly, & finished. — From Nashville I have no news yet, though the Exhibition closed with Oct. 31st. A newspaper sent by a friend, Mrs. Miller our former landlady, had a paragraph stating that Gen. Thurston bought the "Royalties of the Desert". — but there is no confirmation yet. I hope it is so.

Dec. 31st 1897. Friday, B.A.

One more the "old Testament" is on the eve of departing with another defunct year.
What is to be said about it? What character has it earned? Is it the outward events of ones experience that give to

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Extract from a secular Baltimore paper.

The spirit of this age.

"This is essentially an iconoclastic age. Modern means of communication have made it possible into the remotest parts of the world. Hardly any portion of the globe has escaped the searching glance of intrepid explorers, who, intent on ascertaining the truth, have unsympathetically torn into tatters the veil of myth & romance with which the imaginative travellers of earlier ages have enveloped distant countries. — Before the bright light of scientific research the vague shadows of tradition & beliefs in the marvellous have taken precipitate flight. Many cherished legends have been disproved by advanced methods of literary analysis, & not a few heroic figures, whose existence seemed firmly established, have been rudely tumbled from their high pedestals. — Nowadays persons visiting strange lands must be careful about what they write, for the story of remarkable experiences & strange customs, if untrue, is almost certain to be disproved by some other globe-trotter with a ~~stronger~~ stranger love of accuracy."

(See the "Seris Indians" on Tiburon Island, Gulf of California.)

to life its true color, or not rather the inward results of what these events have wrought? — But perhaps the outward, at least in a measure, explains the inward, or helps to understand it, as the tool used in fashioning anything leaves an impress of its own & by inference may tell of the mode of manufacture.

But that, speaking of this past years results, has been complicated and mixed enough: Light & shadow, joy & sorrow, reward & labor, in plentiful abundance. A strange year, in its summary.

For monitary prosperity this year has shown better than two or three of its predecessors. For work accomplished it has not been insignificant. Three large canvasses have left my easel, & a fourth one was well begun, not to mention quite a lot of small ones, and the elaborate carved pulpit for Emmanuel Church of this town. — For so much help in speeding my work I owe thanks to the Lord above.

But so I do for the affliction sent. — Has it not come from the same loving father-hand? — It came in shape of sickness & broken bones to my dear wife: The long illness & slow recovery last Spring; then scarcely come back to strength a fall in our yard & a broken humerus near the shoulder joint, fortunately of the left arm; & now, the day after Christmas, a tumble to the bottom of the stairs in the dark, a fracture of the radius on the same arm, & otherwise knocks & bruises from head to foot. By a narrow escape she was not killed outright. Thankful I was my son Fred was at home for the holidays, because as a nurse he exceeds his father ten to one. —

for (Houlahan), 2 to 1, won; Issie O., 112 (Coleman), 4 to 1, second; Windgate, 112 (Hindricks), 3 to 1, third. Time, 1.21½. Helen T., Frank B., Calibre, Jack Lovell, Roy, Mischief and Tutor also ran.

Iron Hill Entries.

First Race—Five furlongs; selling. Iron Hill, Honeful, Farragut 112 each; Pirator, Edna D., Gracie, Little Ponetta, Cheer Up, Privateer 107 each.

Second Race—Six furlongs; selling. Glove, Watch Charm, Sprite 115 each; Oak, Despair, Lady Frances, Piece, Larrissa, Pocket Piece 112 each; Ludwigite 107.

Third Race—Five furlongs; selling. Bessie Abbott, Marie Lovell, Boisterous 112 each; Ludwigite 110; Howze, Ninis, Frank L. Hough C. 107 each.

Fourth Race—Six furlongs; selling. Enthusiast 115 each; Advance, Tomoka, Wexford, Krause 112 each; Full Speed 110; Ferocious, Cozette 107.

Fifth Race—Five furlongs; selling. Chiswick 115 each; Roy, Ed Murphy, Walker O., Minnetonka, Gorman 112 each; Lucette 107; Scio, Test 106 each.

At New Orleans.

New Orleans, La., Dec. 28.—There was a marked improvement in the weather today, but the track was still heavy. The attendance was in better form, however, and

GROWTH OF GERMANY'S DEBT.

An Enormous Increase Since the Accession of Wilhelm II.

A Berlin correspondent writes to the Chicago Record: How enormously the Empire's debt has grown—and nearly every penny of it for the army and navy—may be seen from the following list. The debt was:

	Marks.		Marks.
1877	16,300,000	1888	721,000,000
1878	72,203,600	1889	883,755,800
1879	138,860,700	1890	1,117,981,800
1880	218,037,600	1891	1,317,797,700
1881	267,786,500	1892	1,685,567,400
1882	319,239,000	1893	1,740,842,500
1883	348,951,500	1894	1,915,714,500
1884	373,125,200	1895	2,081,219,800
1885	410,000,000	1896	2,125,255,100
1886	440,000,000	1897	2,141,242,300
1887	486,201,000		

At a glance it will be seen that within nine years, or since the accession of the present Emperor, the burden of debt has increased nearly 1,500,000,000 marks. If this present naval plan goes through, another 1,000,000,000 marks will be added to it. But, then, to be a big power costs money—lots of it, as Italy has found out to its sorrow. Noblesse oblige, and somebody must pay the piper if there's any dancing done.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

Another year is over. Such an event causes one to become a bit retrospective; so a brief review of the happenings of the past year should prove of interest to everyone:

To our friends on Manhattan Island the dawn of 1898 is of unusual interest. With it Greater New York will begin its existence, and Robert A. Van Wyck will assume office as Mayor to rule over a city equaling in population half a dozen of the smaller States.

Of the events which belong to the past twelvemonth probably none excited such general interest as the discovery of gold in the Klondike region.

Although the United States remained at peace with the world, war was waged in other less-favored lands. The Cubans continued their struggle for independence, while Turkey overcame Greece in a brief but bitter struggle.

The failure of the wheat crop in the Southern Hemisphere and in Europe brought wealth to this country and made the United States the feeding depot of the world.

Queen Victoria's Jubilee, which began on June 20, attracted the attention of the world and made London the meeting place of all races. At the same time thousands of her subjects were starving in India.

Nansen's return from beyond the Arctic Circle was an event of the year. S. A. Andree, on July 10, ascended in a balloon from Spitzbergen, in which he hoped to reach the North Pole. Since then nothing has been learned of his fate.

General Grant's $500,000 tomb at Riverside, N. Y., was dedicated on April 27 in presence of a million spectators.

One hundred and fifty-seven persons were burned to death in a charity bazar held in Paris on May 5.

The new tariff bill passed the House April 1 by a vote of 205 Republicans to 121 in opposition.

Universal Postal Congress opened at Washington, D. C., May 5.

Washington Monument was unveiled in Fairmount Park on May 15.

The United States Senate, by a vote of 41 to 14, declared on May 20 in favor of recognizing the Cuban insurgents as belligerents.

International Congress of Business Men in connection with the opening of the Philadelphia Commercial Museum opened on June 1.

On June 16 President McKinley sent to the Senate a treaty of annexation with Hawaii.

On June 18 6,000 people were killed by an earthquake in India.

The Dingley tariff bill passed the Senate on July 7.

An expedition in search of the South Pole left Antwerp on July 25 under the command of Lieut. Adrian de Gerlach.

On August 20 September wheat sold for $1 a bushel at New York.

On October 6 the new North German Lloyd Liner Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse came into New York harbor on her maiden trip, having come from Plymouth, England, in 5 days 15 hours and 5 minutes, thus breaking the record.

P. A. Widener announced the gift of his palatial residence, at Broad street and Girard avenue, Philadelphia, for the purpose of a free public library, on November 24.

Among those who died during the year were:

Prof. Henry Drummond.	Alfred Nobel.
Alphonse Daudet.	General Jos. Selby.
Sir Isaac Pitman.	Sen. D. W. Voorhees.
Mrs. H. W. Beecher.	Johannes Brahm.
Editor J. B. McCullah.	W. S. Holman.
Father Kneipp.	Barney Barnato.
Captain Boycott.	Mrs. Oliphant.
Count Mutsu.	Jean Ingelow.
Henry George.	Castillo.
Charles A. Dana.	George M. Pullman.
Sir John Gilbert.	F. T. Palgrave.
Duchess of Teck.	Mrs. McKinley.



THE MORNING HERALD

Yet notwithstanding the calamity we have cause for gratitude since recovery progresses favorably & she can enter the new year less of an invalid than such a fall seems to warrant. "Truly" mercy & goodness have followed me all my life".

The political world is tangled, uncertain, & apprehensive. The "Signs of the times" multiply. No one can predict where the spark will fall, or where, that explodes the anxiously guarded & preserved European peace which is felt by all to be maintained at a most fearful, ruinous cost, as the cut from a Chicago paper in relation to the German Empire woefully demonstrates.

Perhaps the more superficial events which transpired show no very alarming figure on the dial plate, but bearing in mind that under the surface grave causes are in constant operation aptly represented by this table of increase of the German debt, the aggregate evil is tremendous, a violent cancer eating fiercely into the nations life & predicating with absolute certainty an outbreak that cannot be far distant & must be horribly destructive when it comes. — And similar ferment goes on in the social, mental, & moral world. History teaches that these several forces always receive their resistant together & move in about equal ratio. Certainly there never was a more generally disturbed, uneasy, heaving time than the present. Not one thing is allowed to be at rest; the fever-flame burns & what is in the pot of humanity keeps boiling & seething to running over.

Now another year of grace is at the door; and what does it hide in the vase of fate to pour out over this poor, distracted earth? — Are the chariot wheels of the coming Judge not already audible? —

Jan. 14th 1898.
Thursday P.M.
Bel Air.

A fresh episode has entered into my life.
I have just returned from over a weeks stay in Baltimore, guest at the house of Mrs. Louise C. Whitelock, the writer under the name Louise C. (Clarkson). The occasion was the painting the portrait of her little boy William, six years old.
The lady was not long ago a visitor to my studio. Being an amateur artist herself, cultured, a traveller, she took great interest in my work & has manifested a desire to foster it into more extented aquaintance, both by exhibition & publication.
Very well, if it can be done. I have my own views on the utility of the effort; but will throw no hindrance in the way, lest I might, perhaps with justice, be accused headstrong neglect. Thus far, publicity has not augmented my fortune, & I have small faith it will do better in future.
While in Baltimore I renewed a notable transatlantic aquaintance. Quite frequently I heard from Dr. Brand & the Winchesters of a Jacob Volk, a German, who said he knew me from the days when with Engingmüller, Schlegel, Huss, & Buckner, I lived in Erlenstegen, a few miles to the East of Nuremberg. They told of extraordinary Metal work he had made, though by profession a Dentist, very successful as such. — I had for long a curiosity to meet the man, & on the first opportunity did so. As I mentioned my name he brightened up greatly pleased, & it turned out that he was the young man who frequently came from the city to our village as a student at the Gymnasium, & taught us young fellows how to make a Thermometer. He left Germany the same year I did, in the revolutionary 1848, like myself has never been back, & for want of support from art

studied & practised Dentistry, doing his remarkable metal work, in which he is entirely self-taught, mostly at night, literally without outside assistance, even to the making of his own tools, & working emphatically for the love of it, inspective of fame or reward.' A wonderful exception in these sorry days! Truly, the spirit of the old, simple, unselfish artists is reproduced here, as well as the inventiveness, perseverance, & skill of a Peter Visher & Adam Kraft., for the work of Dr. Volk is well worth to be named in connection with them for thoughtfulness & beauty of elaboration.

He invited me to dinner in order of an aquaintance with his family, a wife & three daughters, the eldest of whom, Annie, is a very able teacher in the Maryland Institute & a woman of strong character & intelligence, & with them I spent a most delightful evening last Wednesday. — So my early past has been linked to the present, — a veritable resurrection. Strangely these links of life are wrought, & appear & disappear. Dr. Volk says that my name & memory have these many years been coming up every now & then, until at last, after half a century, we have met once more in this Western land. Old times have indeed revived by this meeting & conjured up with them a dreamful host of things & people & associations & Really felt experience wrapped in the halo of the mystic Past, so shadowy, & yet so real & strong. — What will our recollections be when this mortal has put on immortality?!

Feb. 27th 1898. Bd fin. Md.

Two anniversaries these are for me to put on record, namely the death of my beloved Bishop & friend, Charles Todd Quintard, — and the sending off to Newyork of my painting, "Jesus, or Barabbas?"

It may appear strange to group two such seemingly diverse events; the one so grave a momentious as the death of a prince in the Church, a friend lost for this life a superior in eclasiastical connection, — and the simple departure of a mere painting of mine out into the world to find a place somewhere — I do not know where — to deliver its message & preach its sermon such as I dare tried by the help of God to put into it. —
And I admit there is dissimilarity between these, — & yet at the bottom a certain family resemblance.
My good Bishop has gone from an active, devoted life of faithfulness in God's vineyard to his reward. His work here is done. All is behind him.
My picture sermon with its deep-searching mission, its solemn, stern, & to the world very unwelcome truth, has all its mission before. Of my Bishop, what I have pasted apposite tells more fully than I can; of his character, & his labors. —
Of my picture? — The Lord only knows the effects. —
As preachers of God's Truth, our personality, — our defects, our peculiarities, our failings & omissions, are apt to be reckoned often in the judgment of men against the cause we serve which thereby suffers and is forgotten, or obscured, by our perhaps too conspicuous shortcomings. Alas! that it should be so. But God Himself knows what hindrance to His message there may be in employing frail vessels of earth; — & yet He has seen fit to use them, not speaking directly. He sends the imperfect medium. — Similar faults may attach to my picture, faults of form, color, & other demands of

THE LATE BISHOP QUINTARD.

The beloved and venerable Bishop of the Episcopal Church in Tennessee, the Rt. Rev. Charles Todd Quintard, is dead. After seventy-four years of usefulness laboring in the vineyard for his Master, he has been called home and is now at rest. His life was one which it is well for the mind, the heart and well being of man to contemplate. Full charged with the faith of his mission, animated by a hope that disappointment and obstacles could not discourage, with a mental activity which constantly impelled him to new achievements and fresh accomplishments in his field of work, and with a robust physical constitution which made this work possible, as well as a pleasure, his whole life was one of unremitting toil directed to turning the thoughts of his fellow-men to their souls' salvation.

Bishop Quintard's course of conduct, his habits and his methods of life commended him to men and made it easier for him to prosecute his aims. He was essentially a kindly man, and a genial, companionable spirit. His manners, while courtly and dignified, had the charm of freedom and lack of restraint which he brought with him from his mountain home—Sewanee. As he passed along the streets of Nashville, Memphis or any of the Tennessee cities and towns, he was constantly bowing to old and young, rich and poor, many of whom he did not know by name, but feeling that a personal bond existed between himself and every Tennessean, he did not hesitate to greet them, and to these, whether they belonged to his church or not, he was known as "the Bishop." He set for himself no stern asceticism in life; the gladness and happiness which the world gave was to be accepted, not rejected, he thought. He did not possess a solemn visage, he was too keenly interested in the world and its events, and followed closely the lives and fortunes, the joys and sorrows of the members of his church and of his friends. Faith, hope and charity he possessed, and charity of the heart and of the mind was one of his crowning qualities. He knew the weakness of man and his failings, he held up the highest ideal of life to follow, but his charity extended to those who were tempted and fell, and to them he extended consolation and held out the hand of friendship and the inspiration of hope.

His great work, of course, was in his church, his ecclesiastical work; this occupied a period of nigh on to a half century, and for a quarter of a century he performed it as Bishop of Tennessee. Here the fruits of his labor are more eloquent than words could be. By his ceaseless industry, his energy, his power of organization and his ability for church work he strengthened, enlarged and developed the

mission of his church in this State. It has been an immense, an incalculable power for good and much of it is due to the labor of this venerable prelate.

In connection with his episcopal duties was his work in founding the great Episcopal school, the University of the South, situated at Sewanee. The soldier-Bishop, the brave and chivalric Leonidas Polk, was the founder of this university, but that conflict in which he gave up his life stopped the work just begun, and after the war it fell to Bishop Quintard to take it up where it had been laid down. In 1866 he planted the cross in the wilderness, and from this has grown one of the strongest universities in the land. From every portion of the country he obtained funds for this university—from the South, from the North, from the East, and from England, where he had an extended acquaintance, and where, by special invitation, he had preached before royalty in the chapel at Windsor Castle—did he obtain donations to carry on this work of education. It was at Sewanee that his home was, and there he delighted to go to rest and recreate. "Home is where heart is," he would say. "My heart is at Sewanee."

But, perhaps, it was to his service in the Confederate army as chaplain of the First Tennessee Regiment that he was fondest of reverting. His heart and soul was in the Southern cause, for to him it was a sacred battle for right, and he entered into it with reverend zeal. It was in these stirring days of war, surrounded by imminent dangers and hardships, that some of his strongest sermons were preached, and it was among the eventful scenes of those grim days that he gained the strength, vigor and impetuosity which he always imparted to his discourse. "Be ye sure your sins will find you out" was one of these vivid sermons, and soldiers who were with him can be heard to refer to it to this day. Some of the bravest spirits of the Confederate army were brought into the church by Bishop Quintard during the period of '61-65.

But now, like so many of his old comrades, he has passed away from among men, and only the record of his life is left as a monument to his generous spirit. His mortal self is gone, but his memory will linger and his good deeds will grow and blossom; and when he is laid away in the bosom of the mountain he loved so well it can be said in the lines of the old hymn:

"Father, in thy gracious keeping,
Leave me now, thy servant sleeping."

BISHOP QUINTARD'S SERMON.

Apropos of the death of Bishop Quintard, the following from the Washington Post will be of interest:

It isn't every clergyman who will admit that he ever repeats himself, but Bishop Charles Todd Quintard, of Tennessee, who has been visiting in Washington recently, makes no secret of the fact that once every year he preaches a sermon written years ago. Bishop Quintard was at one time a physician, but feeling himself, as they say he says, "personally responsible for the death of nine of his intimate friends within a year," he decided to give up trying to save bodies, and devote himself to saving souls. At the end of his course of preparatory study he was required to write a sermon. A board of clergymen duly appointed were to consider the sermon and pass upon its writer's fitness for holy orders. The text was—perhaps I don't quote quite exactly: "I will go out even as at other times before, and shake myself."

The reverend gentlemen were shocked, and returned the sermon to Mr. Quintard, with the admonition that levity was ill-timed under the circumstances. Mr. Quintard sent the sermon back, begged a reading for it, and declared that by it he would stand or fall. The clergymen read it, and lo! it proved to be earnest, reverent and eloquent in the extreme. Bishop Quintard still considers it his best sermon, and preaches it regularly once a year. Not only have American congregations heard it, but Her Britannic Majesty listened to it on the occasion when Bishop Quintard was invited to preach to her. So pleased was she that she sent the Bishop a full set of canonicals, and, in addition, a box containing fragments of stained glass broken from the windows of Canterbury Cathedral by Cromwell's soldiers. Bishop Quintard's new house contains a wonderfully beautiful stained glass window, and the figure of Christ on it is made from those fragments of Canterbury glass.

art that can justly be made, - & dare to be made. And dare also the outside, the bare technicalities, the idiosyncrasies of the Cantaz will, especially with the profession in these modern days. Like the still lesson, the mute appeal, of the subject which, after all, is the very soul & life breath for which sake it was painted & is now sent out among men to deliver that awful, weighty, old-time question: Which shall it be, Jesus, or Barabbas?" —

But what else can I do than what every conscientious preacher of the Word does when he delivers his sermon, pray with a bleeding heart the solicitous petition that He, who gave the commission to preach may also fulfil His promise & not let His word return empty, but cause it to accomplish for what it was sent? — Sowing seed in faith. That is what we are doing when we commit to the ground the bodies of the Lords holy servants; & what I also do when sending out one more of the toils of my heart & brush as an elect preacher of His Gospel by art. — What difference does it make, be the divine message by word or paint? The form does not invalidate the message, - perhaps adds new force & meaning, & drives it deeper into the memory.

So "Gott befohlen!" —

March 26th 1898. 2 PM. 3d Air. mi.

A thick, dark cloud hanging over this land grows heavier from day to day. War with Spain is imminent. The country is in a fever of expectation; preperations are hurried forward with utmost energy; Congress has voted 50,000,000 with unanimity; the investigating Committee on the Main disaster in Havana harbor have sent in their report testifying to treachery; a Spanish fleet of torpedo boats has sailed for Porto Rico, & every evidence points

to an outbreak close at hand. Moreover the reports of Senators Proctor & Thurston, of the actual condition in Cuba have stirred the heart of the people & the Administration to its very depth, giving the Main treachery even to second place of consideration, & deciding an immediate interference in order to stop Spanish fiendish inhumanity in the unhappy island. — Ah me! it ought to have been done long ago. Hundreds of thousands have been starved to death, & the misery & suffering there are, from all accounts, without a parallel. — The island has to be free, & a just & holy God will use this country as the rod of punishment for the oppressor.

The fate of my picture also has been decided. That fate is according to my expectation, for the Academy has refused to exhibit. — I thought that so it would be. The Homeraised Nazarene is indeed "despised & rejected of men." — What should I do now with the picture? — That is not clear. I have written to my friend Edward L. Hyde to try whether Boston might be a place for exhibition. He did try at the "Art Museum", & the answer was: "Interesting to religious people, but not to Artists". — The inference is that artists are not "religious people", which comes very close to the mark. —

I have painted the picture "as a witness against them", — consequently not I, but the Lord has been rejected (St. Luke 10, 16.) — More & more it becomes plain to me that I am decidedly "out of date;" — "not in touch with the times", — Is it a blame, or not? — Whose fault is it? — Mine, or the public's? ——— Strangely enough I have at this very time packed up quite a number of my works for a

requested exhibition at the Ladies Arundel Club in Baltimore, whither I am to go next Monday & on the 30th inst. deliver a lecture on art to the members. The lecture is written; my subject a review of the spirit of existing arts. Of course, the principle which should govern is distinctly laid down: another instance afforded for witnessing. In God's Work Holy Name! — May the occasion bear fruit to His honor.

Tuesday, April 5th 1898. Bel Air, Md.

My visit for a week to Baltimore is over. I came home last Saturday P. M. Exhibition & lecture at the Arundell Club on Wednesday afternoon & on Friday 3 P. M. another talk to the students at the Maryland Institute, where also my pictures have gone to remain during this week & part of the next, when this exhibition is arranged at the "Charcoal Club." — So then Baltimore has opened its doors to me. — Moreover, the large picture has gone from Nashville, Tenn. to David Bendann, Art-dealer, to be shown to the people generally. While rejected in New York, I am received at Baltimore: It looks truly like St. Matth. X, 23. "When they persecute you in this city, flee ye into another." — Lengthy notices of these lectures & exhibition appeared in two or three Dailys. — May I not hope to have effected some good by works & speech? —

I have also visited the famous Walters Gallery. It has not annihilated me. There are excellent pictures as to skill & mastery of brush & the science of art: but there are few I could call great as to mind & elevation of soul. Such, indeed, are rare in modern collections, as a rule. Brush-work is prolific: dearth & religious aspirations are barren. There are no eagle flights, — sparrows & chickens in plenty.

Copy of Letter from Bp. Satterlee to Dr. Townsend.

Twilight Park, N.Y. 304a
20 Sept. 99.

Dear Dear Dr. Townsend,

I have received yours regarding Rev. Mr. Oertel's picture & hasten to reply. I was greatly impressed with the allegorical power of the picture & the accuracy with which Mr. Oertel portrayed on canvass so clearly the story of Redemption. It betrays remarkable insight into theological truth and skill in grouping. I am glad to hear that the picture commends itself so favorably to you & yours friends.

Faithfully yours
Henry Y. Satterlee.

Sunday April 17th 1898. A.M. Bel Air, Md.

Yesterday I set my mind at rest.

Ever since with the best of motives my friend Rev. J.A. Buck induced me to stop my painting of the Dispensations at Washington with a view to have it & the others of the series bought for the Cathedral Establishment there, the future of these works has been imbued in shifting fogs & shadows about & by deadwinds, to the incessant distraction of my mind between hopes raised on the one hand, & failures & procrastination on the other, so that often I was near, by mental resolve, to violently break through the spell & end the see-sawing by determined action forever. – Still first one circumstance & then another caused me to postpone, to wait a little longer, to get a sufficient reason for making good the original intention & stop all further interference & well-meant begging for favor. – No small amount of indignation I had to fight down at various times at the utter indifference to the purpose of these works in clerical quarters. Evidently, they did not care.

Fortunately the picture could be left at Nashville, so that delay of decision inflicted no injury. Brother Townsend in Newyork made a plain failure of his effort to get some Rabob to part with his money for the paintings. They would have been snatched up in the market had they been, instead religious & intellectual productions, profitable stocks. But for what they are, like the "Jesus, or Barabbas?" nobody had any use for them. Well now, at last I was importuned to let the picture come from Nashville to Baltimore to be seen, the art-store was found, & the owner willing to exhibit. In due time the exhibition opened, last Tuesday. But all at

since I receive notice that to morrow it is to close. — The painting must be disposed of somewhere else. No room for it in my studio. Keep it called a loaned indefinitely? to where? — I would endure the suspense no longer. Back I went to first intentions; sat down & wrote to my Bishop Rt. Rev. Gailor & through him offered as a donation this & others of the series to the Theological Department of the University of the South at Sewanee, Tenn. — This afternoon I shall mail the letter, — & then the Rubicon is passed.

Thus I have settled all uncertainty.

April 24th 1898.
Sunday P.M.
Bd Air, Md.

The war has begun. Once more we have to resort to that most fire remedy. Spain, of course, will not get out of Cuba unless driven. That most conceited, lying, deceitful, cruel & inhuman of nations needs the rod, & God Almighty has appointed that these United States shall be the rod. His government of old has used instruments when the sin of the Canaanites is full.

The calamity has been long preparing, until to endure longer has become impossible. The results can scarcely be in doubt; but the extent no one can or dare prophesy. The whole civilized world is an overcharged magazine, & any seemingly accidental spark may bring the general explosion. — I myself believe this is only the beginning. All international relations are strained. All are anxious to avert the cataclysm they feel is threatening. The fear is expressed by not a few that the world has entered upon the general crash which is to precede the Millennium, & the fear according to a premonition, has foundation in the accumulated signs of the times. No one who seriously studies these in the light of Holy Writ but is persuaded of the ground for the prophesy.

April 29th 1898.
Friday A.M.

My pictures have an assured Home. — So the "This thought for the future is taken off my mind. The purpose entertained so many years is accomplished, and these works are given away for the Lords service.

They are gratefully accepted by the University of the South. The letter opposite tells its own story.

Meantime comes an offer from Boston through Ed. Hyde, A Mr. Smith, picture-dealer, has been interested by him to take in hand these & others of my paintings for exhibition, & the smaller ones for possible sale. He engaged to come here very soon, see for himself, & make arrangements by written contract for business. — No doubt I can get permission from the University to use the works for a while before they go finally to Sewanee. — But the strangest thing is that Edward insists there shall go with the exhibition a man competent to lecture on the large works, — & that man is to be a thoroughly interested person, namely none other than Edw. Hyde himself! — Singular indeed. Over thirty years ago he became familiar with the compositions, & saw the crayon drawing of the first one grow, & the other as a cartoon daily before his eyes, & now he proposes to talk about them to people & explaining while they are to be taken from city to city & shown as Scripture lessons to the multitude!

I confess to be quite passive, a mere tool of circumstance. What else can I do? — Gods providence, & the folks acting as His instruments, appeal to acquiescence.

AMERICA AFTER THE WAR.

Henry Norman, the Noted London Editor, Discusses the Future Policy of the United States.

Washington, May 29.—Henry Norman, editor of the London Daily Chronicle, whose letters from this city during the Venezuelan boundary dispute attracted such wide attention, is in Washington again as war correspondent of his paper. Tonight he cabled the following to the Chronicle, and through his courtesy the Associated Press is able to present the matter from this side:

Since my arrival I have sought diligently in all quarters for some outline or suggestion of the policy to be pursued by the United States in the immediate future. The result of the war is a foregone conclusion. Each day's news has therefore only an incidental interest. But wholly without intention on the part of the Administration, the country is rapidly approaching a situation where a decision more momentous than any for a century past must be taken. The results of this decision will affect European nations hardly less than America itself. Upon such matter I have been unwilling to say a word until convinced it was based upon solid facts.

I have conversed with almost every man, beginning with the highest, whose authority will mold the issue, and with many old friends and new acquaintances, representative of all shades of opinion. The inquiry has been like the search for a needle in a haystack, and I have now reached the conclusion that in this particular stack there is no needle at all.

"I mean that neither in the White House nor the State Department is there any definite conviction or determination concerning the future direction of the national policy with regard to the disposal of those over-sea possessions, over which the American flag will be flying when the war is over. This may sound like a hostile criticism. Nothing is further from my mind. The United States has drifted steadily toward its new fate. If the Maine had not been blown up, war would not exist today. The neutrality of England forced Admiral Dewey's squadron to sea to smash the Spanish Asiatic squadron, and seize Manila was his only course. This accomplished, it became instantly imperative to send him reinforcements, and these had to be strong enough to defeat 20 Spanish regiments and occupy the principal islands. The same is true of the Atlantic. When war was declared it was believed that the insurgents were cabook place. On one day the idea of keeping the Philippines had not occurred to anybody; on the next, few people thought of giving them up. Now, also, it is appreciated that it is impossible to dispose of them to any other power without the gravest complications, while public sentiment is intolerant of the idea of restoring them to Spanish misrule. Thus in every direction events have moved, and the Administration has followed. In Ambassador Hay's words it has been a case of the imposition of invisible hands. The moving finger has written, and it cannot be lured back to "cancel half a line."

The question is, will the United States, when peace is signed, withdraw within its old limits, abide by its old traditions and resist the temptation of empire; or will it accept boldly what the fortunes of war have brought, and turn its face toward a new destiny?

The struggle will be long and bitter. The opponents of annexation urge that the Constitution permits no territory to be incoporated in the Union which cannot become a State. It is replied that America must no longer let George Washington do its thinking for it. It is declared that the country possesses no class of men capable of administering Eastern countries, and that these will merely become the prey of professional politicians. The retort is that the necessity of finding such men will compel at last a complete reform of the diplomatic and consular services, and thus deprive the politicians of their old spoils. "Why," ask the ones, "should we needlessly entangle ourselves with European Powers and enter the far Eastern perilous arena?"

"'We are already entangled,' reply the others. 'Our interests are equal to those of England in keeping open the vast markets of China, and England will be overborne and China seized piecemeal, unless we range ourselves alongside her.'

"'It will take a great army and navy,' say the objectors. 'It is perfectly certain,' reply the annexationists, 'that the country has already determined to have a strong navy and an army such that never again shall we be caught in this disgraceful state of unpreparedness. Having these, therefore, why should we not use them to advance our material interests and the general civilization?'

"'Besides,' add the annexationists, in conclusion, 'we are called upon to take a place in the world commensurate with our numbers, our wealth, our strength, and our future. Precisely the same counsels of timidity and the same warnings of disaster have greeted every old accession of territory and today nobody

serve Decoration Day, the Senate will not be in session again until Tuesday. The Finance Committee will, however, meet on Monday in an endeavor to perfect the revenue bill in minor details.

There is still no certainty as to when the vote may be taken on the revenue bill. It looks as if the entire week would be spent upon it.

Both Senators Lodge and Morgan announce their intention to make speeches on the subject involved, and Senators espousing the opposite view declare their purpose to reply if the subject is opened.

Whenever the final vote is reached on the revenue bill there is no longer much doubt as to the shape in which it will be passed by the Senate. The decisive vote of Saturday on the corporation-tax amendment renders it quite certain that all the Democratic amendments will be eliminated from the bill, and that the Republican suggestion for the issuance of $200,000,000 in bonds and $100,000,000 in time certificates will be substituted for the House bond and certificate provision. The general impression about the Senate is that the House will accept the majority of the Senate amendments, and that, consequently, the bill will not be long in conference.

With the revenue bill disposed of there may be an effort to secure an independent expression on Hawaiian annexation, but this will depend upon future developments. The conference reports on appropriation bills will also be in order. There will be several of these, the sundry civil being the most important.

The House.

The House will not be in session tomorrow, having adjourned to Tuesday because of Decoration Day. The consideration of the Hawaiian annexation resolutions by the House this week is possible, but not assured. Speaker Reed stands ready to give the resolutions full right of way in the House if they pass the Senate, but is opposed to sending them first through the House and forcing them upon the Senate because, he contends, it would precipitate a fight

—Colonel Coale Ma
lain Elliott Hel
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Staff Correspondence Morning Her

Chattanooga, Tenn., May 2

Fifth Maryland boys spent a gre
at their camp in Vineyards Fie
8 o'clock this morning Colonel Co
companied by his staff, thorou
spected the camp on foot. He s
at nearly every tent and critica
amined the condition of things. T
spection lasted nearly an hour, a
entirely satisfactory to Colonel C

At 10 o'clock Chaplain Elliott
ducted religious services in the
There was a large attendance of
landers, as well as members of
regiments, and all listened to t
quent divine's remarks with the
attention.

At noon mess there was a good
grumbling about the menu, wh
not include anything extra. S
the boys, however, particular
members of Company G, enjoyed
meal, which they prepared at th
expense.

This will be a busy week.
routine embraces various drills,
well engage the attentions of the
regiment for from five to six hour

Bugler M. W. Most and Priv
Simon, of Company B, accost
Herald reporter on the street too
said they had come to the city
square meal. They strongly com
about the food they have been g
the camp.

The Fifth has only had fresh me
since they have been in camp at
mauga.

Captain Munoz, of Company
the officer of the day.

---

pable of taking the field against the Spanish if supplied with arms, ammunition and food.

Insurgents Incapable.

It is now known they are wholly incapable of this, and the military authorities have become deeply averse to any co-operation with the insurgents, holding the view that the American army should act with complete independence, so as to be free to face whatever situation may arise after the Spanish are expelled. To President McKinley alone is due escape of this country from the fatal blunder of recognizing the insurgents as belligerents, and for this everything thinking American today is profoundly grateful. Again, there was originally no intention of bombarding or seizing Porto Rico. Admiral Sampson's bombardment was a failure: it should have been sooner and final, or not at all. That mistake is not to be repeated, and the second Spanish fleet will not find a base there.

Must Keep the Philippines.

Moreover, nobody could have foreseen the extraordinary change of public opinion after Admiral Dewey's victory. Between April 30 and May 1 a revolution would surrender an inch.

"In view of this sharp division of opinion it is obvious the only statesmanlike course of the President is to finish the war first and let the policy take care of itself. He would be a bold or a reckless man who would venture to prophecy the outcome. Still 2,000 men have gone to Manila, 5,000 are going in ten days, and more afterward, probably till 20,000 are there, and these troops are hardly sent merely to be recalled. Moreover, I have reason to believe it has been decided to enforce only a moderate revenue tariff upon the Philippines, to which American goods will be subject like the goods of other nations, and this is already so great a departure from tradition as to render other departures less surprising. Cuba will be given every chance of freedom, but if, as may well be, she lacks the elements of independence, she must become American. That Porto Rico will be retained I am sure.

"Europe, therefore, needs to envisage a development of American policy which will upset many calculations and possibly radically modify the present balance of power. In all this the relations of England and America are, of course, vitally concerned, and with these I shall deal in another dispatch."

May 2. 98. 2 P.M. Tuesday. P.M.

May 30th 1898. Monday P.M.

Once more right wrist broken, May 3d 4 P.M.

Still with a crippled wrist, weak & shaky, & slow to recover, if it ever gets back again to its former state, which seems doubtful. Regrets mend nothing, & it's for me to bear & to conquer obstacles — for I must try & soon be to work again. My years lessen at the other end, & my work is not yet done. I therefore need be jealous of my time. — May The Lord be my wonder worker & gracious Help. Amen.

This day was the opening of an exhibition of my picture of the Dispensations. — But where? — Who would have imagined such a thing, — in Boston! Aye, aye, in Boston! — Yet it is true. And the Art-Dealer — Mr. Smith, has actually been here for the very purpose of arranging personally about the matter. Not only this, but I have engaged to paint for him "The Rock of Ages", 12 feet high, life size figures, as an exhibition picture, & to be again sent out by extra fine reproductions. Possibly other works of mine may reach the public through the same agency, by & by.

So without effort on my part. The Lords hand has reached into my retirement & obscurity, to plead my cause, & to the glory of His great Name. — Praise the Lord!

Death of my dear brother Fritz. July 18th? 1898. Monday A.M.

A sad two weeks are behind me. On Friday July 1st? The information reached me through my son Fred in New York that he had learned from the attending physician of my brother

very dangerous illness, giving no hope of recovery. —
I at once that day set off for the city, arriving at 1o clock
A.M. Saturday. The worst fears were realized. I found him very
low, unable to speak much, reduced by kidney trouble, heart
failure, & hemorrhages of the bowels that could not be controlled.
Alas! my beloved good brother. His race was nearly run.
He struggled through the week, & on Friday night following,
July 8th, in three paroxisms for breath, coming at the interval
of about two hours, his spirit went to Him, who gave it just
73 years ago on the 14th of June 1825.
So my brother & friend of a life time has departed. —
His life was one of earnest, laborious study, self denial, & toil
for others. first for over twenty five years as a Churchman
& Missionary among the Germans, ~~[illegible]~~ for thirteen years on
Staten Island, there in the upper part of New York City,
until the cities rapid growth crowded out the Mission & he
was forced to depend for a living on his medical Knowledge, having graduated in full course from the Homeopathic
College on 23d St. & 3d Ave, N.Y. From that time he did very
little pastoral work for a while only, & soon gave it up
altogether. —— For another week I had to remain in order
to help adjusting his books, papers, & other accumulations,
many of them dating back even to our childhood. Much
of the literature was in German; the greater portion of this
went to the Gen. Theological Seminary, — very little I kept
myself, some for my sons, chiefly Eugene. His medical library,
Medicines & instruments have to be disposed elsewhere. — There
being no children, only his widow, the entire household

had to be broken up & the contents scattered, almost literally "to the four winds" — a sad dispersion indeed & that impresses my own mind with a sense of desolation. Like his own baby, I left the house in which I have thought of him for over twenty years, for evermore. — It's the closing of another memorable chapter of my Wagnered life. Many & ever dear are the memories so closely interwoven especially for periods with my own experience. Forty eight years ago I borrowed the money to send for him from our native land. We lived together for a while in Newark N. J., & again when he began his Missionary work as a School teacher among the Germans on Staten Island. "Bethlehem chapel" is still standing, though on another site, & the fruits of his labors are still active & well continue to be so probably for a long time. Our gifts & destinies were unlike, yet from childhood we had in common an ardent affection, & his faithfulness & devotion to me was ever firm, loyal & most comforting steadfastness. — He never spared himself where duty called, & his death & the manner of its coming may truly be said owing to His constant, conscientious, unflinching labor that only utter inability at last could bring to a close. — And now the reward of a just & loving Steward of His Lord is become his in the Paradise of our God, where he has joined our parents, my daughter, & so many dear servants of the Lord with whom in former years we walked as pilgrims together to the "Jerusalem the Golden". — The funeral services were held at the house, 404 West 22d St. by Drs. Evans & Gallaudet of St. Matthews Church (formerly St. Anns, down town), on Sunday evening, & on Monday we took the remains over to the Cemetary on Staten Island where

Over L. Loan

5 P.M.

No. 18. TREASURY DEPARTMENT

Have just been to Uncle Fairy's, cannot see him or Aunt L. The girl says Aunt L. has not been out of the room for 4 days.

The Dr who is attending him was just leaving & I talked with him & this is what he said, The trouble is kidney & long standing, and of very serious character, up to Tuesday he seemed strong - but then came spells of heart failure & hemorages of the bowells which they cannot check, He is worse today & the Dr said - "Be prepared for any sudden change". He does not think - I can see that

he will get well. He says "The most we can hope for is that he may get better." This is all. It is enough, I fear we will never see the dear good Uncle again -

Fred,

he founded as an adjunct to his mission, where they were placed into the receiving vault until in the fall a lot for burial can be provided. Where his labors began, there now he rests in the peace of God & in hope of the resurrection of the just.

A noble life of well-doing is thus closed; a kind heart has ceased to beat, a reverent, prayerful, dutiful soul has gone home, & left a large vacant place to many who have long had cause to acknowledge the many deeds of unostentatious benevolence practised by him that few guessed even & that were studiously concealed by him.

My youngest brother George, with wife, son & daughters, & my own family were present at the funeral services. All knew & lost a true good friend, — & my loss, can it be named? —

And what great & strange events have passed for the Nation during these days! Hawaii become American soil. The Spanish fleet at Santiago destroyed; the city itself surrendered to our army, unconditionally. What changes have come over this nation in a few months; our traditional policy, by force of circumstance revolutionized, the boundaries of Empire stretched to another hemisphere; the achievements of our navy the wonder of the world; & a sentiment of blood-alliance springing up between England & these United States that, in case of emergency, will make a power invincible & able to cope united with the great nations of Europe. — Who can tell what is immediately before us, & what the convulsory throes that will change geographical & national boundaries, & inaugurate a new Era, — truely "The beginning of the end"; counting from last April when war with Spain was declared?!

Bel Air, Md.
Aug. 3d. 1898.
Wednesday A.M.

Again a memorable notch is deeply cut in my lifes kalender to mark what must be regarded as having lent for many years a bias of thought & striving not only to my artistic but also my moral activity.

On Monday last, quite early in the morning, a telegram from my business man Mr. H. J. Smith in Boston asked for the "Redemption" to be forwarded immediately. — He had previously informed me by letter of his intention to change his rooms in "Pemant Temple" from one of the upper to the ground floor, thus coming in a more inviting manner down to the people. No doubt this change he has effected; & so he wants this painting also to the "Dispensations." — I packed the same yesterday morning, & it has already gone on its way.

Wonderful & strange are the ways of Gods providence. In 1857, during a service-missionary — my friend Rankin gave us few Church people in Madison, N. J. each fourthnight on Tuesday P.M., coming down six miles from Morristown. — I saw, gracing out on the large white wall of the Methodist meeting house in the village, hired by himself for these services, a composition of five gigantic figures that became more & more distinct as I gazed, in every attitude, action, & relation, until indelibly impressed on my memory. —
On the way ~~home~~ to the house of my father-in-law, Mr. Asa Torrey, nearly a mile from Madison, walking with my young wife, she remembers how I said to her: "Abbie, if I succeed in putting down on paper what this afternoon I saw on the wall of the Church, it will be the most remarkable composition ever made." —

That same evening, about 9 P.M. after

sitting with the family, absorbed in the vision, made 2 abstracted, I suddenly rose, went across to my little studio, & fixed the figures, substantially as they are now rendered in the finished painting. At once also I made a water-color sketch, only some five inches in height, which, when compared with the large picture, shows a remarkable similarity in color as well as form. Soon after the subject was embodied in a Cartoon, seven feet high, in pencil on paper, & this in the following Spring I sent to the Nat. Academy, New York, from whence it was returned to me with a polite letter from Mr. Daniel Huntington, then President, stating that the rules of the Institution permitted no engraved work to be exhibited, however great its merits. — This Cartoon hung on the walls of my studio for many years, a constant reminder of my obligation to give the subject more permanent shape & expression, similar to what I had seen on the wall by divine permission. In 1861, being on the point of removal from Brooklyn to Westerly R.I. the studio I then built there was expressly contrived to carry out on a large scale this very picture. But interference with my plan became the rule. Meanwhile other things were added to the first subject which properly revealed itself as the nucleus for a series comprising the entire plan of man's redemption in four compositions, namely "The Dispensations of Promise & the Law"; Redemption; The Era of the Holy Spirit; & the Consummation of the redemptive Plan. The first of these also revealed to me in my little Madison studio during a subsequent one years residence. I was permitted to elaborate at Westerly in a Cartoon in crayon that was photographed

& a limited number of copies sold at the time. But the "Redemption" remained a rapidly deteriorating pencil drawing, of which now only a few fragments are preserved. —

And yet, at last, the finished painting has gone out on its mission into the world! — forty seven years of waiting & hoping, & struggling! — Did ever man have to wait so long for the accomplishment of a chief purpose of his life? — For this very work has since that wintry afternoon stood before me as ahead beyond reach as the goal of my striving, the chief work of my art endeavors, the consolidated Gospel message I was commissioned to preach, all else, even of the Series, being merely adjunct & expansion & subordinate to that central thought — Twenty years passed with Klopstock between the first three Songs of his "Messiah" & the last stanzas that close the great Epic. But here I had to wait & strive & despair for nearly fifty, until at the age of over Seventy there seemed small prospect that even my physical strength would hold out for an undertaking so arduous & responsible. — It is a wonder to myself, truly.

III 16
Aug. 14th 1898.
Sunday P.M.
Bad Air. Rain.

A protocol, the preliminaries of peace between these United States & Spain, has been signed by the representatives of both parties, & in consequence hostilities have been stopped between our army & navy were opposed to Spain. (Aug. 12th)

The war lasted just Three months & Twenty two days. During this brief time a large army, on our side, has been called into being; defeats amounting to annihilation have been inflicted on Spains naval forces, with miraculous exemption from casualities or injury to our side; our smaller army has defeated & captured Spains superior numbers behind

entrenchments in hastily better position; & an effective blockade was maintained of several ports of Cuba, Porto Rico, & the Philipine Islands. — Evidently, the Lord God fought for us & gave us the victory. — There are yet many points to be settled by appointed Commissioners, some of them of threatening aspect. This will take months of time & no little patience, — yet substantially peace once more reigns for this our land, however black the political horizon looks in other parts of the world, as for instance between England & Russia.

Aug. 25th 1898
Thursday P. M.
B. A.

It's a curse on the one hand, & a blessing on the other, that one gets soon used to anything. So we are already taking the peace conditions as matter of course as before we took those of war. Fortunate human foot-ball, that is so easily kicked from position to position, & so ready to accommodate himself. — Of course there would be lots to write if one were to note down ones reflections on current events: but I find comfort in another reflection, namely that, when the year is over it does not signify a straws width or weights what such an obscure individual as myself has written down about what happened between January & December, the more so since no other eyes but mine happen to see these pages. And what, when I am off the stage, can it concern other folks about my special thoughts and opinions pro or con? — Only for the sake of a safety valve having nobody congenial to talk to, & the benefit of formulating my own notions. Their expression on paper is one in a while of real home-service.

And so I turned over many pages this very day of a Kind of Commonplace Book, chiefly for theolog. subjects that have accumulated now many years, & had them conjure up ghosts of the past who transposed me into a musty atmosphere of metaphysical & abstruse philosophical & polemic regions, not uninteresting companions to a man who has cause to lament the utter lack of congenial intercourse with even a single man in this vulgar lawyer town & tradesfolk that compose the staple of its population. — Well-a-day! I know my lot is not a singular one. The most complete isolation a man may experience in a crowd; the loneliest place may be a big city. — But withal, a fellow is human — & human nature has at best but narrow limitations which need widening & subsidizing by other minds; & my heart often travels, for lack of friend near me, in longing to the friends that have gone ahead but from whence their voices can not be made audible any more for present intercourse: — and then a great & sore want comes over me & a reaching out & away to where there is sure hope of being satisfied to the full in this matter also of true, sincere, warm-hearted, intelligent, enobling social life.

I know the Lord & Governor of all things places us: among friends, or without them. No doubt it is all for disciplining. Solitude may have the purpose of digging deeper the mines of thought & character, of strengthening home-resources, & filling out self-reliance & independence. The less of undue interference, companions not beneficial & therefore

New Beliefs.

"We have been educating ourselves into new beliefs. We are possessed by them—ruled by them. We believe that our country is not measured by the breadth of the Continent. We believe that the islands which fringe its coasts, and those remoter still—which in unfriendly hands might threaten its security—may rightfully, as occasion offers, be incorporated into the United States. We believe that our people have duties of humanity toward other peoples—duties that may justify a war to free them by the strong hand from bad or cruel government. We believe that the United States are something more and greater than the States which are united under their flag, and that the American people may acquire and hold territory anywhere upon the globe which is needed to serve their navy or promote their commerce.

"Are we better morally for these beliefs? Do they make us more regardful of the rights of others; more charitable in our construction of others' conduct; more heedful of our own?"

The Annual Report.

At the conclusion of President Baldwin's address, Rev. Frederick Stanle

disturbing or dissipating, the easier becomes concentration. Good books — unobtrusive, polite, ever willing friends — are always on hand, to be sure; but the loving heart, the kindling spirit, the speaking eye & eloquent voice, — what book can supply these & confer an equal amount of benefit? —

Tuesday. Aug. 30th 1898. P. M. B.A. - md.

How are two cuts from the Baltimore Herald of to day, as specimens of events as they transpire in these strange days. — The age is prolific of change & novel situations, & they crowd upon one another. When considered in relation to the mistral conditions; political, social, economic, moral & religious, each new move adds to the general conditions new significance & forceful weight, & screws up the mind to anxious expectation, wondering what next?

The move of the Russian Czar marks a prophetic epoch. Many wonderful things vibrate in the air, initiatory sounds of coming events; spirit voices from the pending crisis - that is to herald in the Kingdom of mistral peace, when nations will beat their swords into plowshares & not make war any more. What are these new thoughts of peace, coming up out of the bloody chaos of strife, unrest, & dissention that has long made this earth a vast battle field these sixty centuries, - this longing for a changed condition in Church* & State in the very midst of war-time & the devastating effects of selfishness & aggression, & from whence these blind gropings for the blessedness of the Reign of the "King of Peace", if they are not the approaching roll of His chariot wheels, the messengers sent before Him to prepare His way.

* Efforts at Church Unity; Arbitration Schemes, etc. -

RUSSIA'S PLEA FOR PEACE.

The proposition of the Czar of Russia in behalf of an international conference to discuss universal peace with a view to relieving the European nations from the intolerable expense of maintaining vast armies and huge navies has necessarily created a profound sensation.

The surprise is all the more startling to the European Powers because just at this time there is pending a crisis of no mean proportions between Russia and Great Britain, precipitated by the rivalry of those two nations for Chinese territory and Chinese trade, the English fleet now assembled at Wei-Hai-Wei being particularly formidable.

This circumstance may justly raise the suspicion in some quarters that the eloquent plea for peace is not sincere, and that it conceals an altogether different design. Probably it is intended as a crushing reply to the recent insinuations of the British Ministry, and the savage charge, often repeated by the English press, that Russia is bent upon a despicable policy of conquest, that it intends to seize the lion's share of Chinese territory, and that it even has its acquisitive eye upon the British dominions in India. To all such accusations the Czar's pronunciamento in favor of universal peace, with the accompanying military and naval disarmaments, would be, if it were honest, a complete and effective response.

But England, which is at this juncture the most interested party, is not apt to look upon the humane proposal from St. Petersburg as being either sincere or fair.

Great Britain is dependent almost entirely upon her navy for her supremacy. To reduce her list of warships proportionately to that of the other Powers would practically put her at their mercy. With her population of about 40,000,000 she would be as a pigmy when confronted by Russia's 120,000,000. It might be true that she would be fortified by an international peace treaty that would maintain the status quo as to her colonial possessions, but the history of the world shows how fragile are peace protocols and solemn obligations on white paper.

It is not astonishing, therefore, to observe that, while the London press approves the idea of a universal peace, the possibly ulterior designs of Russia are pointed out, while the disadvantages to which Great Britain would be subjected under such an arrangement are seriously discussed.

While this is largely the British view, it may be wholly unfounded, and it may be that the Czar has been actuated by the highest motives of political economy for Europe and of humanity for the world at large.

It is well known that the Czar himself is a man of a gentle personality, that he is averse to militarism, and that it has long been distasteful to him to be accompanied by an escort

tion of the place be made to see if they could be made available for the Government.

Representative Bartlett said that land at Macon and Brunswick, Ga., would be placed at the disposal of the Government for a camp, if it was desired.

District Troops.

The First District of Columbia Volunteer Infantry returning to Camp Wikoff, Montauk Point, from service in Santiago de Cuba, will be ordered home to this city as soon as they are in condition to travel. "When the regiment is reported to be ready to move," said General Corbin, "it will be ordered home.

"The members of the regiment will be given a furlough for two months, at the expiration of which time they will be honorably discharged from the military service of the United States. This is in accordance with the policy of the department to give a furlough for two months to all troops who served in Cuba, Porto Rico or the Philippines. The volunteer troops who rendered service in the United States will be furloughed for one month prior to being mustered out.

To Muster Out.

The following troops have been ordered mustered out: Ninth Massachusetts, from Montauk, to South Framingham, Mass., where they will be mustered out; Seventh Illinois, from Middletown to Springfield; First Illinois, Montauk to Springfield; Fifth Illinois, Lexington to Springfield; Sixty-fifth New York, from

of armed soldiers. It would not be extravagant to imagine that such a sovereign had, from worthy impulses, determined upon a course which promised permanent peace for the civilized world.

Certainly no ruler could hope for a higher eulogium than to have it said of him that he put an end to the grievous burdens of the taxpayers imposed by the war budgets, and that he had substituted the peaceful and bloodless methods of arbitration for the carnage of the battlefield.

There are the best of reasons for believing, also, that the true interests of Russia lie along the paths of peace. Her population is enormous, but largely barbaric, and in need of the stimulus of education and productive industry. A prolonged peace, with its advancement along civilized lines, would give to Russia a pre-eminence prodigiously greater than she now enjoys.

That there will be such a conference as the Czar has proposed may be safely assumed. It is believed that Germany is already a party to the scheme, and probably Austria also. That France, the close ally of Russia, will join is not to be questioned. In England, where the spirit of arbitration and universal peace has long been rife, there has already been expressed a strong desire not only to participate, but, on proper conditions, to contribute powerfully to a realization of that time when wars shall be no more.

It may be a Utopian dream, and, yet, there should be no substantial reason why the nations, including those of America as well as of Europe, should not enter into a compact that would be productive assurance of continued

Sepb. 14th 1898. P. M. Bd Ats, 2nd.

I have come to the last page in this my book of record & reflection, on the very day when my work-shop, in modern phrase that strives for high-sounding names called "Studio", has been cleared out of another consignment of pictures to the address of my business man in Boston, Mass, With them has gone the "Rock of Ages", painted large for an Exhibition piece (8×12 ft.) by suggestion of this very man, Mr H. Jay Smith, who has undertaken the very questionable task of pushing my reputation & fortune with the American public.

But why indulge in speculative conclusions at all? Is it not the Lord who rules in great matters or small? — And I do believe it. — And I am to be a child in faith & trust, — simply clinging with all my poor human might, like that painted figure to the Cross: It is the Rock of Ages immovable for aye in the unstable, treacherous waves of this troublesome world. I may not let go my grip, threatening as all seems about me. — For this year, so far, has been a poor year for me counting by income, the poorest by far I ever had since my boyhood before I could make attempt to supply my own wants & sustain a degree of independence. — But hold thee still, my soul, to the Lord! — Let me see His hand in my afflictions: gains or losses, much or little, — it cannot be without His will; and "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." Even in the valley of the shadow of death I need fear no evil, for His rod & His staff shall comfort me. — The children of my brain & hand go out into the world — it's a pitiless world — committed to His care, to do with them whatsoever pleaseth Him. Amen.

Vienna, Virginia
Dec. 27th 1891.
18th S. after Trin.

Right Rev. Ch.s T. Quintard, S.T.D.
L.L.D. - M.D.

My dear Bishop & friend,

Is the above address not a surprise to you? - Aye, it is even to myself, - for I never thought to bring up in the Diocese of Virginia. However, I am only eighteen miles, less than an hour by rail, from Washington where I have a spiritual home in the Church of the Incarnation, for which I made, as you know, the Altar and Reredos while in Sewanee. - I have been here only two weeks from St. Louis, Mo. My Professorship in the Art-School of Wash.n University came to an end, very much to my liking, & since to remain in St. Louis was for me out of the question, I followed the initiative of my sons who bought a small place in this village for a home, and now hope to be located for the remainder of my days on earth after so much of wandering. The day before our goods left the House, all packed for removal, my wife and myself celebrated the fortieth anniversary of our

wedded life: forty years of wanderings they have actually been, — and have we now come to the borderland of our rest, — to a Canaan of possession? — God knows. — At least we own the house that is our present shelter, and I shall have to build a studio, wherein to give the residue of my years a straight to Christian Art. The little village, altogether rural, is pleasant enough, but there is no Church here — only meeting-houses. In Washington I have no connexion, official, that would warrant my transfer to the Diocese of Maryland, and no work here to wish my belonging to Virginia. We have not been in the place long enough to learn whether there are any Church people among 2 for whom I may do something ministerially. In this state of things I apply to you, as my Bishop, for advice. — Will you keep me as belonging to you, and can you do so, — or rather can I remain out of your Diocese so long without a transfer becoming necessary? For the past two years I have been able to do a good deal

of ministerial work in & around St. Louis, and since Bp. Tuttle had requested me over a year ago to act as Chaplain to the "Church Mission House" connected with the Cathedral, I made my report to him at the last Dioc. Convention. Myself have no desire to change my canonical residence, unless the law directs, and I am ready to do just as you say & let that be my rule of conduct, very sorry indeed that it has become impractical for me to remain & be in Tennessee, whither I had gone five years ago with the firm resolve to make my home in the State, always having professed the South & Southern people to any other section of this Country. But as a poor man I am not at liberty to choose, nor do any of us mark out our own path of life & action.

Let me assure you, my dear Bishop, as one of your clergy, that my immortal soul is stirred by the issues which of late have come so prominently before, not the Church only, but indeed all Christian people. Last Monday whi

with Dr. Jaquett, he received a letter from Bp. Seymour with a list of names appended of those sixteen (only) Bishops who gave their vote against the consecration of Dr. Brooks to the Episcopate. Sixteen only out of the total number! Alas! we have fallen on evil days, & expedience seems to rule rather than principle. And there are days of greater evil before us, & of judgments, beginning at the very house of God. Are those not the days of the "falling away" of which our blessed Lord & His Apostles tell so plainly, and the end of this Dispensation? —
I believe it earnestly.

When in the providence of God shall I have the pleasure again of seeing you, — for in my obscure country nook I am off the track of the Metropolis, & few there will be who can take the trouble to go out of their way in these busy days to come out on purpose to see me. It is well, — God has ordered it so, — and quiet, repose, stillness, are a boon & a privilege in this age of bustle & noise & strife.

Please give my love & warmest remembrance to my friends at Sewanee, especially Drs. Gailor, De Bose, & Benton & Sharp. My loving thoughts very often go back to the mountain & I pray for Divine blessing on the great work done there.

Ever faithfully your servant in Christ
Johannes A. Oertel

From a letter to Etta Jones, on the occasion of her sending me for Christmas the "Light of the World", with illustrations by Hofmann, of Dresden.

Certainly I am delighted with the book & its beautiful illustrations by Hofmann. They incline me to "thank God, & take courage", because an evidence that somewhere in this worldly world there lives, & in my native country, an Artist who works with the Christ-loving spirit, & the aim of whose life is the delineation of Christ's deeds & His Truth. The reflection relieves my loneliness. Often it does come over me like a shadow; a cold east blast with a shiver in it, striking heavy on my soul. To be forced back upon ones self, year after year, under the consciousness of isolation, in an atmosphere of indifferentism, void of that sympathy by which alone Art can live & grow, is a trial of strength sorer than could be borne excepting under the sustaining power of a noble motive, & by the help of prayer, & reliance upon God who "seeth in secret",

& at last will reward openly. —
Reproductions from Hofmanns drawings
have appeared from time to time in the
"Churchman", & I have by that means become
familiar with his style. It is devout &
scholarly. There is no straining after modern
realism, nor antiquarian correctness. He does
not seem to be much of a painter, judging
from the absence of light & shade effect, but
just so much as is required to seperate forms &
indicate planes of distance. He works cartoon
fashion, — rather academical than picturesque.
He is a feeling, thoughtful, & devout story-teller,
not philosophical nor metaphysical, & delineates
of facts, but always reverent & serious.

I am greatly indebted to you for giving
me so much of a collection of his works,
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Vienna, Va.
Jan. 14th 1892.

Hollinger
pH 8.5